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THE
CHRISTIAN
REMEMBRANCER.

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THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1863.

ART. I.—*The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153.* By JAMES COTTER MORISON, M.A. Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall.¹

WHATEVER else is comprised within 'the Philosophy of History'—and the learned German, Frederick Von Schlegel, has not in his work defined the term—it surely must ever be accounted one part of that science to trace out the essential oneness of human society, and to accumulate at every 'landing place' proofs corroborative of the wise old Ethnic maxim, *ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου οὐ πολὺ διαφέρει*. 'One man does not differ much'—there lies the emphasis—'from his fellow.' What is true of the individual is true of the society he forms; and therefore is the modern maxim also true, that history is a 'philosophy teaching by examples.' And to understand this philosophy there is needed, not so much what Bacon required, in 'man the interpreter of nature,' as the discernment of a wise and understanding heart, which in its own self-knowledge possesses the master-key to all the secret chambers of the past, and feels that 'the thing that hath been, it is that that shall be.' Great efforts have been made, it must be confessed, of late years to improve the study of history: instead of the old and dry narratives of battles and revolutions, 'of kings and crowns unstable,' we have picturesque sketches and interesting details of popular and social usages and institutions. But it may be a matter of question whether the great moral of the great theme is not as much put aside or lost sight of in the imaginative as in the statistical schools of history. In his useful and interesting volume Mr. Morison evidently labours hard to enable us to enter into the life which men lived seven centuries ago. Whether moving amid the glare of public life, or with-

¹ Mr. Morison acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Flower's 'Sermons for Church Seasons,' translated from S. Bernard (London: Masters); a work of which we expressed a favourable opinion in our October number, 1861.

drawing to the gloom of conventual seclusion, he is uniformly vivid and truthful. And yet it is clear from many a page that he writes as an optimist, that his heart is not in his subject: he will scarcely stoop to think that his own generation is akin to that whose annals have engaged his pen. Between man now and man then there is a difference, and he evidently thinks a very great difference. There are modes of thought which since then have become extinct. There were moral habits existing then which have passed away and left not a wreck behind: which have disappeared with the axe and the coat of mail, and the other properties of the chivalry of romance. It will be helping the truth, if, before we examine the contents of Mr. Morison's work, we endeavour to test the accuracy of all this. Our analysis, we think, of some of the most striking characteristics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, will demonstrate that they were swayed by the same impulses as the nineteenth—that society and the Church suffer under much the same difficulties and delusions now as they did then—that the improvements which we glory in are phenomenal and superficial, not radical or substantive: we affirm that there is a difference, but that it is an immaterial one; that a sensuous refinement has communicated to the common nature a surpassing gloss; but a gloss which but brings more into light, while it fails to soften or tone down, the inherent coarseness of the grain. And our readers, we will be so bold as to say, will not complain of this disquisition, if it will but succeed in bringing them nearer to S. Bernard, or in bringing S. Bernard nearer to them. Whether we shall ascend to him, or he descend to us, we cannot fail to derive a benefit from a nearer intercourse with one so skilled as he was to unwind all the harmonies of the divine will and the divine love; and who, notwithstanding, never unlearned—never ceased to cherish and to watch for the 'still sad music of humanity.'

I. The philosophical historian delights to mark the age of S. Bernard as a period of transition. The gross and palpable darkness which, at the close of the first thousand years of Christianity, had gathered over the people, began then to break and fade away. 'From that era we may date the return of government and manners.'¹ But the return was necessarily slow. Feudalism in the State, like its corresponding institution—monasticism in the Church, a source of strength, was also a source of much more weakness and trouble. 'Confusion, discord, aimless turmoil, have got possession of the world'—so Mr. Morison describes it in his secular episode.

¹ Robertson's 'View of the Progress of Society in Europe,' § 1.

'Cruelty, treachery and selfishness are the motives of most of the actors in it. They are perpetually tearing, and worrying, and devouring each other. Destruction of men, and man's work, and man's food is their usual occupation. They have been at it for some centuries now, and it does not seem at all likely to abate. It, doubtless, looked to spectators as quite fixed and unalterable—this feudal fighting, plundering and slaying.¹ It is probable that, if Bernard ever thought at all on the subject, he regarded knights, vassals, tournaments, and private wars as part of the nature of things. His reading told him it had existed for five or six hundred years at least, under circumstances but little different from those before his eyes. It is very unlikely that he expected any great change—any change at all comparable to what has taken place: and that the feudal castle with its sombre keep, the savage brigands who dwelt in it, the plundered merchants who shuddered at it, and the novices who came to the abbey gates to avoid it, all² appeared to him as the most modern, so likewise as the final and permanent, phase of human society. About this time, Bernard came into collision with the feudal lord, who enjoyed the title of the King of France. Though a king, he had a far less enviable position than Bernard. He did not fast much—indeed, he was a prodigy of obesity. It is probable he said his prayers only occasionally; in short, made no pretence of monastic austerity, yet few monks of his day led a harder, more painful, life. Although he was called a king, his nominal subjects were, many of them, far more powerful than he. Even the small territory which was specially called the royal domain was always on the point of being further reduced, and even extinguished, by the intrigues and rebellion of the numerous little knights and barons who held castles all over it. Even at the gates of Paris, Burchard of Montmorency was a source of great trouble to him. The lords of Mont Cheri, the Troussells, could cut him off entirely from his good city of Orleans; and, except when surrounded by a strong force, he never attempted the passage thither from Paris. His life was a long tournament—a succession of sieges, forays, and general devastation. But there was this difference between Louis VI. and his enemies—that generally he was in the right, and they were in the wrong—that he generally fought for the good cause of justice and mercy, they for their own selfish aggrandizement or plunder.

'The growth and power of the feudal aristocracy had now reached their height. In the greater part of Europe the independence of the barons had produced a system of intolerable oppression to their dependents. Exactions and personal service, of the most galling kind, ground the plebeian vassal to the dust in poverty and misery. Almost every art and necessary of life was under a merciless tax. When the lord gave his daughter in marriage, the vassal paid something towards her dower. When the lord was taken prisoner, the vassal paid his ransom. When the young heir was made knight, the vassal paid for it. If the poor creature himself wished to marry, he must pay for it. If he wished to grind his corn, he could only do so at his lord's mill. The distance might be great; yet he could go nowhere else, under penalties. He had, perhaps, to wait several days before his turn came. The exactions and frauds of the lord's miller were very grievous; yet for all this he must *pay* at the rate of one bushel in fifteen on the amount ground. Over and above all this came the perpetual devastation, plundering and massacring caused by the baronial wars.

¹ The reader will detect more or less of the Carlylean echo in Mr. Morison's sentences. But this is evidently undesigned. He does not at all *affect* the manner of his friend.

² We presume this means, 'who sought by the noviciate within the Abbey gates to avoid it all.' Mr. M. occasionally requires an interpreter.

The lord stripped his vassals to make war on his enemies, and his enemies stripped them still more to impoverish and paralyze them.'—Pp. 90—94.

It can never be denied for a moment but that the feudal system was attended by many evils. It *did* prevent the growth of institutions essential to the comforts and progress of common life. But Mr. Morison's sketch is a little too one-sided and partial. As a corrective of it, let us bear in mind that in the opinion, for instance, of Mr. Bright, the unrepresented classes of liberalized England are taxed beyond endurance, and remain unbenefited. Under the shelter of our once-favoured and progressive institutions there exists a wide-spread misery, and a destitution of every kind almost incredible. We believe that it was Mr. Carlyle himself who for the unsatisfied serfs on the Shannon Shore recommended the reasonable and refining discipline of the lash. Undoubtedly we have a more diffused comfort and security; but we have also the same old kindred wrongs asserting their existence among us in more aggravated shapes. And looking at the world at large, what does the thoughtful spectator witness? Does there not prevail an uneasy feeling of insecurity? At this point we see Christian empires upholding the palsied infidel: staying him, as though he were another Moses warring against Amalek, that he may yet a little longer space smite and tread down the Church of God. Bernard, at least, was spared that appalling and unreasonable spectacle. A little further west, we see a royal brigand plundering, with Europe as his accomplice, a feeble priest, and the final measure of temporal judgment falling on the impenitent and polluted house of Capet. We see elsewhere a savage despotism employing all the resources of civilization to destroy the ineradicable instincts of a noble people. From across the Atlantic come the curses, loud and deep, of infuriated foes; and tidings of a fratricidal and hopeless conflict as bitter and as bloody as ever disgraced this or any preceding age. We may differ in our ways of thinking from the men of S. Bernard's time—Mr. Morison says we do—undoubtedly in our way of acting the difference is '*not much*.' Here is misery, ruin, and devastation, on a much grander and much more grievous scale than can be found among the tragi-comic squabbles and semi-heroic rows of the middle ages.

II. With Bernard's 'Times' the Crusades are specially connected—a series of events that has not yet found a parallel in modern history. If we speak of the *effects* of these, we must perforce consider the effects on the West, and on the East. In the East—so far as military operations against the infidel-enemy are concerned—early successes were followed soon by complete and irremediable disasters. But there were other

effects produced in the East, and chiefly among them, it is not too much to say, that the Crusades contributed more than anything else, not only to the immediate depreciation of the Christian faith, but to the final disruption of the Catholic Church. Then, if they checked in the West, rather than forwarded, the maturity of Europe,¹ they in a great measure undermined the feudal system. But they not only promoted the amelioration of the serf, and the strengthening of monarchical institutions, the diffusion of knowledge, the spread of commerce, and the purification of European society—so many desperates and profligates being hurried away by the enthusiasm of piety or war—but two special effects, promotive, for a season at least, of order and civilization, resulted to Europe from the Crusades—the permanent disintegration of the Western Empires and the consolidation and extension of the power of the See of Rome. A writer already quoted may say, indeed, that the Crusades remain ‘a singular monument of human folly.’ The verdict seems to us at once insolent and unsound. But we think Mr. Morison would coincide with it.

‘The fall of Edessa was regarded as a calamity throughout Christian Europe. The conquest had seemed so complete that men’s minds were quite unprepared for the doleful tidings. In the middle ages, whenever the Crusaders were worsted by the Moslem, they attributed it to their own sins. They were undoubtedly cruel and wicked enough to make their contrition acceptable at any time. But the alternation of atrocious crimes with tearful repentance loses interest and pathos when too often repeated. Louis VII. was now about to enact the repentance, having committed the crime some three years before at the burning of Vitry. He felt that the cruelty of burning above a thousand Christians could only be expiated by slaughtering several thousand infidels.’—P. 415.

No doubt innumerable silly and wicked sayings and doings blemished the Crusades. And Gibbon, insensible to or forgetful of the wrongs perpetrated against the Christian Body by the Fatimite Caliphs, may argue, for his own ends, against the morality of the Christians, in attempting to wrest from the infidel the shrines of the Holy Land. But if ever warfare was justifiable on the part of Christians, it was in this instance. Had those undertakings been crowned with success, we should not perhaps now witness the degradation and long persecution of the Christian name in the East; we should not see the Turk encamped in the West, and holding fast the very key of Europe, nor Christian fighting against Christian in the interests of Anti-christianity. But all that we really contend for is, that the *impulse* was a generous one, and worthy of Christendom. No one but the theorist and sceptic will be insen-

¹ Gibbon.

sible to the moral grandeur of that great enterprise, or indifferent to the unselfishness which marked its original conception. We may contrast the Crusades, however, with the only other great world-wide movement known to European nations and their offshoots. After a lapse of seven centuries, the world witnessed the harmonious assemblings of all peoples and nations and tongues, not indeed in the Holy City to heal the wounds or avenge the wrongs of the Church, but in London; not to weave again the broken bonds of Divine peace, but to supersede the Gospel as the cement of the human family. There are many thoughtful Christians, we believe, who only look back on the design of that undertaking with sorrow and shame, who cannot but remember with pain the presumptuous notion that a brief religious ceremonial could neutralize what was vicious in conception; and that a superscription borrowed from the Bible could hallow to God's honour the shrine erected to trade. We are far from desirous to seem to assign causes for what must remain among the Divine Secrets; but it is not to be forgotten that the promised reign of universal peace has been strangely fulfilled. For the good it was to have brought us, we have had little else since then save bloody and ceaseless wars, and death, and within our own borders, or elsewhere, an overwhelming and unparalleled destitution. Surely the words of the historian are significant and appropriate, 'The only common 'enterprise in which' [all] 'the European nations ever engaged, and which they all undertook with equal ardour, 'remains a singular monument of human folly.'¹

III. We can imagine few things more bewildering to a devout Romanist than the position of the Church at the close of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century. The general question we will examine further on, when we come to consider the relations of S. Bernard to the Church of his time. We desire to speak more particularly of that system which, as we have already said, was to the Church what the feudal system was to the State²—we mean monasticism. Now there was nothing in monasticism more remarkable than the vigour and force with which in its recurrent seasons of decline and corruption it was enabled to renew its youth, and return to the principles of its institution. In S. Bernard's own day Clugny had fallen into the temptations of wealth and luxury, and drew from S. Bernard a long and characteristic rebuke. S. Denis at Paris was even worse, and refused to submit itself

¹ Robertson as before. As regards the Crusades, there seems to be an overstatement here.

² It must be borne in mind that it was the Papacy itself which made them independent of Episcopal control, and so hastened their corruption.

to the advice of Abelard. From the story of the latter we have the following description :—

‘On the bleak and savage coast of Brittany, on a promontory to the south of Vannes, there was a monastery called St. Gildas de Rhuys. The shore is covered with large masses of pointed granite rocks. The surrounding country is full of sombre and marvellous monuments of druidical architecture and worship. To be the abbot of this lonely convent, Abelard was now invited. He accepted the offer, and at once undertook the new charge. Painful, even insupportable, must have been his life near Troyes, to cause him to look on such a change as a happy one. Amid a semi-barbarous race, whose language was unintelligible to him, without friends, without sympathy, the care-worn Abelard assumed the command of a poor monastery of dissolute, unscrupulous monks. He could hear the melancholy plash of the Atlantic waves, the cold ocean stretched out beyond, and seemed to say that he could fly no more—that here he must rest and suffer. Night and day he was tormented by the incorrigible wickedness of his new subjects. They were shameless. They kept concubines in the abbey, and lived surrounded by their illegitimate offspring. He found the lands of the monastery were completely in the power of a neighbouring petty tyrant, and the monks expected their abbot to furnish them with the means for their self-indulgence.’¹—Pp. 309, 310.

Among the many services which S. Bernard has rendered to his kind, not the least beneficial and important was the reformation which he introduced through his own foundations into the monastic bodies. The conventual life as he found it was a failure. Mere seclusion could not, indeed, at any time scare away the busy fiends from the heart, nor overbear its hot and insatiable cravings. Besides, the selfishness engendered by the monastic rule, in obedience to which every order was a force separated from, not centralized in, and shaped as it were to bear upon, society, must have fomented, if it did not originate, the recurrent evils of the system. In the times of S. Bernard monasticism was a patent acknowledgment that the Church was unable to leaven and spiritualize the world. Each convent was but a fortress into which had retreated the vanquished spiritual hosts. Bernard’s

‘Brothers, Guido and Gerard, are knights, and what are they even now doing? Besieging the castle of Grancy with the new Lord of Burgundy, Hugh II., surnamed the Pacific, son of him who lies buried at Cîteaux. So is every one slaying or being slain, blockading or being blockaded, attacking or being attacked. It is a fierce world. The thoughtful and refined natures have little hesitation in quitting it. Dukes and princes, peasants and paupers, are ready to leave their luxury or their misery, and to seek a haven of shelter where, during this short life, they may say their prayers, and lie down for the long sleep in peace. And such a haven was then open, and inviting to all. Between the clash of arms and the din of wars,

¹ See Roscoe’s edition of De Potter’s *Vie di Scipio de Ricci*, Bishop of Pistoia, 1780, and the report of investigations into the iniquitous conduct of the curate of the Carmelite Order at Turin, 1860, for evidence that the causes of Abelard’s complaint remain to this day in conventual establishments.

comes a silvery peal of convent-bells. In the deep, hushed winter's night, the chorus-song of matins is heard in measured cadence, and the last chant of compline goes forth as the summer sun approaches the horizon. There in the thick woods sleeps the monastery from whence those voices and bell-tones are heard. Calm and holy it looks, casting long rays of light into the dark air, as the "lured traveller" hastens to its welcome shelter. For a young, ardent spirit, entering the world, the choice practically was between a life of strife, violence, wickedness, of ignoble or ferocious joys and sorrows; or of sober, self-denying labour and solitude, with a solemn strain in the heart, lightening and prospering the work of the hands.—P. 11.

Our Church is confessedly now much in the same position as the Church was then. She is unequal to the burden of this great people. Our clergy were they twice as numerous would not be numerous enough to meet the wants of the thousands entrusted to their oversight. Hence there has gone forth a cry from all quarters for sisterhoods and brotherhoods; for spiritual unions which identifying their own edification and Divine growth with that of the Church around them will co-operate with our parish priests in labouring in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts. The establishment among us of such religious centres, guarded, as they would need to be, from the old ills—and, indeed, the national character is too practical to settle down into merely contemplative or ascetical habits—would furnish the best antidotes to two pernicious notions which are as wide-spread at this day, if not more wide-spread than they ever were, though the institution which gave them birth from its own abuse exists no longer among us. We mean revivalism and spiritualism. No men taught more fully—none were more successful in teaching the doctrine of the sudden change than the monks. The real difference is inappreciable between the phrase, *becoming a religious person*, as used then, and as used now. Then it meant passing under some strong compunction, from the troubled circles of vulgar life into the calm and peace of some one of the religious orders. Now it means incorporation into a sect. The spiritual furor, of which we have all had so lately such painful and woeful experience, spread as rapidly of old as we have seen it do in our own day.

"The effect of his preaching was, that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends," lest they should be led away captive by that persuasive eloquence. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes, which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all appeared to them a perpetual miracle; but when the light from that thin, calm face fell upon them, when the voice flew from those firm lips, and words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice reached their ears, they were no longer masters of themselves or their feelings. This occurred whenever Bernard preached to great numbers. He spoke; the mere sound of his voice was grateful to the

loving admiration which surrounded him. Presently rose a murmur from the sea of faces, which rapidly swelled into a shout of "crosses—crosses." A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then the assumption of the Cross by the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women.'—Pp. 417, 418, 420, 421.

Surely here we have proof abounding that there is not *much difference* between now and then, save that we look in vain for the saintliness and genius of a Bernard. But let us listen to Mr. Morison.

'It is difficult to judge of such a man, placed as we are with respect to him. He is quite below our ordinary intellectual horizon, and only by a considerable ascension can he be seen at all. What was considered wise in his day is accounted foolish in ours. What was thought true in his time is regarded as absurd now. Our planet has gone seven hundred times, and more, round the sun, since he [the sun or S. Bernard?] was on it; some billions of human beings ran their lives through, and died here in the interval; and it would be strange, indeed, if the human mind had remained unchanged amid ever-changing nature. Changes, indeed, have come and gone since then (*sic*). Systems and philosophies have arisen, and gathered broad populations under their dominion, and seemed so large, so complete, so true, that men have thought, as they have thought endless times before, that the goal was reached, the problem solved; that to them at last was the light given which would show and teach them all things; so different were they from their "unenlightened ancestors," who had no such golden rule [*i.e.* as the light above mentioned]. Alas! the hour of hope and triumph was short. The systems and philosophies were found as mortal as the men who made them. They, too [the systems we presume], waxed old, and shrunk, and from being (apparently) complete and true, became incomplete and false, till at last men would hear them no more, and cast them aside as lumber, useless or obstructive. For behold, a new light is mounting in the eastern sky, rosy with the dawn of another hope. [Do we understand (?), one rising light is made rosy by the dawning of another!] Again, it must be repeated that Bernard is far off.¹ Not only his system and philosophy, but half a dozen other systems and philosophies, which have supplanted his, and each other, have been cast aside as valueless since he lived.'—P. 368.

The Bathos! to be sure. And Mr. Morison brandishes his philosophies before us with as much sleight of pen as his master does his Silences. Now if there be any meaning in this pre-tentious twaddle, we challenge Mr. Morison to give us, in plain, unvarnished English, what he means. And how can he venture to impute to the half-lettered Bernard such a literary entity as a system and a philosophy? He was a master, indeed, of the philosophy of Christianity. Yes. It is harder for Mr. Morison to judge of the abbot than he imagines. The man who from infirmity of thought, or incorrigible vanity, can write such stuff as is contained in this extract is morally incapable of appreciating—whatever may be his horizon—the sacred sim-

¹ We have tried this particular clause every way, even diagonally, but have failed to accomplish a solution.

plicity of Bernard's character. A writer who *will* think and write thus, and then attempt the life of S. Bernard, 'has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.'

The other fatal outgrowth of monasticism—with a brief notice of which we will draw to a close these opening remarks—is spiritualism, under which term we would be understood to comprehend all that command of, all those communications with, the invisible world, which we hear asserted—miracles, prophecies, visions, dreams. It cannot surely be pretended for a moment, that on these points we possess a superior intelligence to that which was enjoyed by the contemporaries of S. Bernard. Some partial differences indeed, but not improvements, we can note. The faculties of spiritualism are no longer now limited to, and exercised alone by, spiritual persons. More persons affect to possess them; and whether they be real or unreal, they are only found exercised avowedly through or in behalf of Christ by some obscure Irish friars,¹ or the vigorous

¹ We once stood beside the late excellent Father Mathew, when a number of crippled and diseased persons were placed near him, to be touched by him as he passed—none of them were reported on that occasion to have been healed. He explained, that if they believed that God in this way blessed the ministry of his Church, and the Church through it, what could he say?

In what we have said in the text, we have designedly omitted all references to the imagination as a sanative agent in cases of non-organic disease. But there seems considerable difficulty in distinguishing organic and pseudo-organic ailments. In the interesting case mentioned by Douglas, (*Criterion*, London, 1754, page 205), we have much that reminds us of the wonder-workings of an earlier and a later day. It is the case of a gentleman of distinction and piety, from the County of Waterford, who, in 1662, began to have a steady but wholly unaccountable impression on his mind, that by the 'stroking' of his hand he would be able to cure the king's evil. He attempted this, and was successful; and then he made trial of other diseases, prefacing his acts with prayer. His fame having been spread far and wide, he was invited to England in 1666, by Lord Orrery, and in Warwickshire and Worcestershire he effected many cures; upon which, at the command of Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, he was summoned to London, where he beyond any doubt performed very remarkable cures, an account of which, in answer to the calumnies which were circulated against him, he published in a letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, London, 1666. This letter contains testimonials from Robert Boyle, Bishops Rust, Wilkins, Patrick, and the eminent physician, Sir William Smith, to the cures effected by Mr. Valentine Greatrakes. It is acknowledged that many received no benefit from the operation of the hand, and many relapsed. Upon this, the author makes these remarks whatever they may be worth:—

'Greatrakes was no worker of miracles; but whether the concurrence of Greatrakes' stroking with some cures was only accidental, while other adequate causes operated; or whether, if his stroking had an efficacy, this was owing to some peculiarity in his complexion, or some singular virtue of certain effluvia from the body of the stroker; or whether impressions made on the minds of the persons stroked might not, in some cases, procure relief, I shall not take upon me to determine, but only observe that though the means immediately connected with the cures were, to all appearance, as inadequate as any can be supposed, yet there can be no pretence for having recourse to supernatural causes to account for them—since, for aught we know, such means may have some hidden efficacy—some peculiar sanative efficacy (which, perhaps, was the case of Greatrakes' strokes), or else if there were no such virtue and efficacy, they may prove the occasion of exciting causes known to be adequate to act.

emissaries of Mormonism. Thaumaturgic spiritualism, on the other hand, whether wholly resting on imposture or practically aided by some half obscure unformalized physical agencies, is the fashionable orthodoxy of society. This system and philosophy at all events has not been supplanted, has not come to nought. We believe that many of the miracles wrought by S. Bernard were real and righteous acts of healing. Facts, which Voltaire and Sismondi do not venture to dispute they account for, by attributing to fanaticism. Assuredly the person, who may be the conductor to others without himself catching some insidious disease, may also through some equally subtle immaterial process of nature be the minister of health under certain circumstances. Is prayer ever answered? If so, is not prayer a miracle? Was not miracle the first, is it not promised as the last, gift of the Church? Is not the Church the anointed guardian of those sacred channels, along which will rush in the consummation the full-breasted floods of the Holy Ghost? Is not the Church losing—it may be because we have such few examples of eminent believers among us—her right judgment on this subject, and therefore allowing a baleful superstition to make head and propagate itself in the world?

Undoubtedly the Church ought to have the same faith, and hold the same attitude as regards the restoration of her miraculous powers, as she does hold, or professes to hold with regard to the last advent of the Son of Man. In this respect; as, alas! in how many others, we find a sect constituting itself the witness to a long disregarded, if not actually discarded, catholic verity.

In an age wanting in refinement, an age of railroads, Mr. Spurgeon, and the 'musical glasses,' an age distinguished by much social disunion and discomfort, the like of which was not unknown to Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago, where flourished 'the good old rule—

'The simple plan,'
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can;'

in such an age which was not permitted to see Mr. Carlyle 'mounting the sky,' 'rosy with the dawn' of Mr. Morison—in such an age flourished Tesselin, a brave, rich, red-headed knight, Lord of the Castle of Fontaines,¹ near Dijon, with all its appurtenances, including a little chapel, which desecrated at the French Revolution was restored through the piety of the king Louis Philippe. Burgundy may in truth be regarded as soil holy to the monastic rule; for on it, four centuries earlier, the

¹ Our own beautiful Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon, Yorkshire, owed its re-establishment and building directly to S. Bernard; and its name, indirectly, to S. Bernard's birthplace.

blessed Columbanus, a servant of God, in his manly independence and humility, unfettered freedom of thought and word, and tenderness of heart bearing a strong likeness to Bernard, had set up his three monasteries, and originally Fontaines itself, we believe, was one of his foundations. The sketch which Mr. Morison has given us of the father and mother of Bernard, and of Bernard's own conversion, does so much credit to his taste and skill, that having had, and still having, so much cause to differ from the author, we gladly introduce him to our readers in his happiest vein.

'Tesselin was not simply a fighting baron; he belonged to a class of men who were not so rare in the Middle Ages as we are apt to suppose—men who united the piety of monks to the valour of crusaders.' Of Tesselin, we read that his manners were gentle, that he was a great lover of the poor, of ardent piety, and that he had an incredible zeal for justice. He used to wonder that men found it painful to be just; or that fear or covetousness should make them forsake the justice of God. He was a most brave knight; but he never took up arms except for the defence of his own land, or in company with his Lord of Burgundy. On one occasion he was drawn into a quarrel, and a single combat was arranged between him and his adversary. The day and place of meeting were fixed—the enemies appeared. Tesselin was by far the stronger man, and his victory would have brought him no little advantage. His courage was undoubted. But the feeling that all this was radically wrong overpowered every other. Divine exhortations to charity and peace, divine condemnations of violence and strife, crowded on his mind. He determined to be "reconciled to his adversary." He offered terms which he knew could be accepted. He relinquished the point in dispute. Tesselin's wife was a fitting partner for such a man—earnest, loving, and devout. Her name was Alith. She was a great favourite with the monkish historians of her illustrious order, and they have left a portraiture of her, pale and shadowy indeed, yet presenting a conceivable image. She bore Tesselin seven children—six sons and a daughter, Humbeline. Her boys she offered to the Lord as soon as they were born. Piety and humbleness of mind distinguished her even more than her husband. Charity, too, of the most practical kind she exercised in her neighbourhood. She sought out the poor in their squalor and misery, attended to and relieved their sick, cleansed their cups and vessels with her own hands. The latter years of her life were passed in devotions and austerities, which were monastic in all but the name. By scantiness of food, by simplicity of dress, by the avoidance of worldly pleasures; by fasting, prayer, and vigils she strove after that ideal of self-sacrifice and holiness, which was alone attractive and beautiful in that age. S. Bernard was passing from boyhood to youth when his mother died. It was her custom, on the festival of Saint Ambrose (the patron-saint of the church at Fontaines), to assemble a number of clergy in her house, and "to the glory of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the above-mentioned Saint, solemnly to refresh them with food and wine on that day." A few days before the anniversary which was to be her last, it was revealed to her that she would die on the festival. On the vigil of the feast she was taken ill with fever. The next day, after the celebration

¹ Our own poets and romance writers teach us that they were frequent enough. Blemished by some errors in taste, and departures from nature, *Ivanhoe* is, nevertheless, a valuable help to the knowledge of the inner life of this epoch.

of mass, she asked most humbly that the Body of the Lord might be brought to her, and received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. She then bade her friends proceed to their entertainment as usual. But while they were at meat she sent for her eldest son Guido, and requested him, as soon as the feast was over, to bring the guests to her bedside. They assembled around her, and she told them that her death was near. They immediately began to chant a litany, supplicating God for her soul. She joined in with them, and sang devoutly till her very last breath. When the chorus of voices toned forth the words, "Deliver her, O Lord, by thy Cross and Passion," in the act of making the sign of the cross, her life and psalm of praise ceased together; and after her breath had fled, her hand remained erect and fixed, as she had elevated it to perform her last act of faith.—Pp. 2—8.¹

The young Bernard had been already sent to school to Châtillon, where he gave promise of realizing by his proficiency the hopes formed of him. He was habitually studious and retiring, and 'marvellously cogitative.' His opponents in after years taunted him with having been zealous and ambitious in the pursuit of literary fame, but unsuccessful in the pursuit; and with having given himself to the composition of 'comic songs and polished verses,' and striven to surpass his brothers 'in rhythmical contests.' His mother's death left him free to fix upon a course of life. His experiences of a secular state did not commend it to him. His kinsmen endeavoured—as he was too delicate and fragile for the calling of a knight—to make him adopt the literary life.

'Bernard acknowledges that his spiritual progress was almost stayed by this snare. To what extent he yielded we do not know. Such an impetuous character would not be likely to bring lukewarmness to studies so popular and so exciting. At such a time, too, of intellectual activity following a long apathy, the novelty of study and the attraction of knowledge are intense—even violent crowds, amounting to thousands, crossed high mountains and broad seas, and endured every inconvenience of life, to enjoy the privilege of hearing Abelard lecture. While still undecided as to his ultimate course, he was proceeding to join his brothers, who, with the Duke of Burgundy, were at their usual occupation of besieging a castle. He doubtless felt he had fallen from the high resolves and aspirations of his early youth. His life of holiness and prayer, which had seemed to open before him under his mother's example and conversation, had faded away now, and although he was not a knight, killing and plundering, he was still in the world and of the world, loving knowledge and its human rewards. Self-reproach and shame at this spiritual retrogression filled his mind with heaviness and grief. In this mood he rode along over the bare moor or through the tangled forest, thoughtful and sad. Presently he came to a church. But by this time the dark cloud of doubt and wavering had broken and vanished before the rising sun of faith. On his knees in that wayside church, and in a torrent of tears, "he lifted his hands to

¹ The statement that she was received and carried to the abode of the Blessed, is made in forgetfulness of the imposed dogma that being uncanonized she must have gone to Purgatory.

heaven, and poured forth his heart like water in the presence of the Lord." From that hour his purpose of entering the monastic life never faltered.'—Pp. 10—14.

The particular text which seemed to excite S. Bernard, speaking to him in the depth of his heart, as he describes it, were the words: 'Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden.' And many years afterwards, in describing his conversion to his monks, he referred to this incident: 'I am not ashamed to confess that frequently, and especially at the beginning of my conversion, I have experienced great hardness and coldness of heart. I sought Him whom my soul desired to love—Him upon whom my frozen heart might rest and gather warmth; and as no one came to help me and to melt the thick ice which bound all my interior senses in its chain, my soul became more languid, weak, and benumbed, giving way to grief and almost to despair, and murmuring inwardly, "Who can endure such cold." Then all at once, at the first sight, perhaps, of some spiritual person—or, perhaps, at the mere remembrance of the dead or the absent—the Spirit of God began to breathe upon these frozen waters, they flowed again, and my tears served me for food day and night.'

We commend this well-told incident to our churchmen who have been ordained in confirmation to do the Church's work, and who, in that laying on of hands, have received the grace of the Divine call. The fire of holy resolution was kindled in his heart. He had no rest. Nor did he let his brothers, his uncle, his sister-in-law rest until he succeeded in drawing them to his own side, and inducing them to renounce the world with himself. Entering a church with his converts, he heard the sixth verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians read, and he caught from the words an exhortation to further self-dedication and exertion. In his twenty-second year, A.D. 1113, Bernard with his companions adopted the rule of S. Benedict, and with admirable humility, instead of originating a new order, they became Cistercians.¹

In 1098—fifteen years before this—the abbey of Cîteaux had been founded by Robert Bishop of Molesme. And his successor, S. Alberic, in the following year, drew up its statutes. The third abbot was a Dorsetshire man, Stephen Harding. The whole rule of S. Benedict was rigorously kept, but this—as so commonly happens with enthusiastic recluses—was not enough for S. Bernard; he so reduced his strength by his severe asceticism, that within two years he had impaired his constitution, and never ultimately recovered his natural vigour. During his illness he

¹ It was the same humility made him decline the frequent appointments he received to Episcopal and Archiepiscopal honours.

was visited by the celebrated William of Champeaux, Bishop of Chalons, by whom indeed he had been consecrated Abbot of Clairvaux, who, having received from Stephen Harding 'leave to direct and manage Bernard for one year only,' no doubt contributed by his friendly interference to the preservation and restoration of Bernard's health.

It is said of S. Columbanus that his favourite place for studying the Holy Scriptures was in the retirement and amid the delicious shades of the forests of Burgundy. This love of Nature was shared by Bernard in even a stronger degree. The beauteous forms of the outward creation were not to him as 'is a landscape to a blind man's eye;' but they were instinct with those remoter, those heavenly, charms, which it is not in thought to supply nor vision to impart. They were everywhere sacramental presences of that loving and self-communicating God who feeds the soul and builds up the heart of man. Bernard's love of Nature was no instinct of blind love; it was rooted in the strong faith he had of the abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost, with whom communication was vouchsafed to him.

'According to his own showing in after-life, there was another influence to which he owed more than to all his austerities, and that was his love of, and communion with, nature. His ardent imagination, which gave a mystic and manifold meaning to outward facts, his love for peace and meditation, his truly christian and jubilant heart, which ever gave thanks for all things; all contributed to give him this fond delight in nature, and made him say to a friend and pupil, "Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains drop sweetness? the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?" In fact, theology and external nature were Bernard's only subjects of intellectual meditation. In the world of thought theology reigned without a rival—but of all states of mind suited to enjoy and delight in external nature, the religious and emotional, unskilled by systematic scientific thought, is perhaps the most calculated. One can conjecture the procession of burning thoughts, the rapture of ecstatic, admiring love, which would command Bernard's mind, when he entered the gloomy forest, or watched the sailing clouds, or gazed at the setting sun filling the west with liquid fire. No cold abstractions came between him and those marvels. He thought of no "theories," "causes," or "effects;" and "laws" and "phenomena," in their modern sense, never crossed his mind. This glorious phantasmagoria of creation, what was it? The result of a word from God. He was accustomed to say that whatever knowledge he had of the Scriptures, he had acquired in the woods and fields; and that beeches and oaks had ever been his best teachers in the Word of God.'—Pp. 23, 24.

We may then, on his own authority, dismiss as wholly incredible the monkish legend that he passed by the Lake of Geneva without having ever seen it. We may rest assured that one

who so loved Nature would be incapable of that pious apathy with which the unbelieving historian believes him to have treated the 'beauties of that incomparable landscape.'¹ Let the tourist never look on it without thinking of S. Bernard.

The arrival of Bernard at Cîteaux marks the period in which commenced the prosperity of that brotherhood. The monastery grew in fame and in numbers; and already La Fertè and Pontigny had been established. It soon became necessary to send out another colony, and Abbot Stephen Harding selected Bernard, now twenty-four years of age, to be the head of the new community.²

'Twelve monks and their young abbot—representing our Lord and his apostles—were assembled in the church. Stephen placed a cross in Bernard's hands, who solemnly, at the head of his small band, walked forth from Cîteaux. The monks who were to remain accompanied them to the Abbey gates, for Bernard's powerful and assimilating nature had won all hearts, and the day of his departure was a sad one in Cîteaux. Till they reached the limit of their own land they walked so closely together that it was not easy to say which were going and which were to remain; but the gateway revealed the emigrants. A Cistercian might not leave his own grounds on any pretext without permission. Bernard struck away to the northward. For a distance of nearly ninety miles he kept his course, passing up by the source of the Seine, by Chatillon of school-day memories, till he arrived at La Fertè, about equally distant between Troyes and Chaumont, in the diocese of Langres, and situated on the river Aube. About four miles beyond La Fertè was a deep valley opening to the east; thick umbrageous forests gave it a character of gloom and wildness; but a gushing stream of limpid water, which ran through it, was sufficient to redeem every disadvantage. In June, 1115, Bernard took up his abode in the valley of Wormwood,³ as it was called, and began to look for the means of shelter and sustenance against the approaching winter. The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands was long preserved by the pious veneration of the Cistercians. The monks had thus got a house over their heads; but they had very little else. Beechnuts and roots were to be their main support during the winter. And now to the privations of insufficient food, was to be added the wearing out of their shoes and clothes. Their necessities grew with the severity of the season, till at last even salt failed them; and presently Bernard heard murmurs. He argued and exhorted; he spoke to them of

¹ Gibbon displays on every occasion of mentioning him, an ingenious hatred of S. Bernard. He carries this so far that on one occasion—referred to by Mr. Morison—he endeavours to foist in a filthy pun on the chaste language of the saint. He tells the story of Arnold of Brescia, as if the 'fierce exhortations' of S. Bernard, contained in one letter to the Pope, and one to a private friend, and both written in 1140, had caused the death of Arnold in 1155, two years after Bernard himself had departed this life.

² Cîteaux is now (1839) a sugar-factory. The site of the library, and probably church, is a play-house; and the cell of S. Bernard has been sacrificed to the utility of the factory: and three villages have been constructed out of the materials of the monastery and its dependencies, so M. Ratisbonne informs us. Surely the blame rests with the Church, who neglects so grievously the memorials of one she prays to,

³ Or Absinthea—to be thenceforward, The Valley of Brightness—Claire-Vallee.

the fear and love of God, and strove to rouse their drooping spirits by dwelling on the hopes of eternal life and divine recompense. Their sufferings made them deaf and indifferent to their abbot's words. They would not remain in this valley of bitterness, they would return to Cîteaux. Bernard, seeing they had lost their trust in God, reproved them no more, but himself sought in earnest prayer for release from their difficulties. Presently a voice from heaven said, "Arise, Bernard, thy prayer is granted thee." Upon which the monks said, "What didst thou ask of the Lord?" "Wait, and ye shall see, ye of little faith," and presently came a stranger, who gave the abbot ten livres. On another occasion he said to brother Guibert, "Guibert, saddle the ass, go to the fair, and buy us salt," Guibert answered, "Where is the money?" "Believe me," said Bernard, "I know not the time when I had gold or silver. He is above who holds my wallet and my treasures in his hands." "If I go forth empty, so shall I return." "Fear not, my son, go in peace. He who holds our treasures will be with thee on the way, and will grant thee all these things for which I send thee." Guibert received the abbot's benediction and obeyed, though still more than doubtful of the use of his errand. He proceeded on the ass,—the solitary animal in the possession of the community—to the castle of Risuellum, where the fair was. As he approached his destination, he met a priest—"Whence comest thou, brother, and whither art thou bound?" He told the questioner the object of his expedition, and drew a sad picture of the misery and suffering to which he and all the monks under Bernard were reduced. The tale so wrought upon the priest, that he took him to his own house, gave him half a bushel of salt, and fifty *solidi*, or more. Guibert soon hastened back to Clairvaux, and told Bernard all that had occurred to him. "I tell thee, my son," said Bernard, "that no one thing is so necessary to a Christian as faith. Have faith, therefore, and all will be well with thee all the days of thy life." From that day forth, we are told, Guibert and the other monks held the words of Bernard in greater reverence than they had done before. After this crisis was over, a brighter prospect opened on Clairvaux. Indeed, it would seem that a new monastery was in a measure bound to win its way to public favour by first of all getting nearly extinguished by cold and hunger.'—Pp. 27-32.

Having tracked the course of S. Bernard to this point, where he appears as a successful founder, it will not be out of place to supply an omission of Mr. Morison, and to say a word or two of the fortunes of that body at large which, as to genus Cisterciens, rejoiced to call themselves after their own founder Bernardines. Some 120 houses were established during the lifetime of S. Bernard,¹ and 500 within the first fifty years of the creation of the order. We learn that the White monks² succeeded in founding

¹ At the request of Innocent II., Bernard sent Bernard of Pisa and twelve monks to found at Rome the Abbey of St. Anastasius, or the Three Fountains. This Bernard became afterwards Eugenius III.

² Stevens, Continuation of Dugdale's Monasticon, Vol. II. 31. We may add that Bernard was canonized twenty-one years after his decease by Pope Alexander III. The Alpine Pass of the great S. Bernard is in no way connected with the Abbot of Clairvaux. That house was erected, more than a century and a half before the time of our S. Bernard, on the site of an old temple of Jupiter, by a Savoyard nobleman, Bernard de Meuthon, and is inhabited by monks of S. Augustine. Until the outbreak of the French Revolution the Abbot of Cîteaux remained General of the whole Order.

in all no less than 6000 houses. We Englishmen ought to take a special interest in all that concerns S. Bernard; partly because he was formed under the care of the sturdy Stephen Harding of Sherborne; partly because the order was very successful in England. Their first settlement was that at Waverley in Surrey, in 1128, after which they established the abbey of Furness in Lancashire. In 1437 Archbishop Chichele founded at Oxford the College of S. Bernard for the roofless brethren of the order. S. Bernard's is now S. John's. But a memorial of its original designation is to be found still there. In the upper part of the college tower may be seen the statue of S. Bernard. One peculiarity of these foundations was, they were established at a prescribed distance from each other. They were also all dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. S. Malachi introduced the order into Ireland, founding one monastery which became the parent of four. When the days of visitation began in England, the houses of the Bernardines were found to have receded as much as any others from the strict rule of the original institution. In the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII. the order possessed in England no less than seventy-five houses—some thirty-six of these ranking among the greater monasteries—and twenty-six nunneries, with revenues, in all amounting to nearly £20,000. One alone of the nunneries had an income of £200 a year. The rules of S. Benedict, it is true, did not expressly include poverty. They were—silence, humility, and obedience; but none of these could fairly be expected from brethren, some of whom called sixty equipped horses all their own, and who lived in proportional luxury.¹

To return to the abbot: trouble from without soon found its way into the newly-established brotherhood. His kinsman, Robert, the child of the sister of that sainted woman, Alitha, and now only sixteen years of age, was decoyed away by a carnal repugnance to monastic austerities, and the comparatively indulgent attractions of Clugny. There he remained for four years, till Abbot Pontius passed away, when he was restored to Clairvaux by Peter the Venerable, who succeeded. Less painful, but a more dangerous, occurrence was the withdrawal altogether from religious life of Fulk, a regular canon, tempted by 'an old 'uncle and worldly riches.' The letter too, in this case, though

¹ The reader will be careful to distinguish between S. Benedict of Nusia (Italy), the founder, 529, and Benedict, Abbot of Aniane (France), restorer of Western Monasticism, 817. Stephen Harding, by introducing a custom of mutual supervision, and uniting several Abbeys into Monastic Unions, may, in truth, be regarded as a third founder of Western Monasticism. The rules of S. Columba and S. Benedict were substantially the same. The former wore the white, and the latter the black dress. S. Bernard's houses wore white. S. Bernard's cowl, of a greyish white, is still preserved at the Monastery of S. Victor, near Paris.

not successful at the time—it is addressed ad Fulconem *puerum*, by ‘frater Bernardus Peccator’—was not ultimately unattended with good results. Fulk, indeed, ‘remansit in sæculo;’ but he ultimately became Archdeacon of Langres.¹ Here is a sample of a letter to a most attached, but rather too exacting friend, and, what Bernard could not abide—admirer,—in its sharpness it conveys a wise caution.

‘If no one knoweth the things which are in a man, except the spirit of man, which is in him; if man seeth the face only, but God searcheth the heart, I marvel—nor can I marvel enough—by what means you could weigh and measure our mutual love for each other, so as to express an opinion, not only of your own, but of your neighbour’s heart. It is an error of the human mind, not only to think good evil, and evil good, or true false, and false true, but also to take things certain for things doubtful, and things doubtful for things certain. It is, perhaps, true what you say, that I love you less than you do me; but I am quite certain it cannot be certain to you. How then can you affirm that with certainty of which you are far from certain? Wonderful! Paul does not trust himself to his own judgment; but says, “I judge not mine own self.” Peter bewails the presumption by which he deceived himself. When speaking from himself, he said, “Although I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee.” David confesses his own self-ignorance; and praying, exclaims, “Remember not my offences.” But you, with I know not what boldness—not only concerning your own heart, but even concerning mine—openly declare, that loving more I am cared for less. And these forsooth are your words—and I wish they were not yours, for I do not know whether they are true. Whence, I ask—whence do you know that I am loved by you better than you are by me? Is it from what you add in your letter, that those who go from these parts in your direction do not bring you from me any proof of love and friendship? But what proof or token of love do you expect from me? Are you vexed that I have never answered even one of your numerous letters? But how could I think that the scribblings of my inexperience could ever delight the maturity of your wisdom? I remember who said, “Little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.” And when did you ever need any assistance and it was not given to you?’—P. 64.

The letters to Ogerius and to William of S. Thierry, on the subject of their resigning their respective charges, are full of admirable advice, and advice useful even now. It was about this time S. Bernard commenced those wonderful letters—some of them indeed deserving to be called sermons²—which addressed to

¹ So stated in the superscription of the letter apud Mabillon.

² Thus he says to Ogerius:—‘And now you have got all the wisdom of the most elegant and eloquent Doctor of whom you have begged, at such a distance to be taught. You have asked for a sermon, and you have got a sermon, and one long enough, too.’ There is more humour still in the following:—‘What you ask of me touching Norbert, viz. Whether he be going to Jerusalem, I cannot tell you. I saw him, and spoke to him, a few days ago, and from that heavenly flute—I mean his mouth—I heard many things; but on this point nothing at all. But when I spoke of Antichrist, and asked his opinion, he declared that he knew most certainly that he—Antichrist—would be manifested during this very generation which now is. When I pressed him to give me the reasons of his certitude,

princes and popes, and chiefs in both the secular and religious estate, down to humble sisters and needy neighbours, were to produce such a lasting effect on the world. Friendly, political, spiritual, theological, and mystical things occupy nearly 900 pages of Migne's reprint of Mabillon. Some, like the seventy-seventh, are more treatises than letters. In this epistle we have S. Bernard demolishing a theological opponent, and expressing an opinion as to the salvation of infants dying unbaptized (§ 9) which, in harmony with the judgment of Gerson, Gabriel, and Cajetan, is opposed to the Council of Trent, and Bellarmine and his company. Then there is that sweet note to the Countess of Blois, consoling her for the fall of her eldest son, and offering up prayers for his restoration to grace, which prayer God was pleased to grant. His 56th letter speaks of his doubts as to the immediate advent of Antichrist, an event which Mabillon's note tells us J. Picus of Mirandola, in the 15th century, conjectured would take place in the year of grace 1994. Letter 279 complains to the Count of Champagne how one of his vassals had poached and carried off certain pigs belonging to the Abbot of Chatillon, but confided to his (Bernard's) care. Letters 107 and 108 are truly noble and admirable. Letter 138, which Mr. Morison gives, is deserving of perusal. Addressed to our Henry I., it suggests, in the most delicate way, the propriety, and indeed the urgent need there was for him to remit some money to his Holiness who was 'only in need of everything.' S. Bernard tells his Majesty that of course he knows 'what is best to do.' If he did, in Bernard's sense of best, he did not do it. There is the 279th letter, his pathetic and last address to his beloved uncle Andrew, given by Mr. Morison; as are also letters 143, 144, 145, 204, 206, which are all very beautiful. From the 178th, after this hurried glance at S. Bernard's correspondence, we will make the following extract in Mr. Morison's translation:—

'I speak boldly because I love faithfully, nor is that love sincere where any uncertainty keeps up suspicion. The complaints of my Lord of Treves are not confined to him alone, but are common to many others, and chiefly to those who have a sincere affection for your person. There is but one voice among our faithful bishops, which declares that justice is vanishing from the Church; that the power of the keys is gone; that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop can no longer redress wrongs nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and the Roman Court. What they ordain aright you annul; what they justly abolish, that you re-establish. All the worthless contentious fellows, whether from the people or the Clergy, or even monks expelled from their monasteries, run off to you, and return boasting that they have found protection, where they ought to have found retribu-

'his answer was not of a kind to make me adopt his view as undoubted truth. He finished by saying that he should not see death till he had witnessed a general persecution of the Church.'

tion. Your friends are confounded, the faithful are insulted, the bishops are brought into contempt and disgrace; and while their righteous judgments are despised, your authority also is not a little injured :—Of a truth God is angry with schismatics; but he is far from well pleased with Catholics :—Many wonder, many are scandalized when such men as these bishops are defended, supported, honoured, protected; men whose lives and morals are infamous to a pitch which would disgrace, do not say bishops, but any laymen you please. I am ashamed to write this, nor ought you ever to have heard it. Granted that while no one accused them they could not be deposed, ought those whom general rumour denounces to be the special objects of promotion from the Holy See ?—Pp. 222, 223. The letter is to Pope Innocent.

It is not too much to say that, under no imaginable circumstances, at the present day, could such a letter as this be written within the obedience of the Roman Church.¹ The fearless exposure of existing and terrible corruptions, and the fearless charging of all upon the chief ruler and responsible person, are above all praise. Development, organic and dogmatic, has changed the surface of the Church.¹ He who complained so bitterly 700 years ago that the episcopate was being superseded, what could he say now were he to witness its utter prostration? Had Bernard lived to witness the commercial successes of Tetzels, and the shameless covetousness of Leo X. there is little reason to doubt that he would have spoken his mind with the vigour and conscientious plainness of Luther, and probably it was in no slight degree owing to the similarity of feeling that Luther expressed himself in terms of such high admiration of the Abbot of Clairvaux. 'If there has ever been a pious monk who feared God, it was S. Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other monks and priests throughout the globe.'

But if the Abbot of Clairvaux proved himself the 'complete letter-writer' of the Middle Ages, the eminence and success which he achieved in this line of composition was very gradual. It is not difficult to trace the slow formation of the Bernardine

¹ In a former note occurs the name of Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensian order of monks, of whom Bernard makes mention in his 56th letter. He was Archbishop of Magdeburg. Miscalling him Archbishop of Florence, Bramhall says that he 'affirmed by revelation (for he protested that he knew it most certainly) that "Antichrist was to be revealed in that age." And about this time the Waldenses (of whom S. Bernard saith, that "if we inquire into their faith nothing was more Christian, if into their conversation nothing was more irreprehensible") made their secession from the Bishop of Rome; and not long after, in the year 1120, published a book to the world, that "the great Antichrist was come;" that the present governors of the Roman Church—armed with both powers, secular and spiritual—who, "under the specious name of the Spouse of Christ," did "oppose the right way of salvation," were Antichrist'.—Works, Vol. ii. 451. We have been unable to verify the reference for the last statement. Bramhall's note says: Serm. 65 in Cantic. Op. tom. i. p. 991. G. H., Paris, 1586. The passage is not in Mabillon. Mr. Morison, at p. 303, justly complains of Migne's having expurgated a most important and damning passage from a letter of Fulk, Prior of Deuil.

style and refined expression. . The same may be said of his sermons, some of which are as capable of modern use as any sermons of days before our own—certainly a great deal more suited for the modern pulpit and modern congregations than the homiletical compositions of our own eighteenth century divines. We shall proceed to lay before our readers some extracts from S. Bernard's sermons, selecting some from Mr. Morison's works—who, in part, avails himself of Mr. Flower's translation—and some from among the untranslated sermons. We shall commence, as Mr. Morison does, with the Homilies on the Annunciation:—

'The angel Gabriel was sent from God! I do not think that this was one of the inferior angels, who, for any cause, are used to carry frequent messages to earth. And this is manifest from his name, which, being interpreted, means "the Strength of God!" And also, because it is not related that he was sent by any Spirit better than himself (as was customary), but by God himself. For this reason, then, it is written, "from God!" Or this, perhaps, was the reason—lest God should be thought to have revealed his counsel to any of His blessed Spirits before He did so to the Virgin, excepting the Archangel Gabriel, who was found among his class to be of such excellence as to be worthy of this name and this message. Nor does the name disagree with the message. For who was more fit to announce Christ—that is, God's power—than he who was honoured by a similar name? For what is strength but power! Neither is unfit or incongruous for the Lord and the messenger to be called by the same name, as, although the appellation in both is the same, this similarity has not the same cause. In one sense is Christ the strength or power of God; in a different sense is the angel called by the same name. The angel only nominally; Christ substantively.'

'To that city, therefore, was the angel Gabriel sent by God. To whom? To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. Who was the virgin so venerable that she deserved to be selected by an angel—so humble that she was espoused to a carpenter? Beautiful is the union of virginity and humility, and very acceptable is that soul to God in which humility commands virginity, and virginity adorns humility. But what veneration is due to her whose fecundity exalts her humility, and whose maternity consecrates her virginity? You hear she was a virgin: You hear that she was humble. If you cannot imitate the virginity of the humble, strive after the humility of the Virgin. Virginity is a laudable virtue; but more necessary is humility. One is of admonition, the other is of command. To one you are invited, to the other you are compelled. Of one it is said, "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it;" of the other it is said, "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." One is rewarded, the other is exacted. You may, in a word, be saved without virginity. You cannot be saved without humility. Humility may be pleasing even though it has lost its virginity; but without humility, I make bold to say, that even Mary's virginity would not have been acceptable. "*Upon whom shall my Spirit rest except upon the humble and meek?*" Upon the humble, he says, not upon a virgin. If, therefore, Mary had not been humble, the Holy Spirit would not have rested on her; and if He had not rested on her, He could not have impregnated her. For how could she have conceived of Him without Him? It is clear, then, that in order for her to conceive of Holy Spirit, as she herself says, "He regarded the lowliness of His

handmaiden" rather than her virginity; and if she pleased through virginity, she conceived through humility. Whence it is plain that her humility was the cause of her virginity being pleasing.'—Pp. 57—59.¹

We can neither discover 'ambitious and gaudy rhetoric,' nor 'the conspicuous absence of high spiritual thought' in this passage. It may be common-place; but it is surely not out of place—his audience considered, and the bias of ecclesiastical thought upon the subject, which he so fully discusses—spiritual in one sense it is as inviting to practical holiness; possibly not spiritual in Mr. Morison's view, on this very account, and it may be also, because savouring over much of dogma. 'Their (the sermons) intrinsic worth, or rather worthlessness, does not need discussion. But they are curious, and even valuable as evidences of what effect a highly stimulating objective theology will have on a passionate mind when unprotected by thought and knowledge of a non-religious character. In Bernard's time, the mythology which had gathered round Christ's religion impelled and occupied, without rival or restraint, the warmest temperaments and most active intellects. The facts, and the supposed facts, of this mythology were regarded as far the most important in the history of the world.' (P. 60.) There is, perhaps, a studied ambiguity about this passage which alone keeps us from pronouncing it offensive to every true Christian judgment. Among the many mysteries—for they are many—lying in and surrounding the incarnation, which, we should like to know, form the facts, or *supposed* facts, of this curious 'mythology?' But Mr. Morison only betrays his anti-Catholic predilections when he makes his supremely awkward efforts to be transcendental. So very necessary is common sense in the constitution of a good Christian.

We pass on to the sermons on the Canticles, by which S. Bernard will always be best known. These sermons, delivered in the auditorium, or 'parlour,' of the monastery either at early morn or near sunset, are the noblest productions of the mind of one whose forte was *not* composing, but acting. The numerous

¹ To the same effect, in his famous 'Apology,' addressed to the Cluniacs, who, under the worldly rule of Pontius, would-be Abbot of Abbots, had grievously fallen away from the true obedience of S. Benedict, S. Bernard says, on a kindred subject:—'You calumniate your brethren concerning corporeal observances; and the greater things of the law, its spiritual ordinances, you leave undone—straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Great is your error. Great care is taken that the body be clothed according to the rule, but the soul is not provided with the heavenly vesture which the same rule prescribes. A man without a tunic or a cowl would not be considered a monk: are piety and humility less necessary? We in our tunics and pride have a horror of leathern garments—as if humbleness in skins were not far preferable to pride in tunics. . . . Again, with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat; as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion, than to be gorged even to belching on windy vegetables.'—P. 141.

sermons on this subject preserved to us—they number 86 only—exhaust in the sermon way the first two chapters. His successor at Clairvaux expounded the succeeding two. The following is from the 6th sermon:—

‘But I must not pass over in silence those spiritual feet of God which, in the first place, it behoves the penitent to kiss in a spiritual manner. I well know your curiosity, which does not willingly allow anything obscure to pass by it; nor indeed is it a contemptible thing to know what are those feet which the Scripture so frequently mentions in connexion with God. Sometimes he is mentioned as standing on them, as, “We will worship in the place where thy feet have stood;” sometimes in walking, as “I will dwell in them, and will walk in them;” sometimes even as running, as, “He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.” If it appear right to the apostle to call the head of Christ God, it appears to me as not unnatural to consider his feet as representing man—one of which I shall name mercy, and the other judgment. With these feet, I say, he walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful. Happy is that mind in which the Lord Jesus has placed both of these feet. You may recognise that mind by these two signs, which it must necessarily bear as the marks of the Divine footprints. These are hope and fear—the first representing the image of judgment, the other of mercy. Justly doth the Lord take pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy; seeing that fear is the beginning of wisdom, of which also hope is the increase, and charity the consummation. These things being so, in this first kiss which is received at the feet is not a little fruit; only be careful that you are not robbed of either kiss. If you are pricked by the power of sin and the fear of judgment, you have pressed your lips on the foot of judgment and truth. If you temper the fear and pain by regarding the Divine goodness, and by the hope of forgiveness; you may know that you have embraced the foot of mercy. It profits not to kiss one without the other, because the dwelling on judgment only casts you into the abyss of desperation, while a deceitful trust in mercy generates the worst kind of security. To me also, wretched one, it has been given sometimes to sit beside the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one and then the other, as far as His loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience, I have dwelt too long on the thought of judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion, enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the deep, I cried, “Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee who can reckon thy displeasure;”—if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and forgetfulness have come upon me that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has been less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of both my outer and inner man less firm. Learning then from experience, not judgment alone, not mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, will I sing unto thee, O Lord. I will never forget those justifications; they both shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to thee for ever, and not be silent.’—Pp. 205—207.

Still finer and more striking is the following from the sermon on the Passion:—

‘On account of the great love wherewith Christ loved us, neither the Father spared the Son, nor the Son Himself to redeem his servants. Great

indeed was it, for it exceeds all measures, passes all limits, clearly outstripping all. "Greater love," He saith, "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) Thou, O Lord, hadst greater still, laying it down even for thine enemies. For whilst we were yet enemies, we were reconciled to Thee and Thy Father by Thy death. What other love can be, has been, or will be, like Thine? Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; Thou sufferedst for the unjust, dying for our sins, for thou camest to justify sinners freely, to make slaves brethren, captives coheirs, and exiles kings. And nothing surely so clearly sets forth alike His patience and humility, as that He gave up His soul to death, and bare the sins of many, entreating even for transgressors, that they might not perish—a faithful saying, and worthy of all acception! For He was offered because He willed. He not only willed and was offered, but it was because He willed. He alone had the power of laying down His own soul, none took it from Him; He voluntarily offered it. When He had received the vinegar, He said, "It is finished." Nothing remains to be fulfilled. Now, there is nothing for which I have to wait. And bowing His head, being made obedient unto death, He gave up the ghost. Who could so easily fall asleep, on willing it? Death, indeed, is a great weakness; but thus to die is matchless power. For the weakness of God is stronger than men. The madness of man may lay wicked hands upon himself and kill himself; but this is not to lay down one's life, it is rather to destroy it by forcible means than to lay it down at pleasure. He alone gave up His soul unto death, who alone returned by His own power to life. He alone had power to lay it down, who also possessed the full power to take it up again, having the power of life and death. Worthy then is love so inestimable, humility so wonderful, patience so insuperable; worthy clearly is this so holy, unpolled, and acceptable a victim. Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, to receive power, to accomplish that which He came to effect, to take away the sins of the world. But I say that the sin which prevailed upon the earth was threefold. Do you understand me to mean the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?—a threefold cord which is not easily broken; therefore many draw, yea are drawn by, this cord of vanity, but that former threefold cord has deservedly greater power among the elect. For how could not the remembrance of His patience repress all pleasure? How should not the recollection of his humility utterly extinguish the pride of life? for that love is beyond question worthy, the thoughts of which can so fill the mind and claim the whole soul to itself, that it completely destroys the sin of curiosity. Powerful, therefore, against these is the Passion of the Saviour. But I have been thinking of explaining how the power of the Cross blots out a threefold sin of another kind, and this perhaps you may hear with great advantage. The first I would call original, the second personal, and the third individual. Original sin, indeed, is that greatest one which we derive from the first Adam, in whom we have all sinned, for whom we all die. The greatest clearly, in that it seizes not only upon the whole human race, but upon every individual thereof, so that there is none, not even one, that can escape. It extends from the first man unto the last, and the poison is dispersed from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. But in another way also it is diffused over the whole of life; from the day, I mean, on which his own mother conceived any one, to that on which the common mother receives him. Else, whence that heavy yoke which is upon all and the whole of the sons of Adam, and that from the day of his coming forth from his mother's womb, until the day of his burial into the mother of all? We are conceived in sin, cherished in darkness, and brought forth in pain. And canst thou doubt the sufficiency of his obedience,

which absolved every one who was under the curse of the first offence. Truly, not as the offence so also is the gift. For sin came from one sin for condemnation, but grace for justification from many sins. And grievous beyond question was that original sin which infected, not only the person, but the nature itself. Yet every one's personal sin is the more grievous when, the reins being let loose, we give up on every hand our members as servants to unrighteousness, being enchained, not only by another's but our own sin also. But most grievous was that especial one which was committed against the Lord of Glory, when wicked men unjustly killed the Just Man, and wretched homicides, or rather (if one may so speak) Deicides, laid their accursed hands on the very Son of God. But what didst Thou do? In the very uplifting of thy hands, when the morning sacrifice was now being changed into the evening offering—on the very strength I say of that incense which ascended into the heavens, covered the earth, and bestrewed even hell itself, worthy to be heard for Thy reverence, Thou criedst, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh, how ready art Thou to pardon! Oh, how great is the multitude of Thy mercy, O Lord! Oh, how different are Thy thoughts to our thoughts! Oh, how strong is thy pity even over the wicked! A marvellous thing! He cries, "Forgive them," and the Jews, "Crucify him." His words are soft as oil; but theirs are very spears. Oh, patient charity, and compassionate also! "Charity suffereth long;" this is enough. "Charity is kind," is more than sufficient. "Be not overcome of evil," is abundant charity, but "overcome evil with good," is superabundant; for it was not the patience alone, but the goodness of God that led the Jews unto repentance, because bountiful charity loves, and loves ardently, those with whom it bears. Patient charity puts off, waits, bears with the offender; but kind charity draws, allures, would have him converted from the error of his way, and, in short, covers a multitude of sins. O Jews! ye are stones, but ye strike a soft stone, from which resounds the ring of mercy, and the oil of charity bursts forth! How wilt Thou, O Lord, overflow with the torrent of Thy bliss those who long for Thee, when Thou thus pourest out the oil of Thy mercy upon those who are crucifying Thee.¹—Pp. 373—380.

The following is a good example of Bernard as an expositor and Latin writer. The passage is from the 43rd Sermon on Canticles; the subject, '*Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi, inter ubera mea commorabitur.*' (Cantic. 1. 12.)

'Tu quoque, si sapis, imitaberis sponsæ prudentiam, atque hunc myrrhæ tam charum fasciculum de principali tui pectoris, nec ad horam patieris avelli; amara illa omnia, quæ pro te pertulit, semper in memoria retinens,

¹ Morison, from Flower's Translation. Mr. M. takes no notice of the Poems of S. Bernard, which to the number of seven, are found in Migne's reprint, Tom. iii., 1307—1330; the fourth of which is the '*Jubileus Rhythmicus de nomine Jesu*,' parts of which are happily to be found in many of our more modern Hymnals. Mabillon prefixes a warning to the reader respecting these poems, and, because metrical compositions were forbidden to the Oistericians, judges them away from the Abbot of Clairvaux. Such a rule may, indeed, have touched any offices composed for public worship; and for this reason S. Bernard may have avoided rhythm in drawing up the office of S. Victor. Berengarius, and his other opponents, objected to Bernard that he had, in his youth, been given to the composition of '*cantiunculas, et urbanos modulos.*' In fact, there is every internal evidence that they are the productions of Bernard's mind and heart; and it is quite impossible to fix on any other writer to whom they can, with any probability, be attributed. To the Hymn *Salve Regina*, the verse said to have been extemporised by him, as he walked up the cathedral of Spire, and beginning, '*O clemens,*' was added.

et assidua meditatione revolvens, quo possis dicere et tu; *Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi, inter ubera mea commorabitur.* Et ego, Fratres, ab ineunte mea conversione, pro acervo meritorum quæ mihi deesse sciebam, hunc mihi fasciculum colligare, et inter ubera mea collocare curavi, collectum ex omnibus anxietatibus et amaritudinibus Domini mei: primum videlicet, infantilium illarum necessitatum; deinde laborum quos pertulit in prædicando, fatigationum in discurrendo, vigiliarum in orando, tentationum in jejunando, lacrymarum in compatiendo, insidiarum in colloquendo; postremo, periculorum in falsis fratribus, conviciorum, sputorum, colaphorum, subsannationum, exprobrationum, clavorum, horumque similium quæ in salutem nostri generis silva evangelica copiosissime noscitur protulisse. Ubi sane inter tot odoriferæ myrrhæ hujus ramusculos minime prætermittendam putavi etiam illam myrrham qua in cruce potatus est, sed neque illam, qua unctus est in sepultura. Quarum in prima applicuit sibi meorum amaritudinem peccatorum; in secunda futuram incorruptionem mei corporis dedicavit. Memoriam abundantie suavitatis horum eructabo, quoad vixero; in æternum non obliviscar miserationes istas, quia in ipsis vivificatus sum. Has olim Sanctus David cum lacrymis requirebat: *veniant mihi, inquit, miserationes tuæ, et vivam.* (Psalm cxviii. 77.) Has et alius quidam sanctorum cum gemitu memorabat, dicens: misericordie Domini multæ. Hæc meditari dixi sapientiam, in his justitiæ mee perfectionem constitui, in his plenitudinem scientiæ, in his divitiis salutis, in his copias meritorum. Ex his mihi interdum potus salutaris amaritudinis, ex his rursum suavis unctio consolationis. Hæc me erigunt in adversis, in prosperis reprimunt, et inter læta tristiaque vitæ præsentis via regia incedenti tutum præbent utrobique ducatum, hinc inde mala imminentia propulsando. Hæc mihi conciliant mundi judicem, dum tremendum potestatibus mitem humilemque figurant; dum non solum placibilem, sed et imitabilem representant eum, qui inaccessible est principatibus, terribilis apud reges terræ. Propterea hæc mihi in ore frequenter, sicut vos scitis; hæc in corde semper, sicut Deus scit; hæc stylo meo admodum familiaria, sicut apparet; hæc mea sublimior interim philosophia, Scire Jesum, et hunc crucifixum. Non requiro ut Sponsa, ubi cubet in meridie (Cant. i. 6), quem lætus amplector mea inter ubera mea commorantem. Non requiro ubi pascat in meridie quem intueor Salvatorem in cruce. Illud sublimius, istud suavius; panis illud, hoc lac; hoc viscera reficit parvulorum, hoc replet ubera matrum: et ideo inter ubera mea commorabitur. Hunc et vos, dilectissimi, tam dilectum fasciculum colligite vobis, hunc medullis inserite cordis, hoc munite aditum pectoris, ut et vobis inter ubera commoretur. Habete illum semper non retro in humeris, sed ante præ oculis, ne portantes et non odorantes, et onus præmat, et odor non erigat.

When we come presently to examine Bernard's attitude towards the Church of his own time, we shall have, for the last time, to quote briefly from his writings. But, in fact, it was owing neither to his letters, nor yet his sermons, overpowering as they are reported to have been, and as we find them, that he owed his almost magical influence with his contemporaries. His personal influence was due more to his presence than to his pen. In fact, he stands almost alone in the annals of the Church as the Peacemaker. His life was spent in seeking and ensuing Peace. In every undertaking, whether in the Church or in the State, Bernard was called to preside or promote the matter in hand. Six assemblies or councils of the Church owed

their success entirely to S. Bernard: the Council of Troyes, 1128; the Council of Etampes, 1130; the Council of Rheims, 1131; and the Council of Sens, 1140. Lastly, there was the Council of Rheims, 1148, and the Assembly of Vezelai, 1146. The most important events in the 'Life and Times' of Bernard group themselves around these gatherings; and we propose examining them in succession.

I. The Council of Troyes met under the presidency of the Legate Mattheu; and in compliance with its most urgent request, Bernard, then in poor health, consented to attend. The markets of Champagne—and, among the towns of Champagne, of Troyes in particular—were so numerous attended that it was the interest of the Counts to protect and escort safely the wealthy traders who frequented these fairs. These armed escorts probably furnished the first idea of the Knights Templars, a body to be enrolled for the protection of the pilgrims to the Holy Land, and the safe keeping of the route to Palestine. Hugo de Pagani, who first formed the plan of the order, discovered that in ten years it had only enrolled nine members. Hugo, of course, betook himself to Bernard, and the memory of the Council of Troyes survives solely in consequence of the part it took in founding the order of the Knights Templars. Mr. Morison says:—

'Bernard's share in this matter does not appear to have extended beyond a general furtherance and approbation of the new order. The rule of the Templars, which it is often said he drew up, was the work of a later period. But his relations with Hugh, the first Grand Master of the Temple, were of the most friendly nature; and at the latter's request he wrote a tractate in praise of the "new warfare,"¹ which is highly characteristic both of the times and of Bernard himself. His "exhortation to the Knights of the Temple" was composed probably four or five years after the Council of Troyes.'

The order thus incorporated and consecrated, so to speak, by S. Bernard survived the changes and chances of two hundred years. The assassination of the order, we can use no milder phrase, is one of the darkest events in mediæval history. Like the Jesuits, they only acknowledged themselves bound to the pope; and like the Jesuits, they were suppressed, and by another Clement—but in a very different way. Of one ecclesiastical usage they were the faithful witnesses; keeping, we may well believe, the traditions of S. Bernard. They celebrated the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ without

¹ The jannissaries, or 'new soldiers,' of Amurath I., embodied in 1361 (twenty-one years after the suppression of the Templars), and all being apostates from the Christian faith, present some points of resemblance to the Christian order. But more prosperous they flourished through five centuries, and actually exercised the despotic power which the Templars were so near obtaining. They were both dressed with a like murderous violence.

the elevation of the host; a usage which, found one hundred and fifty years later in the time of S. Bonaventura, was still wholly unconnected with adoration. Two centuries after the extermination of the Templars, followed the suppression in England of the Monks of S. Bernard. The Templars were Monks of the Augustinian Order.

II. But Bernard was soon to be called to form and pronounce the judgment of Europe, or of the Church, on a matter of much more importance. In 1130, Honorius II. died; Peter Leonis, ex-monk of Cluny, the grandson of a Jewish usurer, and Gregory of S. Angelo, were both candidates for the seat of Peter. The former had been drawn to the cloister by the influence of S. Bernard. The latter had the majority of votes in the Sacred College, and obtained his election on the same evening that Honorius died, and before Peter Leonis had drawn together his faction. 'The party of Peter forthwith went through the form of election with their pope, dressed him in the proper pontificals, and declared him vicar of Christ under the title of Anacletus II.'

'Rome now contained two armies of ferocious partisans, who soon intermixed their spiritual threats and curses with worldly devastation and bloodshed. Anacletus began the attack by laying siege to the church of S. Peter: bursting open the doors and making a forcible entrance into the sanctuary, he carried off the gold crucifix, and all the treasure in gold, silver, and precious stones. He was so satisfied with his success, that he assailed and despoiled the churches of the capital one after another. Through his ill-gotten gains he bought over the powerful, while he constrained the weak to take his side. Innocent II. was driven to great straits. His friends, the Frangipani, could with difficulty protect his person. He determined to fly from the turbulent city. Two galleys containing himself and his few faithful adherents, dropped down the Tiber, and landed him safely at Pisa. Again taking ship he sailed for S. Gilles, in Provence, and began his journey into France.'

With his usual wicked perversity, Gibbon slurs over all this, as indeed do Roman Catholic Biographers; and tells us that it was only the success of Innocent that branded Anacletus as anti-pope. There is no doubt that Anacletus had broken his secret compact with the Sacred College; and that Innocent, against whom no fault was alleged by his opponent, had been elected before his opponent actually entered the field. His conduct too, was very dignified as well as prudent. Northern Europe favoured him; Cluny, forgetful of her own son, adopted him; he lodged there eleven days, and consecrated the Abbey Church. But the consequences of such a schism were very terrible, and to mitigate these, Louis VI. with the bishops of the French Church held a council at Etampes, for the purpose of fully discussing the respective claims of the hostile popes. Bernard does not appear up to this time to have looked into the

question; but the king and bishops invite him 'in a special manner,' and he 'confessed afterwards, that he went in fear and trembling.'

'Fasting and prayer preceded the opening of the Council, which at once began its deliberations by unanimously agreeing that "a business which concerned God should be entrusted to the man of God," and that his judgment should decide the views of the assembly. He examined the whole question of the double election, the respective merits of the competitors, the life and character of the first elected; and when he opened his mouth the Holy Ghost was supposed to speak through it. Without hesitation or reserve he pronounced Innocent the legitimate Pope, and the only one whom they could accept as such. Acclamations received this opinion, and amid praises to God, and vows of obedience to Innocent, the council broke up.'

This was a giddy eminence for one to stand on who had only reached thirty-nine years of age. But the singular humility of Bernard saved him from the possible evil effects of such homage. And we may add, what higher praise could be bestowed on that generation, than that it understood and appreciated such a character? France decided for Innocent, so did England, Henry, after a personal interview, acknowledging the supremacy at once of Bernard and his client. Bernard hurried then to the half-hostile emperor, and found, and fought, and vanquished him at Liege. Then William X. of Aquitaine owned the power of the minister of peace. Bernard proceeded to Rome, and by peaceable proceedings, by conversing and inquiring, he quietly won over the adherents of Anacletus; and the most determined of his supporters, Roger of Sicily, was upon the point of capitulating, when Anacletus by dying put the whole question to rest. Victor, who succeeded him for a few days, found the position of Innocent impregnable, and wisely withdrew from any contest.

III. The council of Rheims was the immediate result of this acknowledgment of Innocent. It sat fifteen days, and its seventeen canons, mainly touching the morals of the Clergy, were repeated in the second general council of Lateran. The pope presided in person, and subsequently gave further impulse to the decline of Monasticism, by releasing the Cistercians—to the great annoyance of the Cluniacs—from the necessity of paying tithe. But there were other results of this schism, this horrible spectacle of a house divided against itself—of priest, thirsting to shed the blood of brother-priest—which have lasted to our day. As an interpreter of Scripture, Bernard must be regarded as something of an innovator. We have seen how he sought by communings with visible nature to understand the invisible. Laying down the rule, that there is in Scripture a threefold sense, 'historicum, moralem, mysticum,' (serm. xcii. De Diversis,

op. i. col. 1214), he interprets these mystically.¹ And thus, he it was who originated the interpretation of S. Luke xxii. 38, that the two swords of the temporal and spiritual executive are in the hands of Peter and his successor. Bernard did not, indeed, go the whole length of modern Roman interpreters; he refuses to the pope the wielding, even the unsheathing, of the temporal sword. 'Exserendus est nunc uterque gladius in passione Domini, Christo denuo patiente, ubi et altera vice passus est. Per quem autem nisi per vos? Petri uterque est, alter suo nutu, alter suâ manu, quoties necesse est evaginandus.' (Ep. cclvi). Thus he wrote to Eugenius. Another interpretation, and one even more important, is that put forward amid the excitement of the schism, and communicated in a letter, in 1131, 'ad magistram Gaufridum de Loratorie.' (Ep. cxxv). He there brands Peter Leonis with the designation of the Apocalyptic Beast; in so doing unintentionally laying the foundation of a school of prophetic interpretation, which has borne such wonderful fruits. Here is the passage:—

'Bestia illa de Apocalypsi, cui datum est os loquens blasphemias, et bellum gerere cum sanctis (Apoc. xiii. 5—7), Petri Cathedram occupat, tanquam leo paratus ad prædam. Altera quoque bestia juxta vos subsibilat, sicut catulus habitans in abditis. Illa ferocior, ista callidior, pariter convenerunt.'

This application of the Apocalypse, the extravagancies of Exeter-Hallism notwithstanding,² is valuable for many reasons. It involves, in the first place, an acknowledgment most fatal to modern theories of papal impeccability; then, it recognises the existence of an apostasy within the charmed circle of the Sacred

¹ *Veni in hortum meum, soror mea sponsa* (Cantic. v. 1.) Alibi dicitur, *Introduct me rex in cellarium suum* (Cantic. i. 3); alibi dicitur, *in cubiculum suum* (Cantic. iii. 4). In horto est historicus, in cellario moralis, in cubiculo mysticus. In horto, id est in historia, continetur triplex Trinitatis operatio, &c. Thus it will be seen that Bernard anticipated the maxim of Aquinas (Summa, p. i., Q. 102, Art. 1). In omnibus quæ S.S. tradit, pro fundamento tenenda veritas historica et desuper spirituales expositiones fabricandæ. No attempt had been made as yet to restrict the use of the Bible. Innocent III., in 1199, was the first who endeavoured to prohibit the general study of it. On the contrary, such writers as Anselm and Bonaventura, and in the Eastern Church John Damascenus, earnestly recommended the devout study of the Holy Scriptures. In his letter to Hugh of S. Victor Bernard claims the liberty—perhaps he was the first of his day to do so—of explaining Scripture as he thought right, provided he did not contradict the Fathers and the Rule of Faith. Epist. 77.

² In a sermon on Antichrist, by the present Canon McNeile, a very outrageous use has been made of the above-quoted passage. The preacher employs the passage, as, no doubt, others have done since on his authority, to prove that even at such an early date, and by such as Bernard, the Pope was regarded as Antichrist. We notice so antique a folly now simply because we have not discovered any retraction of it. It was ably exposed at the time by Mr., now Dr., De Burgh. It is quite evident that Mr. McNeile had never read the letter itself, and that he did not understand the sentence he quoted, nor the pun upon the Antipope's name.

College.¹ Lastly, it suggests—and thus falls in with what we regard as the only reliable Apocalyptic scheme—that an erring Christian Teacher—and many considerations seem to strengthen the opinion that that teacher will be the most forward in the world's view—will prove himself the agent and ally of Antichrist. Anyhow, Bernard exercised a permanent influence, in some measure, as did S. Augustin, upon the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The times were ripe, indeed, for prophetic studies. If no other result flowed from that fearful schism, which was healed by the influence of Bernard; it originated, undesignedly, a new course of prophetic speculation.

The year after the termination of the schism—which was in 1137—Bernard was called to mourn over the death of his beloved brother, Gerard, when he poured forth that matchless stream of devout and impassioned tenderness—the funeral sermon on the death of his brother—the twenty-sixth of his sermons on the Canticles. The following year, Malachi was at Clairvaux, on his way to Rome, where he besought his Holiness to allow him to live and die at Clairvaux. Had Innocent acceded to this request, the question of the Pallium, which has since been so much discussed, would never have arisen. Whatever the bestowal of this might import, Innocent refused it until 'a general council of the bishops, clergy, and chief men of the country' was convened, and then application made for it, 'as the wish and approbation of all.' Then taking the mitre from his own head, he placed it on Malachi; he gave him also the stole and maniple, which he himself was in the habit of using, and dismissed him with the kiss of peace and his blessing. Nine years after, in the year 1148, Malachi was destined by the love of God to end his days where he desired. On his way a second time to Rome, he rested at Clairvaux. Bernard wrote the life of his friend; it is the most uninteresting of all his compositions, but the conclusion of it redeems it. Malachi said:—

¹ Joachim, Abbot of Flora, was himself originally a Cistercian. Following Bernard in a few years, he seems to have adopted some of his Apocalyptic theories (on this see further on); as he imitated him in his endeavours to exalt the papacy. To Joachim we owe the notions that characterise the Protestant Eschatological School—the year-day theory, that the City Rome is Babylon, that Rome is the birthplace of Antichrist. He told Richard Cœur de Leon, in 1190, that the mystical Antichrist (distinct from the *person* which was to come) was already born. We learn from Mr. Gregorovius (*Die Grabmäler der Römischen Päpste*, 1857) that there is a prophecy current among Romanists that there will be yet ten Popes; after these there will be a terrible persecution of the Holy Roman Church; and Peter of Rome the Second will feed his sheep in much tribulation: this passed, the seven-hilled city will be overthrown, and there will ensue the judgment.

"Beloved, the day draweth nigh which, as you well know, I have ever hoped would be the day of my departure. I know in whom I have put my trust. He who in his mercy has led me to the place which I sought, will not deny me the last end I have wished for. As regards this poor body, here will it find a resting place. As concerns my soul, the Lord will provide, who saves those who place their hope in Him." On the feast of All Saints he was visibly dying. Towards evening he called the monks to his bedside, and looking up at them, he said, "Greatly have I desired to eat this passover with you. Thanks be to God, I have had my desire." Then placing his hand on each one, and giving his blessing to all, he bade them go to rest, as his hour had not yet come. They went and returned towards midnight. Several abbots who were staying at Clairvaux were present. "With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, we followed our friend on his homeward journey. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the place and at the time he had foretold and chosen, Bishop Malachy, taken by angels from out of our hands, happily fell asleep in the Lord. Truly he fell asleep. All eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could say when the Spirit left him. When he was dead he was thought to be alive; while yet alive he was supposed to be dead. The same brightness and serenity were ever visible. Death seemed to have no power over them, it seemed to increase them. He was not changed, but we. Marvelously and suddenly the sobs and grief were hushed. Sorrow was changed into joy, song banished lamentation, faith had triumphed. And in deed wherefore should we bewail Malachy above measure, as if his death were not precious,—as if it were not rather sleep than death,—as if the port of death were not the portal of life? Malachy, our friend, sleepeth, and shall I weep? If the Lord has given sleep to his beloved one, and such a sleep, in which there was the inheritance of God, the reward of the Son, the fruit of the womb—which of these tells me to weep? Shall I bewail him who has escaped from tears? He rejoices, he triumphs, he enters into the joy of the Lord; and shall I make lamentation over him? All things being prepared in the Church of the Holy Mary, mother of God, in which he had been well pleased, Malachy was committed to the tomb, in the year of the Incarnation, 1148. Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is entrusted to us. We keep it to be restored to Thee when Thou shalt think meet to ask it. We pray only that he may not go forth from hence without his companions, but that he, who was our guest, may be also our leader, to reign with Thee and him for ever and ever, Amen."

And who will withhold the 'Amen,' to that most touching prayer?

IV. The first visit of Malachi had been in 1139; in 1140, was held the important Council of Sens, in which, confirming the censures of the previous assembly at Soissons, Abelard was condemned. Before entering on this, the most notable event of his life, it will be well to examine the services rendered by Bernard to the Church, in defence of the truth. This will bring before us the relation in which generally Bernard stood to the religious thought, and the Church, of his day. We have already recited his solemn protest addressed to Innocent, touching the abuses of the pontifical authority and influence. Innocent was followed by Eugenius, Bernard's own son in the faith; but he did not, unhappily for himself, close his days without treating with the most marked ingratitude the eminent churchman to whom he

owed his election. The troubles of his declining years, (he died in 1143), might have been at least mitigated, had he stooped to avail himself of the advice of his discarded friend. Celestine II. succeeded in 1144, and ruled for five months. Lucius II. succeeded Celestine, and having died in 1145 from the effects of a blow inflicted by a stone, during the disturbances excited by Arnold of Brescia, was in his turn succeeded by Eugenius III. During all this time, the Church was harassed by continually recurring heresies: we, of course, are well aware that there are no heresies now in the Church of Rome. There is no difference of opinion upon matters of doctrine; opinion is one, and that is right. But it was not so in the days of S. Bernard; nay, it was not so with himself. We learn, from a curious note supplied by Mr. Morison (p. 388), that S. Bernard was in a vision of the night seen by one of his own Cistercians, suffering in purgatory, for at least twenty years, to atone for the heresy propounded in the following letter to the clergy of the Church of Lyons, condemning them for instituting a festival of the immaculate conception, and *exposing the heretical notions involved in such a celebration*. After some opening remarks complimentary to that church, he thus proceeds—writing about 1140 (Ep. 174):—

‘Unde miramur satis, quid visum fuerit hoc tempore quibusdam vestrum voluisse mutare colorem optimum, novam inducendo celebritatem, quam vetus ecclesia nescit, non probat ratio, non commendat antiqua traditio. Nunquid Patribus doctiores, aut devotiores sumus? At valde honoranda est, inquis, Mater Domini. Bene Admones: sed honor Reginae judicium diligit. Virgo regia falso non eget honore, veris cumulata honorum titulis, infulis dignitatum. Honora sane integritatem carnis, vitæ sanctitatem; mirare fecunditatem in Virgine, Prolem venerare divinam. Extolle nescientem, vel in concipiendo concupiscentiam, vel in pariendo dolorem. Prædica reverendam Angelis, desideratam gentibus, Patriarchis, Prophetisque præcognitam, electam ex omnibus, prælatam omnibus. Magnifica gratiæ inventricem, mediatricem salutis, restauratricem seculorum: exalta denique exaltatam super choros Angelorum ad celestia regna. Hæc mihi de illa cantat Ecclesia, et me eadem docuit decantare. Ego vero quod ab illa accepi, securus et teneo, et trado: quod non scrupulosius, fateor, admiserim.

Highly—and beyond the limits of orthodoxy as we believe—as Bernard revered the Blessed Virgin, he knew nothing of her deification. He proceeds to compare the cases of Jeremiah and the Baptist. Like them he pronounces the Blessed Virgin to have been holy from the womb:—

‘Fuit procul dubio et Mater Domina ante sancta, quam nata: nec fallitur omnino sancta Ecclesia, sanctum reputans ipsum Nativitatis ejus diem, et omni anno cum exultatione universæ terræ votiva celebritate suscipiens. Ego puto, quod et copiosior sanctificationis benedictio in eam descenderit, quæ ipsius non solum sanctificaret ortum, sed et vitam ab omni deinceps peccato custodiret immunem: quod nemini alteri in natis

quidem mulierum creditur esse donatum. Decuit nimirum Reginam virginum singularis privilegio Sanctitatis, absque omni peccato ducere vitam : quæ dum peccati mortisque pareret peremptorem, munus vitæ et justitiæ omnibus obtineret. Sanctus igitur ortus, quoniam immensa prodians ex utero sanctitas sanctum fecit illum. Quid adhuc addendum his putamus honoribus ? Ut honoretur, inquiunt, et conceptus, qui honorandum prævit partum : quoniam si ille non præcessisset, nec iste esset qui honoratur. Quid, si alius, propter eandem causam, etiam utrique parenti ejus festos honores asserat deferendos ? Sed de avis et proavis idipsum posset pro simili causa quilibet flagitare : et sic tenderetur in infinitum, et festorum non esset numerus. Patriæ est, non exilii, frequentia hæc gaudiorum : et numerositas festivitatum cives decet, non exules. Sed profertur Scriptura supernæ, ut aiunt, revelationis : quasi et quis non queat Scriptum æque producere, in quo Virgo videatur idipsum mandare et de parentibus suis, juxta Domini mandatum. Unde ergo conceptionis Sanctitas ? An dicitur sanctificatione præventa, quatenus jam sancta conciperetur, ac per hoc sanctus fuerit conceptus ; quemadmodum sanctificata jam in utero dicitur, ut sanctus consequeretur et ortus ? Sed non valuit ante sancta esse quam esse : si quidem non erat antequam conciperetur. An forte inter amplexus maritales sanctitas se ipsi conceptioni immiscuit, ut simul et sanctificata fuerit et concepta ? Nec hoc quidem admittit ratio. Quomodo namque aut Sanctitas absque Spiritu sanctificante, aut Sancto Spiritui societas cum peccato fuit ? Aut certe peccatum quomodo non fuit, ubi libido non defuit ? Nisi forte quis dicat de Spiritu Sancto eam, et non de viro conceptam fuisse : sed id hactenus inauditum. Et si licet loqui quod Ecclesia sentit, et verum ipsa sentit : dico gloriosam de Spiritu Sancto concepisse, non autem et conceptam fuisse ; dico peperisse virginem, non tamen et partum a virgine. Alioquin ubi erit prærogativa Matris Domini, quæ singulariter creditur exultare et munere proliis, et integritate carnis, si tantundem dederis et matri ipsius ? Non est hoc virginem honorare, sed honori detrudere. Si igitur ante conceptum sui sanctificari minime potuit quoniam non erat ; sed nec in ipso quidem conceptu, propter peccatum quod inerat : restat ut post conceptum in utero jam existens sanctificationem acceperit credatur, quæ excluso peccato sanctam fecerit nativitatem non tamen conceptionem. Quomobrem etsi quibus vel paucis filiorum hominum datum est cum sanctitate nasci ; non tamen et concipi : ut uni sane servaretur sancti prærogativa conceptus, qui omnes sanctificaret, solusque absque peccato veniens, purificationem faceret peccatorum. Solus itaque Dominus Jesus de Spiritu Sancto conceptus, quia solus et ante conceptum sanctus. Quo excepto, de cætero universos respicit ex Adam natos : quod unus humiliter de semetipso ac veraciter confitetur : *In iniquitatibus, inquiens, conceptus sum, et in peccatis concepit me mater mea* (Ps. I. 7). Cum hæc ita se habeant, quænam jam erit festivæ ratio Conceptionis ? Quo pacto, inquam, aut sanctus asseretur conceptus, qui de Spiritu Sancto non est, ne dicam de peccato est : aut festus habebitur, qui minime sanctus est ? Libenter gloriosa hoc honore carebit, quo vel peccatum honorari, vel falsa induci videtur sanctitas, &c.¹

The subject of the Immaculate Conception was treated exhaustively in this Review in April, 1852. But we have given this celebrated letter in extenso,¹ that it may be seen how wholly irreconcilable with the modern doctrine, respecting the Blessed Virgin Mary were the tenets of Bernard. The distinction be-

¹ There are one or two unimportant omissions.

tween the conception active, and the conception passive, will not save his orthodoxy ; nothing can be plainer than that he condemns the doctrine in the whole, and therefore in every part. And since he was condemned, as we have seen he was, *in*, we do not say *by*, his own order, that censure goes to confirm what the letter we have quoted puts beyond doubt. Dr. H. E. Manning indeed in his preface to the life of S. Bernard, by the Abbé Ratisbonne, says :—

‘With what joy would he have hailed the authoritative definition of his own doctrine, perfect in identity of substance, only expressed with more scientific accuracy of mental and verbal analysis.’¹

To say that this statement is wholly irreconcilable with what Bernard himself says is superfluous. But let us contrast it with the words of one whose judgment Dr. Manning must now respect, and who is specially interested in any attempt to harmonize the teaching of St. Bernard with the great modern heresy.

‘Yet it is evident from the tenor of his language that he had no idea in his mind beyond that of active conception.’²

Two sentences more conflicting can hardly be imagined. If for ‘*mental*’ Dr. Manning had said ‘*physical*’ analysis, and had he acknowledged that Bernard knew nothing of that distinction between conception and animation which, however entertained in idea, may be wholly fanciful, as a matter of fact, and is contradictory to all analogies, he would have written, we presume to think, more correctly and more discreetly. Bishop Ullathorne states that Bernard ‘had no idea in his mind’ respecting that passive conception—the infusion of the soul, upon the recognition of which depends the whole doctrine. What then *does* Bernard affirm? Is it a bare corporeal maculateness. Assuredly he affirms that somehow, for some time, in some respect she was

¹ Preface, p. 9, History of Life of S. Bernard, by M. L’Abbé Ratisbonne, translated from the French by the Sisters of S. Mary’s Convent, Greenwich, with preface by H. E. Manning, D.D. (Duffy, Dublin, 1859). ‘The translation,’ this English editor tells us, ‘reads off, not as a translation, but with the facility of an original.’ This sentence preceding that above quoted is as follows :—‘It is remarkable that the very letter closes with a declaration which reads like a prophecy. He protests that, in all he had written, he submitted himself with entire faith to any judgment which should be afterwards made by the Church. “I reserve,” he says, “this point, and all others of the same kind, to the authority and judgment of the Roman Church; and if I had advanced anything contrary to the decision which shall be made by it, I am ready to correct my opinion.” What Bernard does say is, “Quæ autem dixi, absque præjudicio sane dicta sint sanius sapientia, Romanæ præsertim Ecclesiæ auctoritati atque examini totum hoc, sicut et cætera quæ ejusmodi sunt, universa, reservo; ipsius, si quid aliter sapio, paratus judicio emendare.’ How much of prophecy there is in this, and how far Dr. Manning gives a fair and candid version of Bernard’s words, our readers can easily decide.

² Bishop Ullathorne, Exposition, p. 141 : London, 1855.

'*in sin.*' It comes to this: Bernard had one doctrine, Bishop Ullathorne has another, which he says himself Bernard had no idea of. With a boldness which would be amusing only that it savours so much of Italian effrontery, Dr. Manning tells us that between these two there is a perfect identity. How great would have been Bernard's own joy (may we say amazement?) at discovering this perfectness of identity, the preface writer tells us:

'He would have rejoiced with all the powers of his reason and of his heart, as the fathers of the Ante-Nicene ages would have rejoiced, if they could have heard the definition of Nicæa and the more perfect distinctions of the Athanasian Creed.'

According to Bishop Ullathorne, the Canons of Lyons were the persons who would indeed have been glad. The Roman Catholic Biographer—who abounds in the miracles of S. Bernard, who discreetly omits all mention of the murderous doings of the factions in Rome mentioned above, exhibits considerable adroitness in his dealing with this letter. He calls it indeed the 'Memorable letter to the Chapter at Lyons;' but he thus indirectly alters the address, while he omits the whole argument.

'At a time when all kinds of novelties were seizing upon men's imaginations he thought it his duty *to point out to the Pope* a solemnity, the subject of which had not yet been positively pronounced on by the Church.'¹

The italics are our own. Is it not strange that on this particular and most important subject the Pope should have disregarded a suggestion given by one whom he always was guided by! And still more curious that Bernard should never have written to the Pope on the subject at all! Nor yet to the Bishops whom in his 189th letter he calls to this duty—'*quorum esset ministerii de dogmatibus judicare!*' We need scarcely add that there is not a shred of evidence in the rest of the writings of Bernard, any more than here, that he ever brought the subject before the notice of the Supreme Pontiff.²

One of the most important of the writings of Bernard is the tract in five books '*De Consideratione*,' addressed to Eugenius III, a Pope over whom S. Bernard continued to exercise such influence, that as Bernard himself says in his 239th letter, '*Aiunt non vos esse Papam sed me.*' What Bernard thought of the very centre of the church of his day, may be gathered from the following somewhat lengthy but instructive extract,

¹ L'Abbé Ratisbonne, p. 245. This writer, p. 127, states that S. Bernard's admirable treatise on '*Grace and Freewill*' forms the basis of the Tridentine decrees on this doctrine. Our limits compel us to forego investigating the correctness of this statement.

² Anselm, Bernard's predecessor, is very out-spoken. '*Virgo tamen ipsa, unde assumptus est, est in iniquitatibus concepta, et in peccatis concepit eam mater ejus, et cum originali peccato nata est, quoniam et ipsa in Adam peccavit, in quo omnes peccaverunt.*'—*Cur Deus homo*, ii. c. 16.

from the little work just referred to. We quote from Mr. Morison and include his comments.

"The Pope, he observes, is occupied from morning to night in hearing law-suits, "and would that the day were sufficient to the evil thereof; but the nights are not exempt. Sleep enough is hardly granted to exhausted nature, when you must be up again to hear quarrels and disputes." Eugenius, he says, can scarcely ever get an hour to himself; and when is he to pray? when to teach the people? when to edify the Church, if he is to be always disputing or hearing others dispute? Rome, whether the capital of the Pagan or the Christian world, continues as ever to be the centre to which "all things atrocious and shameful" find their way. "The ambitious, the grasping, the simoniacal, the sacrilegious, the adulterous, the incestuous, and all such like monsters of humanity, flock to Rome, in order either to obtain or to keep ecclesiastical honours at the hand of the Pope." Causes must be heard, doubtless, but let it be in a becoming manner; for the present fashion is plainly execrable, and one which is unbecoming, I do not say to the Church, but even to the market-place. I indeed wonder how your religious ears can endure the pleadings of the advocates, and the clash of words which lead rather to the perversion than to the discovery of the truth. Correct this evil custom; cut off the tongues which talk vanity; shut the deceitful mouths. These advocates are they who have taught their tongues to speak lies, being eloquent against justice, and learned in the science of falsehood. They destroy the simplicity of truth; they obstruct the paths of justice. Nothing with such facility makes truth manifest as a short and unperverted narrative. I would wish you therefore to decide upon those causes which must come before you carefully, yet briefly withal, resolutely avoiding vexatious delays. Let the cause of the widow, the cause of the poor, of him who hath not wherewith to give, come before you. The rest you can leave to the decision of others; indeed many are not worthy even to be heard. But such is the impudence of some, that, when their whole case bears upon its very face the marks of ambition and intrigue, they yet do not blush to demand an audience. In a word, the whole Church is full of ambitious men, and has no more ground to be horrified at their schemes and plots, than has a den of thieves at the spoil of wayfarers."

"This was not the first time that Bernard had lifted up his voice against the evils which an excessive centralization was bringing on the papacy. Priest and churchman as he was in every fibre of him, he could not endure corruption, incapacity, or injustice, even when they borrowed the robes of the sanctuary for their protection. On the contrary, and in this respect, he only resembles most of his illustrious contemporaries; he believes in outspoken honesty, as perhaps the sharpest, but also the most efficacious, remedy in all cases which affected the real health and excellence of the Church. In other words, neither he nor his contemporaries were banded together to defend a system *per fas et nefas*, regardless of their implements. Doubtless, he would not allow any tampering with "Catholic verity," or permit any fundamental changes in Church discipline. But the fact that a man pretended to hold "Catholic verity," or was an ardent supporter of Church discipline, was not enough to make Bernard think him perfect, in spite of grievous faults or even vices—in spite of narrow-mindedness, licentiousness, and cruelty.¹ That the papal supremacy in the Middle

¹ A very notable and interesting case of this is to be found in the very fearless, if not actually bitter, hostility shown by Bernard to one Rodolph, a monk, who, in the excitement attending the opening of the second Crusade, got up a most cruel persecution of the Jews, and well-nigh succeeded in exterminating them. 'Had

Agas conferred great benefits on Europe is a position which few will now be inclined to call in question. As a counterpoise to the brute force of feudalism, its services can with difficulty either be valued or over-estimated. To grant, or rather to maintain, so much does not preclude us from the further statement that the papacy had hardly reached its acme of beneficence, before it began to be injurious to the world. Like the despotisms of the Cæsars, the despotism of the Popes first relieved its subjects from intolerable evils, and then inflicted on them evils as great or greater. An unflinching centralization was gradually established, by which all independent life and energy were withdrawn from the members, and condensed at Rome. The episcopal office was lowered and weakened, both in reality and in public estimation, by the swarm of legates who were spread over Europe. These ecclesiastical proconsuls were chiefly employed to observe and to combat all attempts at local self-government in the provinces over which they were appointed. By their close connexion with the Holy See, they towered high above the national bishops in influence and authority. If they were able and upright, they only added to the prestige of Rome; if they were rapacious and incompetent, they only humbled to a great degree the local clergy, who bore their exactions as they best could; for an appeal against the Pope's legate was not a measure from which much could be hoped. As these pretensions increased, the pecuniary needs of Rome increased in a similar or greater ratio. The belief throughout the West was universal that any cause could be made to triumph at Rome, if well supported by money. As the popes wanted money very much indeed, and appeals to Rome contributed a great deal of money, it was their policy to stimulate and foster the tendency to appeal, to the utmost of their power. The party which appealed had already secured the favour of the Roman Church. Wealthy culprits were naturally ready to hasten before a tribunal where gold was more potent than innocence. The revenues of the papacy were vastly increased; externally the monarchy of the Pope rose in grander proportions of majesty and power. But the seeds of the foulest corruption were planted at the base of the mighty fabric, and grew with little interruption till the great catastrophe in the sixteenth century.

'Bernard only saw the beginnings of these evils; but he saw enough to make him give forth "no uncertain sound" with regard to them. "It appears to me," he says, "that appeals may become a great evil if they are not managed with the greatest care. Appeals come to you from all the world. This is a testimony to your supremacy. But if you be wise, you will not rejoice in the supremacy but in its usefulness. Would that appeals to you were as profitable as they are inevitable! Would that, when the oppressed cry out, the oppressors were made to feel it, and that the wicked could not wax proud over the sufferings of the poor! What can be more fitting than that the invocation of your name should afford relief to the oppressed, and, at the same time, offer no refuge to the crafty? What, on the other hand, can be more perverse, more alien from the right, than that the evil-doer should rejoice, while the sufferer wearies himself in vain? Are you without compassion for the injured man, the measure of whose injuries is filled up by the labour of a journey to Rome, and the expenses attending it? For how long will you neglect or refuse to notice the murmurs of the whole world! How long will you slumber? When will you awake to this confusion and abuse of the right of appeal? Appeals are

not the tender mercy of the Lord,' says a contemporary Jewish writer, 'sent that priest (Bernard), none would have survived.' Mr. Morison notes how both Voltaire and Gibbon illustrate their own precious philosophy by attributing the humane efforts of Bernard to a feeling of rivalry against Rodolph.

made against law and rights, against custom and order. Bishops are appealed against, that they may not presume to dissolve or prohibit unlawful marriages, or punish or restrain in any way either rapine, theft, or sacrilege. They are appealed against that they may not depose or repel unworthy or infamous persons from the sacred offices. What remedy will you find for this disease? Now you will ask, perhaps, Why do not those who are thus unjustly treated come before me, display their innocence, and expose the guilt of their adversaries? I will repeat what they are in the habit of replying: We will not be vexed for nothing. At the Roman Court are men who readily favour appellants, and encourage appeals. As we must yield, it is better to yield here than at Rome; cheaper to lose our cause at home, than, after a tedious journey, across the Alps.

"I speak of the murmur and complaint of the churches. They declare that they are being mutilated and dismembered. None, or very few, are there who do not suffer from, or gravely fear, the wounds I speak of. You ask, And which are they? I will tell you: Abbots are withdrawn from the authority of bishops, bishops from that of archbishops, and the latter from that of patriarchs or primates. By doing this you prove you have a plenitude of authority, but scarcely of justice. Remember the deed, or rather crime of Ahab, who was lord of all, yet lusted after another's vineyard. May God preserve you from hearing the words which he heard: 'Thou hast killed and also taken possession!'"

These passages are to be found in the 2nd chapter of the third book '*De Consideratione*.' The following, a portion of which is quoted by Gibbon in his sixty-ninth chapter, with the remark, that though 'this dark portrait is not coloured by the pencil of Christian charity; yet the features, however harsh and ugly, express a lively resemblance of the Romans of the twelfth century'—is from the 2 cap. lib. iv.

'Whom can you mention in that vast city, who received you as Pope, without the intervention of reward, or the hope of it? Then, especially, your courtiers aimed at authority when they made vows of servitude. They pretend to be faithful, that they may the more conveniently injure those who trust them. In the future you will have no place or determination from which they will consider you have a right to exclude them, no secret into which they will not thrust themselves; and, if your porter were to cause only a little delay to any one of them at your doorway, I would not like to be in that porter's place. And now, judge from my description whether I do not know something of their manners. In the first place, they are cunning to do evil, but how to do good they are ignorant. They are hateful to heaven and earth, on both of which they have laid violent hands; impious they are towards God, but with regard to holy things, seditious and envious among themselves, cruel towards strangers, who, loving no man, are loved of none; and, as their pretension is to be feared by all, they inevitably fear all. They cannot endure subjection, yet they are incapable of ruling, faithless to their superiors, intolerable to their inferiors. They are shameless in asking favours, truculent in refusing them, importunate to receive, restless till they do receive, ungrateful when they have done so. They have taught their tongues to speak great things, but they do very little. They are great promisers, but scanty performers; most subtle flatterers, and most biting detractors, natural dissemblers, and most malicious traitors.

'Among such men you, their pastor, move about, covered with gold and gorgeous apparel; what do the sheep get of it? If I might speak out,

they are demons rather than sheep, which graze in these pastures. The zeal of churchmen now is never warmed but for the preservation of their dignity. Regard is now paid only to rank and honour: no notice, or very little, is taken of sanctity. Humility is so despised at the Roman Court, that you will more readily find men really humble, than willing to appear so. The fear of the Lord is regarded as simpleness, not to say as folly. A thoughtful man and careful of his conscience they declare to be a hypocrite. A lover of peace and retirement they pronounce to be a useless person.¹

Upon these passages Mr. Morison thoughtfully remarks:

‘These passages have not only the merit of singular earnestness and force, they show the lofty character of Bernard’s mind, and the far-reaching glance of his intellectual vision. His mind almost seems to pierce through the gloom of four centuries of the future, and to anticipate Luther’s denunciations against the sins of the papacy. Indeed, to any who can look below the surface, to any who can see through the varying costume which each successive age throws over the deeper characteristics of human nature, there will appear much in the Abbot of Clairvaux to remind them of the great Saxon Reformer. The same vehemence, not to say hastiness, of temper, the same fearless disregard of consequences in denouncing falsehood and sin, the same dauntless courage, the same real humility and gentleness under all their [whose?] divine wrath. This similarity becomes almost startling, if we compare the language in which they both speak of Rome and its inhabitants. The Catholic Abbot evidently remembered his visits to the metropolis of Christianity, with feelings differing but little from those which the founder of Protestantism imbibed there twelve [we presume Mr. Morison means three] generations afterwards.

Such were the opinions of Bernard on the all-engrossing topics of his day. What he would have *done* had he been allowed to witness the failure of all he *said*, it is perhaps not easy to conceive. He only outlived Eugenius by one year, and then there arose a Pontiff who knew not Bernard. We must again and again be reminded that it is not an obscure monk who thunders forth this solemn censure against the whole administration and the supreme administrator of the Church, but the most eminent Theologian of the day. It has been well said that, whether their tenets respecting personal election be true or not, Calvinists must act as if they were not true—be as anxious and industrious in making their calling and election sure, as if there were no foregoing irreversible and absolute decree. So members of the Roman obedience must think, and act, and suffer, as if infallibility and all the divine and holy qualities that it involves were wholly non-existent. Of course, aided by Dr. Manning’s ‘mental and ‘verbal analysis,’ we might say that Bernard is not censuring here what he seems to censure, but something wholly different; but wanting Dr. Manning’s acuteness we cannot imagine what.²

¹ Rome had but little changed apparently since the days of Catiline and Horace.

² We should like to have Dr. Manning’s analysis of the following, in Book iv., cap. 7, of the ‘De Consideratione:’—‘Consideres ante omnia Sanctam Romanam

Bernard now filled the place that Anselm had vacated, and he was in some respects better qualified than our great primate to make head against the scholasticism of the monk Abelard, and the liberalism of the demagogue monk, Arnold. There can be little doubt that the efforts of Bernard succeeded in stopping the spread of, and eventually removing, the *political* notions of Arnold, whose cruel death—he was burnt alive; but M. Ratisbonne, employing his verbal and mental analysis, says ‘he suffered on the ‘scaffold’—must be answered for by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and the vigorous Englishman Pope Adrian IV. We are as far as possible, however, from justifying the revolutionary violence of Arnold. If the Roman court is to be converted to the faith ‘that the Kingdom of Christ is not of this ‘world,’ perhaps more success will attend the endeavours of Passaglia from the Chambers of Turin than the factious declamations of the unfortunate Arnold. But it displays in a very clear light the tenderness of Bernard, and the merciful character of the Popes over whom he had any influence, that they were content, as Gibbon somewhat incautiously admits, to wander about in exile, when they might have caused the temporal sword to be unsheathed against the demagogue.

Arnold had been the pupil of Abelard. Abelard was a native of Brittany and of illustrious lineage, and the senior of Bernard by twelve years. They had already met at Morigny in 1131 in attendance on the Pope; but, although Abelard had previously fallen under the censure of the Church, none but friendly relations subsisted between him and Bernard. Already for many years Abelard’s sorrow and shame were before the world. We are not going to review that harrowing and romantic tale, familiar to most of us in the polished and pathetic and indecent verses of Pope. The halo, however, that poetry pours around the narrative, is slightly dispelled by the discovery that Abelard, if a handsome man, was shorter in stature than Heloise, and that Heloise herself was deficient in personal attractions. Rightly regarded, their amour was in point of fact nothing more than a common case of common seduction, the wrongs of which neither society nor the church concerned themselves to redress. After their marriage, and when he was yet suffering under the terrible vengeance of Fulbert, Abelard turned monk and wrote his ‘*Liber Calamitatum*,’ a work thoroughly trustworthy. In his early life he had professed to sit at the feet of William of Champeaux; but this great master of dialectics soon found an opponent in his

Ecclesiam, cui Deo auctore præs, Ecclesiarum matrem esse, non Dominam; te vero non dominum episcoporum, sed unum ex iis. We may observe that S. Bernard did not find, as Psellus his contemporary did, the Blessed Virgin in the Song of Songs.

pupil. Happy had it been for Abelard, had he remained content with the palms gained in the schools! But on his mother's following the example of his father and becoming 'religious,' in an evil moment Abelard took up the study of Theology. His commentary on Ezekiel drew him to Paris, and to the society of Heloise. The result is known. His genius, if he had genius, drooped and withered, scorched up by his passion; and the thousands who had flocked to listen to him rapidly fell away. When, however, he had withdrawn to the cloister, his popularity revived; he gave the world then his work on the Trinity, which was condemned by the Council of Soissons.¹ But it was his 'Introductio ad Theologiam,' which brought his heretical bias to the knowledge of Bernard. Bernard had heard Abelard lecture in Paris, and had found no fault, and most certainly would not have of his own will descended into the arena with such an adversary. Bernard of course could have cared nothing about Abelard's physical heresies. Whether Aristotle was right in making form the essence of all existences, and matter only what determines them, or Abelard right in making matter the essence and form the accident, could have but little effect upon the Abbot of Clairvaux. But Bernard, when forced into an investigation of the complaints against Master Peter, plainly saw the perilous tendencies of his philosophy, and the actual Sabellianism which he set forth. The 'three distinct properties, viz, the brass itself, its fitness for sealing, and its act of sealing,' furnish an illustration which cuts away every doubt as to Abelard's orthodoxy at this time.² But it was of the very nature of

¹ 'On being called, I presented myself before the Council; and without any decision, or examination, they compelled me to burn it with my own hand. And so it was burnt amid general silence. One of my adversaries, in an under-tone, murmured that he had found it asserted in that Book that God the Father alone was Almighty. The legate said he could hardly believe it, even in a child such error was incredible, seeing that the common faith holds and professes "Three Almighties."—Abel. Hist. Calam. quoted by Morison. P. 305.

² M. Cousin, in 1836, discovered in the King's Library, at Paris, several works hitherto lost of Abelard. In his publication of them—accompanied by a sketch and exposition—he regards Abelard as the first champion of free inquiry. The reader will also find the whole subject well reviewed and stated in Mr. Maurice's article on Mediæval Philosophy in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The following from M. Ratisbonne (p. 280) will supply any links that may be wanting in our notice:—"Abelard, having been matured both in the Platonic doctrines of William de Champeaux, and the Peripatetic teaching of Roscelin, undertook, after having converted both his masters, to conciliate their opposite doctrines, and to amalgamate them, so to speak, into a kind of intermediate theory. This attempt seemed opportune and desirable, for confusion reigned on all sides. The realists and nominalists did not understand each other. The first had, in the heat of the discussion, lost sight of the *idea* which, in fact, escapes amid the vanity of disputation; the second, playing upon words, confounded the artificial abstractions of the mind with true and natural notions. Both were, at the same time, right and wrong, according to the different points of view which they had taken. If Abelard had clearly and lucidly distinguished *notions* from *ideas*; if, in his doc-

Bernard's mind, that he should feel even more than the opposition to Catholic truth, the opposition to the divine love which such teaching embodied. It was not difficult for Abelard to learn that Bernard was agitating and writing about the opinions which were being propagated by him. Taught by the experience of Soissons he resolved to be beforehand with his adversaries, and to challenge them instead of waiting to be challenged. Bernard, although by his calm, loving, mediation, he had already induced Abelard to retract his heresies, might shrink from the open conflict. At the Paraclete he had noticed, but did not force into discussion, the usage of reciting in the Lord's Prayer instead of 'our daily bread,' 'our super-substantial bread.' Again, Abelard had written a savage and ineffectual letter to Bernard on this subject, vindicating what the other did not dispute. This letter was written by Abelard just before he left St. Gildas, after his monks had attempted twice to poison him through his food, and once through the cup of the Holy Eucharist. Bernard again was not provoked. Abelard now demanded to be heard before the

trine of notions, he had recognised the difference which exists between those which have their root in the idea, and those which are only generalizations, elaborations more or less arbitrary of our own, he might have brought the doctors, if not the doctrines, into accordance; and, without trenching upon truths of a higher order, he might have concluded the *realism* of natural notions, and the *nominalism* of artificial notions. But this Abelard did not; and his intermediary system, called *Conceptualism*, was but a new baseless opinion offered to the polemics of the Middle Age. Abelard, like most of the philosophers of his day, admitted but one kind of notions, and taught, with apparent irony, that they were neither things nor words. What are they, then? asked both nominalists and realists at once. Abelard replied by words, not by things. He said that notions were conceptions existing only in the forms of our reason—a solution evidently analogous to the doctrine of the nominalists. All the works of Abelard, moreover, attest this tendency. Abelard is a nominalist, and he it is who, by his talent and the new form which he gave to the system of Aristotle, made the science of words to prevail over the science of things. Thus, without shrinking from any of the necessary consequences of nominalism, he made the art of reasoning the great pivot of philosophy, reduced the search after truth to an exercise of dialectic skill—a kind of rationalistic mechanics applied to science—by means of which he aimed at the construction of a general system of human knowledge. He did more: not content with maintaining the principles of Roscelin, and bringing them into fashion under a new name, he introduced them into the domain of theology, and undertook to explain the dogmas of faith by the mere force of logic. In the system of Abelard faith was but an *estimation*—(*estimatio* is the word he uses)—that is to say, a provisional opinion; and it was the office of reason to justify this opinion, and prove its truth. Thus, discussing all dogmas, collecting texts and passages from Scripture and the fathers, for or against (*Sic et non*) all theological questions, he reduced matters of faith to problems, in order to resolve them by syllogisms, and to invest them with a logical sanction. This attempt, conducted with consummate ability, roused all orthodox theologians, and especially S. Bernard, against him; all affirmed the Divine object of faith to be above, and independent of, the judgment of reason; and they maintained that rationalistic solutions added nothing to the sanctions which the Divine Word bears within itself (*justificata in semet ipsa*). But the writer has overlooked the fact that Roscelin inclined to tritheism, hence his controversy with Roscelin, while Abelard had a leaning to Sabellianism.

august Assembly at Sens, where Sacred Relics were to be exposed to adoring multitudes, and when King and Prince were to be present. Bernard did shrink from the conflict. 'I was 'but a child, and he a man of war from his youth.' The reluctance of a moment was succeeded by the firm resolution to do the bidding of the Church. Abelard came with a troop of disciples; Bernard, as became a Cistercian, with two or three monks. On the second day, in the presence of the King and his feudal lords, the Archbishop and his suffragans,

'Abelard entered, and walked up between the ranks of monks, priests, bishops, and warriors, on each side of him. His eye caught that of Gilbert de la Porree, and as he passed him he whispered the significant line—

"*Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.*"

He moved on through the hostile crowd. He stopped in the centre of the building and found himself opposite Bernard. In a pulpit, which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution, stood Bernard, holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard. He read, or caused to be read, the passages he had marked for reproof, explanation, or condemnation. But the lecture had hardly begun, when, to the speechless astonishment of all, Abelard rose up, said he refused to hear more, or answer any questions. He appealed to Rome; and at once left the assembly. A cause for this extraordinary conduct has been variously and unsuccessfully assigned. Bernard's friends declared that, when the heretic should have found his mind clearest and strongest, sudden darkness, confusion, and paralysis fell upon him, which deprived him of speech.¹ A more probable supposition is, that Abelard saw the hopes of a victorious disputation utterly frustrated by the temper of his audience and the conditions of his public defence—whereas an appeal to Rome, now intensely welcome to the growing despotism of the Papacy, would cause delay and difficulty to his opponents, and allow time for his interests at Rome to have effect. And it is quite certain that the manœuvre partly succeeded. Pope Innocent owed so much to Bernard that he could hardly fail to dislike him; and indeed, very shortly after these events, he did break off friendly relations with him.—Pp. 354, 355.

We do not agree with Mr. Morison in thinking there is need of apology for Bernard's answering Abelard's appeal by a strong and exhaustive letter to the Pope. However this may be, Abelard set out on his way to Rome to prosecute the appeal. He rested at Clugny on the way, and the venerable Peter wrote on his behalf to Innocent, praying that Abelard might be allowed to remain at Clugny. In the whole circle of literary remains we believe there is no letter which, in tender courtesy and refinement of sensibility and sympathy, surpasses this letter of the Abbot of Clugny. The request was granted, and Abelard, becoming in heart like a little child, entered into a peace, which was in truth a blissful earnest of the peace which was to be after this life. He met Bernard lovingly and cancelled all that he

¹ So M. Ratisbonne, p. 270. Mr. Morison fails to tell us that Abelard's condemnation was pronounced unanimously.

had written offensive to Catholic ears. There can be no higher proof of the gentleness and winning manner of Bernard than this issue of the controversy. Equally touching is the Abbot of Clugny's letter to the Abbess Heloise commemorating the death of Abelard, after his two years sojourn at Clugny. In the exercise of holy works—

'... the advent of the Divine Visitor found him not sleeping as it does many, but on the watch. His disease grew worse, and in a short time he was in extremity. Then how holily, how devoutly, in what a catholic spirit, he made confession first of his faith, then of his sins; with what heart's desire he received the food for his journey, and pledge of eternal life—the body of the Lord our Redeemer; how faithfully he commended his body and soul to him here and in eternity,—the religious brothers are witness, and the whole congregation of that monastery.' —P. 365.

A free handling 'of received verities, in a becoming spirit' was the rock on which intellectually Abelard went to pieces. It is in truth edifying to witness the dignity of his recantation, and the humility of his repentance. Here are the last words addressed by him to her whom he loved so unwisely, and who survived him the weary term of twenty-two years and three weeks.

'If I have corrupted your mind, endangered your salvation, blighted your reputation, destroyed your honour, forgive me for the sake of Christian charity; forget all the evil I have done to you. Providence wills our salvation; let me not hinder it. Heloise, write to me no more. This is the last letter you will receive from me.

'But wherever I may die, I will desire that my body be carried to the Paraclete. It will be prayers, not tears, that I shall then need. Then you shall see me again, to fortify your piety; and my corpse shall teach you more eloquently than I can do what we love, when we love a man.'¹

We stop not to inquire how the neology of Abelard stands related to the neology of our own day. It needs no very searching analysis to point out the identity of principle; we may observe the same impatience of Catholic definition—because Catholic; the same intellectual presumption and temerity. But we seek in vain in our own time for the fearless outspokenness, independence and childlikeness in self-correction, which may be met in the history of Abelard and his calamities. But

¹ M. Ratisbonne, 273. The writer does not mention the tradition, as well established as any of the thousand miracles of Bernard, how the arms of Abelard opened to receive the remains of Heloise. She died April 21, 1142, aged 63. She was buried 17th May, 1164. Their remains, after many removals, were finally deposited, in 1800, at Père la Chaise. The Convent of the Paraclete, of which Heloise was Abbess—the first convent ever dedicated to the Holy Ghost—was in the parish of Quincey, on the river Arduzon, near Nogent-sur-Seine. When visited, in 1768, the Paraclete was found wanting in all outward charms. The Abbess was in her eighty-second year, was aunt of the then Duke De Rochefoucault, and being fifth in succession as abbess of that convent, she hoped it would become a kind of patrimony. In twenty-five years those dreams were rudely dispelled. The community, in 1768, seemed to know nothing of the story of the first Abbess.

the date of the Council of Sens, or 1140, marks only the beginning of Bernard's efforts as a conservative Ecclesiastic. The labours of the great abbot as against heresy run on to the year 1148, and the Council of Rheims in which he took part while his beloved son in the faith, Pope Eugenius III. presided. He confronted during this time the Petrobrusians, the Henricians, the followers of Tanchelme, who allowed himself to be worshipped as the Son of God, and permitted temples to be erected to his own honour, and those of Christ to be overthrown. He confronted the Apostolicals of Perigueux, the Cathari of Italy, the Patarins of Germany, the Passagiens, the Bonshommes, the Publicans; of most of whom Mr. Morison says¹ nothing at all. There was Eon de l'Etoile who thought himself the last judge, and Gilbert Bishop of Poitiers, who was the last formidable disciple of Abelard. In the Apostolic efforts to correct these heresies, and reconcile those who held them, Bernard seems to have had his ordinary, but no less wonderful, success. Eon was put under restraint by the Pope, and Gilbert retracted, and comparative order was restored in the agitated Church. We easily recount these facts, but we readily also see why Bernard was so prematurely worn out. In good truth the care of all the Churches devolved upon him, and he realized as fully perhaps as any one other servant of God ever did, the trials and sorrows of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Our own measure of Ecclesiastical work is so short we cannot forbear astonishment when we look back upon his sleepless labours, not the least engrossing of which were the duties of devotion. His biographers delight to dwell upon his holiness, or the humility, or the loveliness of his character, as that which at once supported and prospered him in all these Ecclesiastical undertakings. And there is great truth in each of these, and in all of them. But S. Bernard also possessed, what M. Cousin has been the first specially to notice, a surpassing shrewdness and common sense, that which is invariably the highest result of the highest cultivation and exercise of the other faculties of the mind. That Bernard was valued, as we know he was valued by his contemporaries, shows that they were worthy of one another, and reflects the highest credit upon both.

V. The work, which had been left uncompleted at Rheims, was shortly after, and apparently within the same year, 1148, completed at Treves. We must again refer to the eschatological views of Bernard, in connexion with the name of the great

¹ There are many omissions of Mr. Morison's. He takes notice of Humbeline, Bernard's only sister, in a note. And of the youngest brother, Nicard—who was a child, but yet one of the thirty comrades of S. Bernard at the commencement of his religious life—he says nothing at all.

Abbess Hildegarde. The Council of Treves presided over by the Supreme Pontiff in person, aided also by the presence and counsel of Bernard, pronounced upon the writings of the inspired Abbess; who, though a laywoman and 'illiterata,' was often caught away from the world, and learned in the highest place what she taught on earth. So we gather from Mabillon's note to the letter (No. 366) addressed to her by Bernard. The whole of this passage, not the least interesting in the life of the Abbot of Clairvaux, is passed over entirely by Mr. Morison. We follow, but not with entire confidence, M. Ratisbonne's narrative. The Bishop of Mayence, not knowing how to regard the revelations of Hildegarde, consulted Eugenius upon them, and 'it was the 'Abbot of Clairvaux of blessed memory, who prevailed upon the 'Pope not to permit so wonderful a light to be hidden under a 'bushel.' Eugenius became particularly attached to Hildegarde's writings, and, indeed, we are told during the process of examination, which lasted three months, the Pope often took upon himself the office of reader. Let us inquire more closely into the life and writings of this remarkable person.

She became celebrated, it would appear, when advanced in life,¹ and for a long time she was regarded as a visionary, and in truth, in reading her story, one is painfully conscious of the resemblances it offers to certain clairvoyant incidents of our own day. It was on his journey into Germany that Bernard, turning out of his road, paid a visit to the celebrated prophetess. Then he asked to be allowed to peruse her writings, and declared *he was edified by them beyond description.* The books which were presented at the Council of Treves formed a large collection under the one title, *Sci. vias. Know the ways of God.* Portions of these are well called reveries: and do not fail to bring to mind the Teutonic philosopher.

'She saw in her soul the reflection of heavenly things, while the eyes of her body were contemplating the same truths in the phenomena of earth. Thence arose an admirable symbolism between the facts of nature and the divine mysteries, which forms the characteristic peculiarity of her teaching. It is a simultaneous intuition into the two worlds seized upon in their reciprocal and interpenetrating relation. The world—the universe, are transparent to the eyes of the saint; she dives down with a lucid glance, even to the mysterious root of things, and to the central point where finite objects touch upon the infinite. She insists upon *the primary matter of all things*, primitive creation, uncreated wisdom, which she calls the *Vesture of God, His dwelling, His throne.* According to her wisdom, the heavenly city, the Virgin, the Church, afford the closest analogy with this primitive creation. She also gives the name of the *Vesture of God* to the humanity of the uncreated Son; and she says, "the eternal God had, from eternity, in His idea (in His knowledge) this vesture, which is the hu-

¹ She was of honourable family, and died aged 82, Sept. 17, 1179. In 1660 her body was found in good preservation.

manity of His Son." She affirms that music is the voice of the Holy Spirit—a sublime language of which earthly music is only a degraded imitation. She wishes this art, of heavenly origin, to be cultivated with piety, and she gives the name of "sages" who have been its organs, and have lent instruments for its use. We find, in another place, upon the constitution of the globe, words the more remarkable as they appear to coincide with the actual labours of geologists. "I have founded the globe," said the Lord, "in fire, clouds, and water. . . . The stones, the bones of the world, have come out, by fusion, from fire and water; and the *humus*, like marrow, came out green under the influence of the water." However it may be, this solution settles the question [!] lately controverted in geology, between the Neptunians and the Plutonians; some attributed it all to fire, others to water. St. Hildegarde, like the learned men of our day, attributes the terrestrial ossification both to fire and water. In another place, speaking of time and of the final rest of creatures, she thus expresses herself. "All the stars will lose their restless motion of circumvolution, because they will be no more; and all things will rest in eternity." Here again the humble nun has found an echo in the books of several learned moderns. "The earth," says Ritter, "seeks perhaps, by its continued revolutions, the place of its rest." Herschell also teaches that all globes will go and repose themselves in their centre; and this assertion is again repeated in a more poetical manner, by Herder, when he says, "that the flowers of all worlds will be reunited in the same garden."—*Ritter*, p. 399-401.

Whatever may be the value of these poetical fancies with their poetical glosses, it is quite evident that Hildegarde was a very remarkable woman.¹ The circumstances of her birth, however, preclude us from accepting the tradition that she had been uneducated. In her letter to the Clergy of Cologne she speaks with even more freedom than S. Bernard. She does not hesitate to compare them to 'venomous reptiles which delight in caverns.' 'You run hastily in the way in which your youthful passions draw you, and like children without reason, you know not how even to lisp the words of salvation. Oh the malice, the guilty error of men, who will live neither for God nor for men.'

'After having unveiled the schemes of Satan regarding those men who do his works, the Saint predicts the terrible schism which has actually arisen in modern times, and reveals some of the most remarkable circumstances attending it.—

"I who am that I am, I say to those who listen to me—when these things shall come to pass, a people blinded by error, and more wicked even than those which are now going astray, themselves deceivers, shall fall as a ruin upon the deceivers. They shall pursue you, without ever being weary; and shall bring all your iniquities into open daylight. And puffed up with a false zeal for the house of the Lord, they shall apply this imprecation to you "*the way of the wicked shall perish*." And yet these men who, stirred up and seduced by the devil, shall thus act towards you, shall appear with pale calm faces, and regular demeanor. They will make alliances with the princes of this world. Now, the people who shall treat you thus will adopt a costume different and more rude than yours; they will cut their hair in another style, and appear before the eyes of men

¹ S. Hildegarde's collected works are published by the Abbé Migne in one volume. NO. CXXI.—N.S. E

most holy and of irreproachable lives. And yet the devil is with them. By means of the spirits of the air the devil has communication with them. Those who at this time shall have become weak in faith will be caught in the snare of this seeming piety. Now these seducers are not they of whom it is said that they shall follow Satan, when at the last day he shall rise even up to heaven, to make himself like to God, as he did at the beginning : "*they will only be the bud, as it were, and the precursors of them.*" —The truths to which she most energetically calls the attention of Christians, are those which bear relation to Antichrist, and the last days of the world. The saint thus begins : "There will come a time, in which men, seduced by the son of perdition, will bring doubt upon the faith of the Church, and will say, with anxious heart—What must we believe about Jesus ?

"Then the Catholic faith will waver amongst the nations ; the Gospel and the doctrine of salvation will be neglected ; the relish of the Word of Life will be lost, and the ardour of love shall grow cold. O Pastors ! *I who am* am about to reveal those things which till now have been sealed up in Holy Scripture. For the time is appointed when the Son of iniquity is to come. Strengthen yourselves and take courage, O all ye, My elect, and keep guard against the snares of death. Behold what the Spirit says to the Church, concerning the time of the last error—'The Son of perdition shall be thrown down, and hell will vomit its corruption upon earth, face to face, in the perdition of perdition.'

"But the head must not be without a body and without limbs. The head of the Church is the Son of God ; the body and the limbs are the Church and His children. Now, the Church has not yet attained to the fullness of her stature. She will go on developing until the number of her children is fulfilled. 'Then,' says the Lord, 'I will dissolve its elements together with all that is mortal in the flesh of man. . . . Already is the sixth number finished and the seventh begun ; it is a time of rest.' . . . You then, O men ! who shall be alive at that time, you have got another period to pass through ; and then will arise the homicide who will undertake to overturn the Catholic faith."—*Ritter*, pp. 406-409.

After acknowledging in the words of the Gospel that the exact season of Antichrist is unrevealed to man, she goes on to describe his manifestation as a *parody of the Incarnation of the Divine Word*. It is this, in many respects, most scriptural view of the most important truth which gives so much interest to her utterances on the subject.

"Christ came neither at the beginning nor at the end of time. He came towards evening, at least, when the heat of the day was declining. What happened then ? He opened the marrow of the law, and gave vent to the great floods of virtue. He restored to the world holy virginity in his own person, that the divine germ, impregnated by the Spirit, might take root in the heart of men. The homicide also will come suddenly : he will come at the hour of sunset, at the time when night succeeds day. O ye faithful, listen to this testimony, and preserve it in your memory as a safeguard, so that terror may not find you unprovided, nor the man of sin, taking you at unawares, drag you to perdition. Arm yourselves with the weapon of faith, and prepare yourselves for a fierce battle.

"The man of sin will be born of an impious woman, who, from her infancy, will have been initiated in profane science, and all the artifices of the devil. She will live in the desert with men of perverse mind ; and will give herself up to crimes with the more unbridled licence, as believing

herself authorized therein by communications from an angel. And thus in the heat of burning concupiscence, she will conceive this son of perdition without knowing who is his father. She will then teach that fornication is permitted; she will give herself out to be a saint, and will be honoured as a saint.

“But Lucifer, the old and cunning serpent, will fill the worthless fruit of her womb with his infernal breath, and will make himself entirely master of the fruit of sin; who, as soon as he will have attained to the age of manhood, will himself assume the office of master, and teach a false doctrine. Soon afterwards he will rise in insurrection against God and his saints; and will acquire so great power that, in his foolish pride, he would raise himself to the clouds, and as in the beginning, Satan said, “I shall be like unto the Most High,” and fell; so in the last days he will fall, when he shall say, in the person of his Son. “I am the Saviour of the world.” . . .

“He will make alliance with kings, princes, the rich and powerful men of the earth; he will condemn humility, and exalt every doctrine of pride. His magical art will simulate the most wonderful miracles; he will disturb the air; he will command the thunder and the tempests, and cause hail and horrid lightning; he will remove mountains, dry up rivers, and clothe with fresh verdure the barren trees of the forest. By his deeds he will exercise influence over all the elements, over dry land and water; but he will put forth his infernal power chiefly over men. He will seem to restore health, and take it away; he will drive away demons and restore life to the dead. How shall this be? By sending some possessed soul into a corpse, there to remain a short time; but these sort of resurrections will be but of short duration.

“At the view of these things some will be overcome and believe in him; others, without giving him entire credence, will still hold to their primitive faith, whilst, at the same time, they will desire the favours of the man of perverse mind, or fear his displeasure. Thus many will be seduced amongst those who, keeping the eye of their soul closed, live habitually amidst externals; and men will say in the general perplexity of the Church—Is the doctrine of Jesus true or false?”

“At this time Enoch and Elias will appear. These two venerable men, extraordinary by their age and their stature, will bear testimony before the children of God, that the son of perdition, the minister of Satan, has come upon earth only to effect the perdition of men. They will traverse the places in which he has spread abroad his doctrines, and will perform miracles by the power of the Holy Spirit! The faithful will be strengthened, the faith revived; but the wicked will begin to tremble.”

“But the man of sin will make one effort more; and swollen with pride, he will attempt to raise himself above all things that he may be adored. He will go up into a high mountain thence to ascend heaven; but a clap of thunder will cast him down, and the Lord will destroy him with a breath of His mouth. . . . As soon as the impious one shall be cast down, many erring souls will return to the truth, and men will make rapid progress in the way of holiness; and as David recalled his wife to whom he had been united, though stained with adultery, so the Son of Man will recall the Synagogue, and make it enter into his grace.

“Then will the spouse of Christ arise strong and powerful, with wonderful beauty, and her magnificence will shine with a cloudless brightness. All will acknowledge that the Lord alone is great. His name shall be made known by all creatures, and He will reign for ever.”—*Ritter*, pp. 409-412.

Sealed by a canonized saint, and approved in council by the supreme Pontiff, these theories are, if not altogether, assuredly almost *de fide*. Before the days of Hildegarde the prevailing opinion was, that the Antichrist—still more closely parodying the Incarnation—would be born of a virgin. Then it was believed he would be the offspring of a bishop and nun. He was ever looked for in the Church. But the last opinion on this head to which the Infallible Chair committed itself was that propounded in 1213 by Innocent III., who said the Antichrist was Mahomet, and who looked for a verification of this interpretation on the expiring of the 666th year of the Hegira, then imminent, the *number of the beast* being understood by the infallible interpreter, speaking *ex cathedra*, to be the number of the years of his duration.¹ The age of Bernard—if not Bernard himself—it must be admitted, exercised a permanent influence over the direction of Apocalyptic interpretation.

VI. While the Councils of Rheims and Treves were pursuing their ecclesiastical labours, the second crusade was coming to utter ruin and disaster. As there had been a first crusade, it it was every way reasonable that there should be a second. Indeed, the victories which crowned the labours of the first crusaders made a second undertaking all the more necessary and desirable. In promoting the establishment of the Knights Templars, Bernard had already manifested his anxiety that the chieftains of the West should be finally victorious in the East, little dreaming how much the same knightly body would hasten on defeat and misery in the end. But here, as we saw was also the case in the heresies of the Church, the zeal of Bernard took no offensive or officious form. He does not undertake the office of Peter the Hermit till specially summoned by one whom to disobey were to sin. In this shrinking from the public exhibition of himself, and from unimposed responsibilities, we see additional evidence of that common sense of which we have already spoken, as a great characteristic of S. Bernard. Wrought upon by the strong stimulus of his irresistible and passionate rhetoric, 140,000 knights and near a million of foot-soldiers joined the expedition. The enthusiasm of Europe in the cause had been failing when intelligence arrived that Edessa, the first Christian city, as tradition named it, which Baldwin III.—then

¹ The German Emperors, in their strifes with the Popes, not rarely called them mystical Antichrists. See Hagenbach, Vol. ii. p. 127. Giesler calls attention to the fact that the great cathedrals of the continent rose in this age; at a critical season, when the end of all things was believed to be at hand. (ii. 1, § 27, n. h.) Hagenbach (vol. ii. 128) says the mind of the age manifested itself in the works of Christian art, in which those subjects were preferred which had reference to the doctrine of the last things.

a minor under the regency of his mother Melesinda¹—had been unable to succour, had yielded to the Atabek of Mosul. There were other circumstances which embarrassed the undertaking besides this disaster. Aleppo was now in the hands of Nouredin the Great, who was a terror alike to paynim and Christian: Egypt was under the rule of Saladin the Great; but the greatest obstruction which the Crusaders had to encounter was to be found in the treachery and artifice of Michael Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. By a curious coincidence, the only success attained by an expedition designed against the East was achieved in the West, Lisbon having been delivered by the navy of the Crusaders from the dominion of the Moors.

In the year 1146, at Pasch, was held the assembly at Vezelai. Louis VII. was mourning over the massacre, perpetrated three years previously, of above three thousand Christians, at Vitry.

‘On the declivity of the hill which overlooks the plain of Vezelai, the people were assembled. The king and his knights were there, the beautiful and haughty Eléonor was there, the crowd of poor hard-worked peasants were there, each grade by its dress and bearing showing to what class of society it belonged. But now, nobles and courtiers, even the young king and his queen, have ceased to be the centre to which all eyes are turned, for Bernard of Clairvaux has come. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with awe.’—P. 419.

It was resolved at Vezelai that the preparation for the Crusade should be continued for a year. Towards the autumn, Bernard began his tour into Germany. The Germans had not hitherto taken much interest in the Crusades; and it was generally believed that Conrad III. was indisposed to the undertaking, but after the celebration of mass at Spire, the Emperor was suddenly converted to the enterprise, and Europe rose to arms; but the outrageous conduct of the Germans at Philippopolis and Constantinople converted the reserved and watchful Greeks into eager and plotting enemies. The Germans pressed into Asia, without waiting for the French. The French, eager to follow, learned too late that the army in advance, betrayed and forsaken by the Greeks, had been cut to pieces, and not more than one-tenth ever appeared again. When Louis and Conrad met they wept aloud on each other’s necks. Equally

¹ She was one of S. Bernard’s correspondents. See Letters, 206, 289, 351, 352.

² Corpus omne tenuissimum, et sine carne erat. Ipsa etiam subtilissima cutis in genis modice rubens; illo nimirum quidquid caloris inerat naturalis, assidua meditatio, et studium sacræ compunctionis attraxerat. Cæsaries ex flavo colorabatur, et candido; barba subrufa (M. Ratisbonne’s ghastly frontispiece presents no beard), circa finem vitæ ejus respersa canis. Statura mediocritatis honestæ, longitudini tamen vicinior apparebat. Vita, 2da Opp. t. IV. p. 480.

disastrous were the fortunes of Louis—nay worse. The Greeks, for a sum of money, agreed to receive into Attalia and shelter the remains of the army of the Crusaders. The moment that Louis and his train had sailed for Antioch, the Greeks apprised the Turks of the actual condition of the pilgrims. Here is the horrible scene which virtually closed the second crusade:—

‘The low wall under which they crowded offered no shelter from the Turkish archers, who, posted at convenient places, shot them down at their ease. In the meantime the Greeks crushed hale, and sick, and putrifying corpses into a narrow and filthy space, and quietly waited for the result. A body of three or four thousand preferred death by the scimitars of the Turks to a lingering suffocation by mephitic gases. They sallied forth, and attempting to cross a river, were repulsed and cut to pieces by the Turks. But marvellous to relate, such was the scene of wretchedness presented by their camp, that even the fierce moslem heart was touched with pity; they nursed the wounded, and fed the sick and starving. This mercy of the Turks gives one a feeling of awe. How unutterable must have been that woe which could pierce down to the humanity of a Turk through his love for Islam, through his duty and delight in the slaughter of unbelievers. The Greeks made slaves of such of the pilgrims as were strong and serviceable. The contrast between the Christians and pagans of the East was so great, that numbers of the pilgrims embraced the Mohammedan faith.’

Bernard was still weary with disputing against the heretics, and he had scarcely dried the tears that flowed at the departure of the sainted Malachi, when he received tidings of this fearful and appalling catastrophe. At once discontent and sorrow brooded over Europe. Every tongue was busy with the name of Bernard, every heart was condemning him. Had he not preached the Cross?—had he not prophesied its success? We must needs have formed but a poor and partial estimate of the Abbot of Clairvaux, we could have had but a feeble conception of the grandeur of his soul, had we not witnessed him in the straitness of this great adversity, when a sudden blight fell at once upon his name and fame? But these things he recked little of, provided he could stand clear in his great account. He sought comfort in the Holy Scriptures, and the defeats of Israel, even when Moses was the guide. In the first chapter of the second book of the ‘*De Consideratione*,’ a work written during this travail and sorrow, he thus writes:—

‘We have fallen on evil days, on which the Lord, provoked by our sins, has judged the world before its time, with justice, indeed, but forgetful of his wonted mercy. He hath not spared this people, nor hath He had regard unto His own name. Do not the Gentiles say, where is now their God? and who can wonder? The sons of the Church, and men called Christians, have been overthrown in the desert, slain with the sword, or destroyed by famine. How confounded are the feet of those who bring good tidings, who publish peace! We promised good things, and behold disorder. As though we had been guilty of rashness or levity in that undertaking. And yet with no uncertainty did I run that course, but at

your command, or rather at the command of God through you. The judgments of the Lord are righteous, as each of us knows ; but this *one* is an abyss so deep, that I dare to pronounce him blessed, whoever is not scandalized in it.

Thus humbly and devoutly did he bend himself to this great cross, sorrowing at once for the cause of God, which seemed frustrated, and the sufferings of man. Whatever vain thoughts he might have harboured respecting his own influence and administrative powers, and his writings bear no traces of such, God in His great love and mercy thus laid low—defeating, by this irremediable defeat, whatever desire of life and action might have struggled to make itself felt in that surrendered heart. Further—there was a mercy within this mercy ; for it is most probable that Bernard did not hear the whole history of the overthrow, as he certainly did not survive to learn all the successes of the great Saracen chief, which prematurely cut short the life of Pope Urban IV. Little comfort could it have yielded him to know that the capture of Ashkelon, which he so oft foretold, was completed on the day and hour when he expired ; but his beneficent spirit would have rejoiced to learn that all the worthy aims of the Crusade were eventually achieved, when, in 1187, the magnanimous Saladin, yielding to piety what he could have vindicated from force, guaranteed to the Christians the possession of the Holy Places, and the inviolability of the pilgrims.

The fatigues, consequent on his laborious journeyings, began to tell on his exhausted frame. While already suffering, he found himself called away to compose the factions which were harassing Metz and its utterly helpless Archbishop. The same blessed success attended this last effort of the peacemaker. He returned to be prepared for death, by the successive deaths of those who were most dear to him. First to go away was that holy servant of God, Archbishop Suger, truly, and truly named the father of his country ; whom the fervid eloquence of Bernard had so many years before called from the beaten track of an outward religionism to minister in the very innermost sanctuaries of the Spirit. Though he had withstood Bernard in the matter of the second crusade, their mutual attachment knew no abatement on this account. ‘I have loved you,’ says the Abbot of Clairvaux in his 266th letter, to Suger, now ripening for the last change, ‘from the beginning and will do so for ever. I say ‘it boldly, I cannot be separated for eternity from one I have so ‘loved. He does not perish for me ; he goes before me. Only ‘be mindful of me when you have arrived at that place whither ‘you are gone before, that it may be granted to me to follow ‘you swiftly and to be with you again. Never think that your ‘sweet memory can fade from my mind, although, alas, your

'presence is withdrawn from me. Yet is God able to grant you
'to our prayers, and preserve you to our necessities, and of these
'we need not entirely despair.'

Yet a little while and Theobald Count of Champagne, Bernard's long tried and devoted friend, fell asleep in Jesus. And then next after the lapse of some months, the mild presence of Eugenius III. was seen no more among mortal men. Mr. Morison closes his book so well, that we shall quote his last sentences.

'Bernard had no wish to remain behind these beloved friends. When, in accordance with his beautiful faith, he attributed a slight recovery to the prayer of his sorrowing monks, he said to them: "Why do you thus detain a miserable man? You are the stronger; you prevail against me. Spare me! spare me! and let me depart." The unwearied activity of mind, which had hitherto distinguished him, gradually faded away; the marvelous brain, which had grasped and influenced more or less every question and event in Europe for a whole generation, fell by degrees into peaceful repose. Public affairs ceased to interest him. When his cousin, the Bishop of Langres, came to him about some business, he found he could not attract Bernard's attention: "Marvel not," said the expiring saint, "I am no longer of this world."

'The weeping multitude of his friends, in the delirium of grief, implored him not to leave them, to have pity on them, and to stay with them. The last earthly struggle he ever knew had commenced in Bernard's soul. Things temporal and things eternal, the earthly and his heavenly home, the love of God and the love of man contended within him. But for a moment. Raising up his "dove-like eyes," he said he wished that God's will might be done—

'It was, for he was dead.'—Pp. 497, 498.

The solemn, chant of 700 monks, breaking the morning stillness of those wild dells, at nine of the clock on the 20th August, announced to the world that S. Bernard had entered into peace; in the year of the Incarnation 1153, in the year of his exile 63rd, in the 40th year of his cloister life, and the 38th of his abbacy and in the first year of the pontificate of Anastasius IV.

We must draw to a close a subject over which we linger with affection. We have strenuously forbore to dwell on those blemishes of temper, which occasionally marked what Bernard said and wrote; or to discuss the one fault which is to be found in the history of his life.¹ This reason requires, and truth demands that we should acknowledge, and piety may well rejoice that this is all that is to be confessed. In such an age, that such a man should see in the papal monarchy the one and only safeguard and guarantee of order and true freedom, and that, therefore, he should have laboured might and main to aggrandize the power of the Roman Pontiff, was inevitable—was

¹ Page 393.

justifiable. That he should have regarded the monastic system with undue partiality, was inevitable also, and, all things considered, pardonable. That being a monk, and debarred from those homely associations which lighten toil and sweeten life, he should have poured forth all the tenderness of a passionate and loyal nature to the Blessed Virgin, was inevitable also, although neither to be justified nor pardoned. In his most fervent addresses to the mother of our Lord, he seems wholly unconscious of, and he never betrays, the natural instinct which lies at the root of that veneration; nor does he seem aware of the ignorance he exhibits of the fact that the perfection of our nature, as it is in either sex, is consummated now in the ascended Lord. So deeply did the Holy Spirit work on his character, that in his devotions the Blessed Virgin never appears as a royal mistress, or an imperial woman, or a crowned beauty; sonneted as she has been since his time by the warmer Rizzios of the church, and that profanely enough. Sweet indeed as honey and the honey-comb, are the words of him who teaches us to love our Lord, as he himself had learned to love him, 'dulciter, prudenter, fortiter,' fondly, wisely, bravely. It was right of Christendom to hail him as the *mellifluent teacher*. In his weary pilgrimages to sow the divided earth with peace and love, he ever brought with him calmness and refreshment. Amid a stormy world,

'He passed like night from land to land,
He had strange power of speech.'

The blessings he brought to others he reaped himself. If ever of mortal man it could be said with truth,

'He on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise,'

this could be said of the Abbot of Clairvaux. The gratitude of the Church has named him also the last of the Fathers: a true designation which involves a melancholy truth, a fact which it concerns others more nearly than ourselves to account for. After him there arose within the Roman obedience 'no king like unto him.' Others have risen, but of another race. Theological pedants, and systematizers, and economists. Not one possessing the genius, the manhood, the courage, the devotion, of S. Bernard. And pausing here beside the ever fragrant memorials of that fruitful life, the holy reliques of his burning thoughts and heavenly aspirations, we cannot forego giving utterance to the prayer that rises unbidden to our lips, that the great Head and Lord of the Church would vouchsafe to raise up among us such another teacher, as wise, as winning, as tender, and as true as he, to reconcile and compose agitated Christendom, and to harmonize the discordant and distracted Church.

ART. II.—*Ingoldsby Letters*. Collective Edition. Vol. I.
Routledge and Co. 1862.

THE book which we have placed at the head of this article is a reprint of certain sarcastic letters on the subject of the Revision of the Prayer-Book, which have appeared at various times in different London and provincial newspapers. As far as we can judge from internal evidence, it appears to owe its form to a recollection of the celebrated 'Peter Plymley' letters, and its title to the fortunate coincidence of the name of the rectory of which the writer is incumbent with Mr. Barham's well-known *nom de plume*. It does not concern us here to enter into the question—how far this appropriation of a well-known title is perfectly justifiable. Undoubtedly, letters written at Ingoldsby are Ingoldsby letters; still, somehow, the case seems to bear a strong family likeness to those of imitated trade-marks. It is very unlikely the name would ever have been given to the book if it had not already gained celebrity; and, doubtless, it has found many purchasers from the impression that it had a closer connexion with the 'Ingoldsby Legends' than a fortuitous coincidence of name. This, however, is chiefly a question of good taste. Certainly it is a bold step to assume a title which recalls to the memory such successful writers as Sydney Smith and Barham. Any adventurer may appear in the lists, if it so please him, bearing the crest of the Plantagenet and the motto of Du Guesclin, but such assumption will only add a keener edge to ridicule, and provoke a still more inextinguishable laughter, if a speedy tumble on the sand prove him to possess neither the strong arm of the one nor the practised skill of the other.

Another question suggested by these letters is a more important one; it is, within what limits it is allowable to employ a humorous or sarcastic mode of treatment in dealing with the very serious subjects which are handled in them. This may, indeed, appear to have been in some degree settled by the general acceptance of the writings of Sydney Smith, especially of those 'Peter Plymley' letters, on whose lines the present work seems modelled. But even from these we may arrive at some tolerably clear indications where the boundary is to be drawn. In treating of serious subjects, wit and sarcasm may lawfully, within certain limits of good taste, be subsidiary to argument, but they must not be substitutes for it; they may lawfully be directed against an opponent, but they must not involve or ridicule anything which, for an earnest mind, possesses an inherent

reverence. They are weapons tempting from their facility, but very treacherous and dangerous to their employers—weapons which only a chosen few can wield aright, apt, like the Australian boomerang when used unskilfully, to return to the thrower's hand only to inflict a wound. Few things, indeed, demand more earnest protest in the literature of the present day than the reckless spirit in which this mode of treatment is employed, even on the most important subjects. Nothing is more dangerous, both to writer and to reader, than to approach such subjects in such a frame of mind; nothing which so rapidly deteriorates the character and lowers the whole tone and standard of thought; nothing which so utterly hinders the very perception of those great truths which can be only seen in the pure clear light, and through the still untroubled atmosphere of reverence and faith. When this vice seems growing over the whole literature of a nation; when, in treating of subjects of serious import, an epigram is habitually accepted for an argument, and a jest for an investigation of principle; when a keen sarcasm or a brilliant witticism is habitually deemed a sufficient substitute for patient thought and earnest reasoning, even in treating of topics of inherent dignity, and persons whose offices at least demand respect, even if it were denied to their individual merits; then it is time, indeed, for earnest protest, lest the character of the national literature be lowered beyond the power of recall—lest its very powers of patient investigation and thoughtful reasoning be smitten with paralysis—lest, casting by its crown of reverence and faith, it lose the light which flashed from them as from the jewels on the breastplate of the high-priest of old—lose also, in the departure of that light, its very faculty of insight into truth. Doubtless, as we have said, both ridicule and sarcasm have their lawful place in dealing even with matters of high import, and topics demanding careful and even reverent thought. They may lawfully be used to draw attention to the truth, to enable its force to penetrate through artificial defences of prejudice or obstinacy, to expose at a glance those subtle fallacies which can hardly be made apparent in any other way to minds too indolent or slow to follow, link by link, through a closely-woven chain of argument; but they must not take the place of correct and truthful argument, they must not be employed as if to hurl a sarcasm at the position of an enemy answered the same purpose as to dislodge him from it by the power of conviction. This is the real secret of the great influence which Sydney Smith's writings undoubtedly exerted over the public mind at the time of their original appearance. His wit attracted to his reasoning, and his humour predisposed his readers to listen favourably to his arguments; but the secret

of his strength was in the plain common sense which was at the bottom of the quaint felicities of his diction, in the soundness of his logic, the clearness of his reasoning, the inherent truth of the principles which his peculiar talent enabled him so to present to his readers' minds that they were forced to take them in at a glance, to see all round them as it were, to comprehend those various bearings which they had hitherto been able to ignore.

With him, indeed—at least in his more serious works—the very flashing and sparkling of his fun is as sure an indication to the reader of some underlying truth or principle which will at least repay a careful study, as the iridescence of the surface of the ocean is a certain token to the herring-fisher of the spots in which the heaviest shoals of fish are waiting for the casting of his nets. It is quite true, as was once said to him by a defeated and partially convinced opponent, that he had 'such a way of putting things;' but if the things which he put had not commended themselves to deliberate reason, he would have had but little real hold upon the thought of his time, he would have gained a reputation little less ephemeral than the passing popularity of some fashionable jester of the day. His wit and humour had the same relation to his serious argument as its feather to the arrow which it steadies in its flight, or its keen steel head which gives its power of penetration. To attempt to use them in the place of argument would be to substitute for the stout shaft those feathered reeds and poisoned barbs of the old Indian warfare, which shivered harmlessly upon the warrior's harness, and had achieved their worst results in the production of a festering scratch.

It may seem that these canons of criticism are too trite and obvious to be worth dwelling upon here; but when we find a clever and well-read man, like the author of these letters, seeming totally unconscious of them; when we find him reasoning, if the word is applicable under the circumstances, as if anything which can be looked at from an absurd point of view is, therefore, in itself absurd—as if any argument about which foolish jokes can be made is, therefore, destitute of wisdom—then it seems not out of place to recall the reader's attention to them as affording the true standard by which works of this kind must be judged. For the peculiar tone of his book the author, indeed, gives us rather a peculiar reason. He tells us (p. 123) that, having for two years tried in vain the effect of '*solid argument*,' he had come to the conclusion, not that there might be something unsound in the arguments themselves, or in the cause which they were designed to support, but that he had better resort to different weapons, and try the effect of wit and ridicule where solid argument had failed. As far as the omission of solid argument

is concerned, his intentions are certainly most perfectly fulfilled. Of the quality of the wit and humour which are supplied in their place, we can only say that to us the wit seems chiefly angry petulance, and the sarcasm mere ill-nature. The tone in which he approaches his subject, and the treatment which it receives at his hands, are well illustrated by a passage from his first letter. He is quoting as follows from the *Times*' report of the meeting of Convocation in 1858 :—' The recent passing of ' the Divorce and Matrimonial Bill, the attempt which is being ' made to bring about a revision of the Liturgy . . . imparted ' more than ordinary interest to yesterday's proceedings.' On this he comments: ' Is it seemly that the first important business to be taken in hand by this Church Legislature should be ' the impugning an Act of Parliament which received the Royal ' Assent so lately as last year ? ' Then, in the next sentence : ' That the clergy, in solemn synod, should be the portion of the ' community that first sets the example of openly defying the acts ' of the Imperial Legislature is a bad omen of either their ability ' or temper to discuss calmly or wisely the affairs of the Church.'

The first thing that suggests itself in these remarks is the attitude taken in them towards the Church, and the theory which they imply as existing in the writer's mind as to the relation between Church and State. The spiritual authority is utterly ignored, the Church's authoritative declaration of the law of God entirely overridden by the Act of Parliament expressing the will of man. It never seems to have occurred to the writer's mind that there is any grievance in having all Church laws and rules set contemptuously aside, any hardship on individual clergymen in an attempt to compel them to disobey what they believe to be the will of God and the mind of the Church to which they owe allegiance. To 'Ingoldsby' the Church is evidently a mere department of the State. Any spiritual commission or special authority to deal with spiritual truths, any internal and essential power or function existing from the Presence in that Spiritual Body of the Head of all, seem never to have occurred to his thoughts; to him the highest office of the Church is to act as a repeating frigate to the larger vessel of the State, the greatest sin to put forth any signs of self-existent and inherent life, to oppose any varying opinions, either of individual consciences or of its own decisions, to the will of the 'Imperial Legislature.' This might appear to be meting out hard justice to 'Ingoldsby,' if it were a comment on those sentences only which we have just quoted; but these sentences only too truly sum up the whole spirit, the whole tone and temper of the book—only too fairly represent the frame of mind in which we always find him when approaching the subject of the Church. His

highest view of a reforming body in the Church is a Royal Commission, whose acts are to be registered by Convocation; his idea of the reverence due to Bishops is derived from the fact of their possessing incomes of 'from 5,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* a-year' (p. 136) (how he must scorn a Colonial Bishop); while he has embodied his perception of the work and nature of the Church into the following novel *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*:—

'Till another century has decided whether the Church is to stand or fall—that is to say, *whether it is to adapt itself to the times*' (the italics are his own), 'or to persevere in the preposterous idea of adapting the times to what itself was three hundred years ago.'—P. 288.

But one of the most offensive among the many offensive passages in his book (yet from which it would be unjust perhaps to draw the conclusion which is usually come to, as to the motives on which those men habitually act themselves who habitually seek in the very lowest springs of action an explanation of the conduct of others) is as follows. He is speaking, we hope in the rash haste of anger, of the clergy who signed the Westminster petition against the revival of the Liturgy, and he dares to speak thus libellously: 'A reference to the Clergy List will show that the Bishops and Archbishops of the English Church have in their gift three thousand pieces of preferment.' Then, in a note: 'Supposing, which it is not unreasonable to do, that there are, on an average, *three* expectants for each of these preferments, it is not difficult to account for the 9,500 signatures to the celebrated Westminster manifesto of 1860.'—P. 202.

But the book is swollen to its present bloated size by a long series of personal and most offensive attacks upon several of the Bishops, in which we cannot but admire the boldness, at least, which selects as objects of an adverse criticism the Bishop of Oxford's eloquence (whom, by the way, he twice takes pain to inform us took a second class), the Bishop of Lincoln's acquaintance with the opinions of the clergy in his diocese, and, under shelter of Dr. Rowland Williams, the Bishop of S. David's divinity. True, that all these personalities, bitter at all times, rising almost into scurrility at the mention of the Bishop of Oxford—whose very name seems to excite Ingoldsby in the same unaccountable way in which a red cloak irritates a bull—have no very evident connexion with the subject of the book, although they make up more than two-thirds of its contents; nor do we seem helped in any appreciable degree to a sounder judgment on the question of the revision of the Liturgy when we have formed our judgments on several of the points which he proposes to us, when we have pronounced sentence on the Bishop of S. David's alleged inconsistency, on the connexion between episcopal patronage and the signers of the Westminster

petition, on the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Duncombe to the deanery of York, on the fact that for their own purposes and in the plenitude of their wisdom the Liberation Society have thought fit to issue a series of papers called 'Church Progress Tracts,' or, indeed, when we have decided whether the quotation at page 117, 'a man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth,' be most truly applicable, as Ingoldsby thinks, to the Bishop of Oxford and his eloquence, or to the writer during 'three whole years of agitation' of 'above 3,000 letters from my own pen, with newspaper articles, reviews, and pamphlets beyond calculation.'—P. 211.

And so in our notice of the book we might at once have struck out as *nihil ad rem* that far greater portion of it which consists of these purely personal witnesses; but since Ingoldsby has chosen to connect virulent attacks on the Bishops with his benevolent schemes for the amelioration, as he deems it, of the Prayer Book, we cannot but show the two in the connexion in which he has deliberately preferred to place them: we cannot pronounce a judgment upon the book without giving as a reason the tone and spirit in which it is evidently written, without enabling our readers to realize for themselves this self-appointed and most ardent champion as he has deliberately¹ and of set purpose chosen to represent himself in his own republished pages.

With one more extract and a short comment we shall finish our unpleasant task of expressing an opinion on the personal merits of the book, and proceed to the more pleasing labour of considering it as the exponent of the present popular views upon the subject on which it is written.

The thirty-second letter is chiefly devoted to replying to an article from the *Quarterly*, in which, not very wisely perhaps, or in very good taste, it is insinuated that 'a smart pamphlet on Church Reform' is a good recipe for changing 'a prebendary into a bishop.' This not very hurtful insinuation appears, for he refers to it twice, to have been found perfectly intolerable by the sensitive virtue of Ingoldsby; for though he has no scruple in imputing the most corrupt motives, as we have already seen, to his brethren in the ministry, yet it seems that even the shadow of such an imputation passing over himself is a burden which can in no way be endured. And so, stung evidently in a very sensitive part, he proceeds to rebut the accusation by some instances from his own experience. First he informs us (p. 216) that the Rev. Anchor Thompson, who gained the Burnett prize, value 1,800*l.*, actually received no episcopal pro-

¹ We say 'deliberately' emphatically; for the most virulent of these letters were written in 1858, and are now reprinted in 1862, but without the softening of one bitter word, or the omission of a single personality.

motion for three years, when the town council of Newcastle-upon-Tyne promoted him to the Mastership of a Hospital in that town, 'a situation worth from 500*l.* to 600*l.* per annum.'

As, however, Ingoldsby does not inform us that Mr. Thompson ever expressed any opinions on the one side or the other concerning the revision of the Liturgy, it seems difficult to see the bearing of this case upon the question, or to imagine any better reason for its insertion than the desire to raise a vague feeling of mistrust and ill-will towards the Bishops in the minds of the readers of the newspaper in which the letter appeared.

His next instance is of a clergyman who has remained for ten years chaplain of a workhouse although the 'author of half a dozen works upon the Liturgy.' As this is the only reason which Ingoldsby gives why the clergyman in question should have been promoted, it will probably occur to most minds that the authorship of 'half a dozen works,' probably in direct opposition to the views of the Bishop of the diocese, can scarcely of itself be considered a very strong claim upon the Bishop for preference over the other clergymen of the diocese in the distribution of his patronage. But the extract to which we particularly wish to draw attention is from his third instance. The Rev. — 'was a first class man in classics, second class in 'mathematics and physics, elected Fellow of Balliol by examination, appointed to a Crown living by his own account (*sic*) in 1834, and in 1847 presented by a lay patron to a living, of which Ingoldsby elsewhere tells us with great unction that the value is 'nine hundred and fifty pounds per annum.'

So far there seems no ground for complaint. Fellows of colleges are usually presumed by Bishops to be so far provided for by the college that their claims need not come into competition with those of their parochial clergymen. Indeed, there is no intimation that the clergyman in question was ever engaged in parochial work in any diocese before his presentation to the Crown living. But now comes Ingoldsby's complaint:—

"And now, in his sixty-first or second year comes the Episcopal patronage, showered on the head of this distinguished member of the University of Oxford. He is appointed *rural dean* by his Diocesan and offered an HONORARY STALL in — Cathedral, which post, seeing that the acceptance costs more than the preferment is worth, Mr. — very prudently declined. . . . An *honorary* stall, a *rural* deanery! our too sensitive flesh and blood revolts from the idea. Many a curate would turn away in disgust from the offer of either.'

Ingoldsby is a beneficed clergyman of some standing; he holds a college living, of the exact value of which he is so con-

¹ The italics and large letters are Ingoldsby's. We have omitted the name of the clergyman in question, though given by Ingoldsby, simply from feelings of delicacy.

siderate as to inform us; and a charming picture of his rectory forms the vignette to this volume, with a couple (not clerical as regards the gentleman) forming a delightful group in front, looking very much as if engaged in a flirtation, but probably really employed in exchanging mutual confidences on the intolerable burden of an unrevised Liturgy. Also, he is a Church reformer by profession, and has been engaged in the enormous quantity of correspondence to which we have elsewhere referred. Therefore he must know what appointments are in any Bishop's gift; he must know that generally *rural* deaneries and *honorary* canonries are all he has to give, at least to many of the clergy who happen to have better livings than those in the episcopal patronage; he must know that no greater honour could be done by a Bishop to a distinguished clergyman entering on a valuable preferment in his diocese than the offer of these very posts which are here treated almost as an insult. What, then, are we to think of this, except to suppose it written as an unprincipled appeal to those unacquainted with the real working of the distribution of the posts of eminence in the Church; an attempt to excite by wilful misrepresentation a feeling of animosity against the Bishops, and through them against the whole system of the Church?

Perhaps, too, it is some matter of wonder why a rural deanery should be treated with such scorn; many of our readers are well aware what influence that post confers, and what a means of good it may become in the hands of an earnest and devoted man; and those who have the good fortune to live in a district where the rural-decanal office is an agency and not a shadow, will think that it must be very sensitive flesh and blood indeed which can 'revolt from the idea' of a position exercising so much influence, and commanding so much respect. But it appears, not in this place only, but all through the book, that Ingoldsby goes upon the great maxim that 'a thing is worth just what it will fetch,' and measures the exact value of each position in the Church by the annual £ *s. d.* which it brings in to the exchequer of the holder. This is perhaps merely a question of taste; undoubtedly a rural deanery is not prolific in worldly wealth, whatever it may bring forth of certain other fruits which Ingoldsby from his pulpit would probably tell us are not altogether to be left out of a wise man's accounts; neither do we clearly see in what way this very practical view of matters has any bearing on the question of the revision of the Liturgy, except in this, that as Ingoldsby steps forward with a certain ostentation of would-be championship as our leader in these questions, it is right that they who may think of following him should see what manner of man he shows himself to be, as he exhibits himself to us in his book.

Here, then, we close our notice of what may be called the personal merits of the book; for we do not purpose to do more than just to mention the two closing letters on the disturbances in S. George's-in-the-East, simply discreditable as they are, to have been written even under the excitement of the moment, and still more disgraceful to have been republished after calm reflection. The extracts which we have given might have been multiplied almost indefinitely; but these, few in number as they are, selected from places where the spirit of the book is most apparent, are quite sufficient for our purpose. Enough has been said to enable our readers to join in the strong condemnation which we feel it our duty to pass on the whole tone and spirit of the book, and our regret that the letters of which it is composed should have been printed in a collected form. It may gratify the author's animosity to gain a wider circulation for his attacks upon the Bishops, or his self-complacency to acquaint the public with such facts as that he was 'proctor when the Bishop of Lichfield took his Doctor's degree at Cambridge;' but neither his self-complacency nor his animosity would receive much real satisfaction if he could but see how every page seems to reflect a distorted image of unsatisfied ambition and disappointed vanity. Neither will the public—accustomed to find personal motives lying at the root of personal attacks, and taught by experience how much private feeling is usually connected with any exceeding bitterness towards public characters—altogether pass over an indication of a certain spirit, kept, for the most part, carefully out of sight, but peeping out almost comically in the subscription of a certain letter '*Yours ever probably*' (the italics are his own), '*The Rector of Ingoldsby.*' And thus, while owning that the subject on which these letters treat is one of enduring and abiding interest, we sincerely regret their republication even out of consideration for the writer's character. As a controversial book, it is too disfigured with bitter personalities to have any abiding influence on the minds of thinking men; and as a literary performance, it can command none but the most ephemeral applause. Such ephemeral applause, indeed, it may obtain as is given unthinkingly to that cleverness which is really mere ill-nature—such momentary amusement may be derived from its perusal as comes to almost all of us, through the lowest part of our nature, from seeing the weak points of others, especially those above ourselves in rank or station, exposed in the strongest light, and held up unflinchingly to ridicule. But such momentary feelings cannot be repeated or recalled in any except the most unworthy minds. We recover from the surprise, and are ashamed at our own thoughts; self-respect is wounded at the baseness into which self-love has been betrayed; and we find ourselves

actually resenting any attempt to stereotype such feelings on our memory. Such attempts will ever fail. We look with pleasure on the quick glancing of a rocket—nay, we own that its momentary brilliancy may save a storm-tossed ship, or symbolize a nation's joy; but when the glare of the firework is over, there is not, usually, much of value to be collected from the scattered fragments of the cartridge paper or the smell of exploded powder.

But there is another point of view from which these letters have a certain value apart from their intrinsic merits or demerits, and to this we purpose to devote our remaining space. It is, as we take them to represent the view taken by a certain class upon the question of which they treat, as they embody what may be called the popular feeling among those—seemingly a diminished number—who are still clamorous for the revision of the Liturgy. Written as they are in what is called a popular style, appealing to every popular (so-called) prejudice, echoing back every momentary outcry of popular unreason, trusting in many of their arguments to the ignorance and unreflecting acquiescence of the readers, we may well take them as valuable to us in this way from their very faults—showing us, in a true mirror, the real feelings that lie beneath the often thoughtless outcry for some further alteration in the Ritual. To this view, then, of the subject we now purpose to devote ourselves, endeavouring to extract what is really valuable by search among the great mass of the rubbish with which it is smothered and overlaid; to ascertain in our search what grounds we may find either for apprehension or for confidence; to learn, by watching the columns of attack, what they consider to be our weakest points, and thus those which have most need of strengthening. And, first of all, we are struck by certain vague and undefined threats of fearful consequences which are to follow if the Liturgy remained unrevised—of a storm that is to burst upon the fabric of the Church if a lightning conductor of the Ingoldsby pattern is not immediately erected—of a great flood which is to sweep away its very foundations if a channel be not immediately dug in the direction indicated by Ingoldsby's engineering skill, to carry away the enthusiasm of the people in a new and safe direction. Thus we read in a very mysterious chapter, headed 'It is too late':—

'Our own opinion, meanwhile, is thus far decided—first, that nothing short of a Royal Commission will effectually meet all the difficulties of the case; secondly, that the time is gone by when mere abridgment will satisfy the demands of those who call for such Commission. In the early stages of the Reformation, it is well known that a slight concession was made on the part of the Pope and his adherents—the doing away, for instance, with the sale of indulgences and relics; the

granting the cup to the laity, and permission to marry to the clergy; the performing the service in a language "understood of the people," and the like—would have been accepted as a boon, and, in all probability, would have staved off the greater reform for many a year—possibly to this hour. But when, at length, these reasonable demands were tardily offered as a palliative, and in evident fear of something worse impending, they were rejected; and the stern answer of Luther and his small band of heart-and-soul Reformers was, "It is too late." And such, I suspect, would now be the reply of the great body of those who seek, and have long sought, to revise the Liturgy of our Church, and render it more pliant, more various, less faulty, less formal, and therefore more generally acceptable to the people.'—P. 143.

And so again, in a warning voice to the Bishops, he tells us of 'a tide which, if much longer resisted, threatens to force its way over all interposing barriers, and will not then be so easily 'controlled' (p. 159).

Now, these utterances seem to us more hastily delivered than easily intelligible, and, in a certain degree, such as might have been expected from the Delphic Pythoness, if she had taken up that very uncomfortable position in which Ingoldsby seems to imagine that she habitually delivered her oracles, 'sitting on her boiling tripod,' (p. 376); but so far as they mean anything, we may take them to imply the existence of a restless spirit, both within and without the boundaries of the Church—a spirit of inquiry into ancient landmarks, and remeasuring old lines of demarcation—a spirit which will not be satisfied by mere authority, which will not be content to walk in the old paths, unless some proof is offered that they are not only old but right. What the consequences are, which are present to Ingoldsby's mind, do not so manifestly appear from these Sibylline and boiling utterances. We are nowhere distinctly told why it is 'too late' to abridge the Liturgy, who are to thunder out the stern 'too late,' or what dreadful event will follow if their thundering does not meet with prompt attention. He does not seem to expect any large secession from the Church. His own scheme, to which we shall come presently, does not present any very serious causes for dissatisfaction; he can hardly contemplate the success of a sweeping assault upon the distinctive doctrines and discipline of the Church, or imagine that the clergy or faithful laity could remain in its communion, if an Act of Parliament were to eliminate from its formularies those truths which are now therein expressed in a fulness and with a clearness which are peculiar to our own communion.

Yet so far we may allow a true meaning to his words as they represent the existence of a temper and a spirit among educated and believing men, scarcely satisfied with the present state of things, and certain consequences, more or less evil, which are likely to ensue, if this temper be unheeded, and this spirit

remain unsatisfied. But even admitting the existence of this spirit as he would represent it, it seems that there is nothing in the admission that should make us fearful—nay, rather, that there is much in it which affords good and hopeful signs for the future welfare of the Church. If there is much in the temper and spirit of which he speaks, which is simply evil, simply the result of discontent and restlessness and impatience of lawful restraint and discipline, there is much also that is good and true, which it is the Church's special work to satisfy, and, in satisfying, to draw into her system a fresh supply of healthful vigorous life. Much of this, and we own it cheerfully even when it shows itself in effects which we deplore, is a sign of a recovered life, of an awakened earnestness, of a spirit of inquiry which will not be satisfied till it arrive at life and light and truth. This spirit, at least, we see in all the schools of the present day, even when it issues in results which seem dangerous to faith and reverence; an intense earnestness of purpose; a passionate, and often almost morbid, craving for truth—truth simple, truth for its own sake, truth separated from all mixture and alloy of evasion, of concealment and of mere expediency; an admiration, carried out sometimes to affectation, of all that is thorough and honest and perfect and real; a willingness to sacrifice anything—often, we fear, belief—in the search for this, the absolutely real and true; and a determination to accept nothing as satisfying to the living soul of man but that which has this life within it. 'Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον, seems to represent the spirit of the present age; and in its existence lies the secret of the acceptance, more or less partial, given by educated and thoughtful men to the various systems of the day. In this we see the reason of the hold taken upon the thought of the time by various succeeding masters—by Carlyle, the worse than Frankenstein, creating distorted images of true manhood, and then falling down and worshipping—by Kingsley, with his genial recognition of the true worth and dignity of human nature, degenerating sometimes into affectation, sometimes into creature worship, sometimes into disregard to those higher truths which lie beyond the provinces of reason and of sense—by Maurice, with his vague, but intensely earnest dreams of reconciling, by crafty subtleties of language, the mysteries of faith with the processes of human reasoning—and even last of all, by Colenso, with his dull scepticism. In all, the germ for which men looked, the spirit which fitted into the spirit of the times, and which drew into itself men's tempers and affections, was the appearance at least of a certain passionate earnestness, the boldness of the ventures which they made, or seemed to make, in the great search for truth, the simple single-hearted intensity of purpose with which,

each one on his different path, they appeared to be ever stretching forward, pursuing that one end. And it is no cause for wonder or dismay if some of this spirit has found its way into the tone and temper in which men judge of the system and the ritual of the Church; if there are doubts and questionings when seeking there for that which they can find in no merely human system, the simple truth and life; if any parts of the system *seem* to hang on, as Ingoldsby expresses it, 'dry leaves upon a living tree;' if through their own thoughtless ignorance, or through the use of these things as formal and unmeaning by the carelessness of those to whose hands they are intrusted, parts of the Ritual seem to have lost their meaning; if symbolism unexplained seems to conceal, not to express the truth; if ceremonies, used as mere forms, seem as mere empty husks, from which the germ is dropped and the life is gone; then there is no cause for surprise that, out of their very love for those things which are the essence of the Church, such seekers should strive earnestly to remove what seems to them not only a veil which hides the truth, but a covering which has stifled and choked out the life, that the earnestness with which they pursue their purpose should be in proportion to their almost unacknowledged consciousness, that the light and truth for which they long, if not contained within the Church, cannot be found on earth. Yet there is nothing here to make us fear for the future of the Church, nothing for which her system cannot suffice, no want which it cannot amply satisfy. The feeling must be recognised, must be respected, must be answered by an answering life, in all into whose hands the administration of the ritual is intrusted, and according to whom it will be for the most part judged. In faith and truth and all boldness of utterance, the system must be shown forth, and interpreted in its full meaning and entire teaching. Symbols must be explained, not as mere dead and barren signs, but ever containing and expressing truth, containing and conveying, where it is so, the actual grace of God. Prayer must not only be explained to the understanding, but so used as to make evident to the senses, that it is a real offering of the Church unto its Head. The whole ritualistic framework must be explained by reference to the life contained within it from His presence, who is the source of life. The Glory must be shown abiding in these things even now, as in the Tabernacle of the Church in the wilderness. Then men will feel that in this their deepest cravings are met, their highest aspirations satisfied; they will feel their hearts and their affections drawn again, by a higher force than habit, into the old system; they will perceive that the true reform of the Liturgy must be effected, not in its revision, but its use. But this belongs to

another division of our subject. Here we will only say further, that because we feel satisfied of the capabilities of our Liturgy to draw through itself into our system those very cravings which form the difficulty of our position, because we feel sure that the more earnestly and minutely our Liturgy is examined the more clearly its inherent light will be discerned, because we have sufficient faith to feel assured that in it enough is contained to satisfy all earnest cravings, therefore we can recognise to its full extent the measure of truth contained in the vague threatenings of Ingoldsby, and yet not fear the consequences which he describes: we can look over the bright spring blossoms at the dark cloud resting on the horizon, and say, not only fearlessly, but in assured hope, 'Not blight, but a most gracious rain.'

And, indeed, when we come to the more practical aspect of the subject, and endeavour to ascertain precisely the complaints which are embodied in this work, it is somewhat reassuring to find that only one alleged evil is prominently brought forward, and only one remedy suggested for its removal. The length of the service, the weariness consequent on this, the impossibility of the congregation joining fully in all its parts, and, above all (for Ingoldsby, whilst he can find nothing but hard words for dignitaries, has '*verba blandissima*' for other orders of the ministry), the hardship which it entails on the officiating minister—the impossibility of one clergyman, 'perhaps aged or infirm,' reading it impressively throughout—and the detriment which often ensues to the emphatic delivery of the sermon. And so in the chapter in which he gives us his own ideas of the changes which are most desirable, we find them comprised under twelve heads, of which we may give the following brief summary:—The separation of the different parts of the service, so that they should be read, 'either at different times on the same day, or differently on different Sundays.' A few not very important alterations in the Lessons, Gospels, and Epistles, and distribution of the Psalter. Then a demand which, probably, covers a good deal, 'That the occasional services, including the 'Catechism, should undergo a careful reconsideration, with a view, if possible, to meet the scruples of those who are offended at certain terms made use of therein, without compromising any vital article of Christian faith.' And lastly, 'that the Rubric should undergo a careful revision with a view to adopt it to the present system, and to alter such parts as are found practically inconvenient,' and also to alter 'a few obsolete words which might be better replaced by those now in use.' (Letter xxii. p. 153.)

So far, then, as these proposals by themselves are concerned,

there seems little to object to; on the expediency of many of them our readers probably will have various opinions, *provided that the case admitted of their being discussed upon their own merits, and that they were not bound up with any other considerations.* Many, for instance, would gladly see some variations in the Calendar of Lessons, some chapters altered in those selected from the Old Testament, and, considering the usual character of our congregations, permission given to read the Second Lessons from the Gospels at the afternoon or evening services, instead of always from the Epistles. As for the length of the service, it is doubtful if the public opinion is so unanimous on the point as Ingoldsby and his friends suppose. The services of dissenters we may suppose to be tolerably distinct indications of the popular will on this matter, and they seem to be commonly about the same length as our own; at least, in a large town the hours seem usually alike; the different streams of worshippers habitually unite in going to and returning from the various churches and meeting-houses. But these points have been already discussed in our pages,¹ and we see no reason to modify the opinions which were then expressed. What was then said on two of the subjects here discussed will meet the views of Ingoldsby, as well as those in answer to which they were written:—

‘It is now an established fact, that (speaking of the Sunday Morning Service) its component services may be used separately, wherever it may be desirable. Many town churches have already taken advantage of this permission, which comes now supported not only by the dictates of common sense, but by the express approval of the Bishops. Plainly, there is nothing in the Prayer-Book to forbid or discountenance this division of services.’

And again, speaking of so called ‘obsolete phrases’—

‘From having been used continually and generally, such phrases never become really obsolete. They present no difficulty even to the uneducated persons who fail to understand their exact meaning. Evidently, even on merely literary considerations, it would be a great mistake to obliterate these racy and idiomatic relics of our old English tongue. But they are valuable for higher reasons also. They are venerable from their age and familiar by long usage; they form a link between successive generations who have knelt in the same holy places, and joined in the same holy services. It would be a fatal error to abandon the time-honoured diction of the Prayer-Book, by modernizing and simplifying it, for the sake of attaining what is really unattainable,—a form of prayer lowered to the level of every one’s comprehension.’

We will but add to this a few words on two points, which seem to call for additional notice. The first is, the evident desire shown by Ingoldsby to add to the duration of the ser-

¹ The Revision of the Prayer-Book. No. cvii. vol. xxxix. p. 208.

mon whatever time may be gained by shortening that allotted to the service. We are told (p. 33), that no preacher of the Gospel to the poor could possibly compress his subject, so as to do it full justice, into less than half an hour. 'Some preachers would hardly exhaust it in an hour.' So far as this implies a desire for lengthened sermons, we feel sure that it does not represent the popular feeling on the subject. A lengthened service may be wearisome to some, but we feel sure that a lengthened sermon—a sermon aiming to go round the whole scheme of man's redemption—would prove a far more intolerable burden than any of those which all complain of under the present system. But again, we cannot but call attention to one, it seems to us, mistaken principle which underlies all Ingoldsby's arguments upon this portion of his subject. They all seem based upon the assumption that the service is simply for man's benefit; that the ease, the convenience, the temper of the worshipper, the good which he may feel palpably accruing to himself thereby, is the one great object to be considered in any ritualistic system. As he says, summing up his argument, 'I had been led to think, that half an hour, or even less—say a quarter of an hour or ten minutes—of deep, and earnest, and heartfelt prayer, were of more real value to the soul's health than the *opus operatum* of an hour and a half spent in church.' True; and we will add, if looked upon in that light, it might be more acceptable to Him to whom the prayer is made. But a very momentary thought will show us how much is left out here of that which forms the very germ and principle of all true idea of ritualistic worship. All is merged in the individual worshipper and his 'soul's health,' all is measured by the palpable benefit received by the offerer of prayer. Not one word is said of the glory of God; not one thought bestowed on the idea of the Church militant worshipping on earth in union with the everlasting worship of the Church invisible; not one expression used which is connected with the service as an offering of praise, a free-will offering to the Creator, an offering to be made as lavishly as the pouring of the costly ointment and the breaking of the alabaster box, as an outpouring of that love and gratitude in whose power only worship can assume its highest aspect, as a very forgetfulness of self, or rather a pouring out of self before the Holiest Presence, the adoring utterance of faith as, losing thought of further benefits, yea, losing self itself in wondering contemplation of the mercies given, it passes into rapt and most awful adoration of the source of all good to man. No liturgy, no ritualistic worship, can be based upon true principles, which makes the benefit directly received by the worshipper the central thought on which it turns, the measure

by which its service is allotted. None can embody the true idea of Christian worship whose *essence* is not in full free offering, made without a thought of gain, in simple thankfulness for His loving *mercy* and recognition of His very presence; none which does not repudiate the idea of self, as the germ and *essence* of its life. It is as untrue and shallow a conception of the real idea of Christian worship to speak of it entirely with reference to the uses of the worshipper, as it is to speak of this creation as if framed entirely and simply for the uses and the purposes of man, forgetful of the lesson which its Maker teaches in the glorious decorations, useless for man's purposes, which he has lavished on its every part, in the wonderful flora which bedecks, with very gorgeousness of beauty, the depths of tropic forests, under whose deep arches the echo of man's footsteps is unheard; in the creation of a little flower, to enamel the very snowline of the Alpine solitudes, where its simple beauty can gladden no beholders, save, it may be, the holy angels; it may be—we would speak with utmost reverence—even its Creator.

We have mentioned this because it is a principle which often seems omitted from the popular views on the subject of public worship and of ritualistic services. But to return to more practical details. It may perhaps be said, if the proposed alterations be so trivial, and some possibly not altogether inexpedient, or even undesirable in themselves, why not give way upon these points? What is the meaning of offering such a determined resistance to allowing even these to be made? Our answer is simply this, that admitting, for the sake of argument, that every change proposed by Ingoldsby is more or less desirable in itself, yet there is a great difference between a thing being in itself desirable, and desirable at all times, and under all circumstances, or so desirable as to make it a duty to seek for it at all possible hazards. Even a good thing may be purchased at a price which converts it into an evil; even a good end may be so encompassed with difficulties and dangers that a prudent man will consider it quite out of his reach. There may be greater wisdom in patiently submitting to an imperfection than to the risk that will follow on an attempt to remove it. Many a life has been lost in the attempt to remove a slight blemish by a surgical operation; many a constitution ruined in the effort to bring back the roses to a sallow cheek, or add lustre to the faded eye. And we cannot read Ingoldsby's book without feeling that the changes which he proposes, if they are at all to answer the ends which he has set before himself, must go far deeper than the structural, and enter on the doctrinal portion of the Prayer-Book. The purposes which he hopes to gain

cannot possibly be attained without entering on far deeper questions, and going into subjects far more important than the surface-matter of which he treats. He evidently proposes to set at rest those classes of objections which, under the cover of cavilling at a few words or phrases, are really levelled at the distinctive doctrines of the Church; he proposes, by verbal changes, and shiftings of chapters, and shortening of services, to satisfy those classes of objectors whose views are represented by the petition *which he quotes*, who couple in one sentence as ‘Romish doctrines and practices, auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the easy (*sic*) doctrine of baptismal regeneration,’ and pray that her Majesty will order ‘such a revision of the Prayer-Book as will destroy for ever the least shadow of a basis for the aforementioned doctrines and practices’ (p. 294). And even when he speaks in his own person, his words lead us to the same conclusions. Thus, he asks, ‘Have the confessional in Belgravia and the Battle of the Boyne (resting, as they profess to do, upon the *unaltered letter* of the Prayer-Book) been attended with no heart-burnings? Have Messrs. West, Poole, Bennett, Denison, Gresley, Randall, and Liddell met with no opposition?’ Thus, then, even from admissions like these, it is evident that the popular idea of the revision of the Liturgy has, with many, aims and objects which lie far deeper than the mere structural amendments which are usually and ostensibly alleged; it is evident, that the chief attacks on portions of the service alleged to be inexpedient, or words and phrases alleged to be ‘unscriptural,’ or liable to be misunderstood, are really as the one are symbols, the other exponents, of doctrines which are unpalatable in themselves, or from whose consequences men seem to shrink; it is clear that no change would conciliate those who now profess a kind of unwilling enmity to the Church, which left those doctrines still clearly proffered to believers as *the truth*, as portions of that great message which it is the Church’s mission to deliver over all the world. And if such reflection may well make us pause, and show us the necessity of great heed and caution in our proceedings, so a little reflection will show us how vain is the hope that any sacrifice of ritualism, that any amount of doubt or vagueness that may be cast round the distinctive doctrines which we hold, can really be expected to win over any great number of those who are now alienated from our fold. It is idle to suppose that earnest men have really left the Church on account of a service a few minutes longer than they thought expedient—of a few, as they conceived, ill-chosen lessons—of a few, so-called, obsolete words in the collects, or ill-expressed sentences in the Liturgy, except so far as therein are expressed

principles to which they object, and doctrines which they will not receive. It is undoubtedly the truth, that the spirit which really lies at the root of separation from the Church is not to be found in mere objections to her formularies, or even doubts about her doctrines, but must be sought for in dislike of all assumption to a distinctive and a separate commission—all claims to any special grace conferred upon its ministry—all pretensions to apostolic office, to apostolic functions, to apostolic authority, to apostolic powers of conveying and dispensing grace. It is this which really lies at the bottom of all dissent, and will continue even if the Church were to yield up to her opponents all definite expressions of doctrine, to abandon all dogmatic teaching, and give up her offices to be altered at their good, or evil, pleasure; this, which would still interpose a barrier against all real communion between the Church and the various communities of separatists, unless the Church were prepared to cease to be a Church at all, to descend on equal terms into the contending ranks, to give up all claims to the apostolic commission, to the priestly office, and to sacramental grace. Such is the real explanation of the result of the Savoy Conference, which is often so much regretted, as if an opportunity had been lost of reuniting a large body of Nonconformists to the Church, by yielding to their demands for change in apparently indifferent things. But those on the spot could see more clearly the real objections which were yet behind. In the words of a recent author :—

‘The Bishops . . . knew that it was in vain to assent to any real changes, for that, if they granted all the proposals of the ministers and altered all the ceremonies and phrases objected to, the Prayer-Book would still be deemed an intolerable burden, so long as its use in any shape was to be constantly and vigorously enforced. The Puritans required the free exercise of the gift of prayer in every part of public worship, and contended that *whatever alterations might be made in the book, it should be left to the discretion of the ministers to omit any part of its appointed services.*’—*Procter on the Common Prayer.*—P. 131.

Such were their feelings then, and such we believe to be their feelings now. It is a spirit which must be met by remedies very different from those which we have been just considering. If any great masses are to be won over to our side from the ranks of dissent, it must be, not by explaining away our distinctive doctrine, but by proving them to contain the truth; not by altering our Liturgy, to suit the prejudices and ever-varying objections of thoughtlessness or ignorance, but by practically asserting it to be the exponent of the deepest mysteries of revelation, the expression of the highest adoration. If the Liturgy is to win its way into the affections of the people, it must be, not by abandoning its principles, or shrink-

ing from its confessions of belief, but by throwing into its system that earnestness and energy and life which can be thrown into it by those, and those alone, who have accepted it after deep thought and in earnest faith and love. If its principles, its *rationale*, its symbolism, were only carefully studied, and habitually explained to our congregations, and clearly shown to be not merely old forms or unmeaning ceremonies, but living preachers of ever-living truths, then, we feel persuaded, and experience has shown, that the common class of objections, mostly arising as they do from thoughtless or ignorance, would soon, if not altogether silenced, be at least visibly diminished. If advantage be taken of the liberty which we do possess—if care be used to express the life, the earnestness, the beauty, and the holiness which really are inherent in our Ritual—if the proper distinctions are made between the different portions of the offices, instead of being rendered, as sometimes now, as one long sermon delivered by the officiating minister—if the people are invited to take their proper part in each—if the prayers are read simply, so as to evidence that the people are praying with the priest, and not the priest reading to the people—if the offices of praise be rendered so that the people can join in the full beauty of its choral melody—if the sermon be short and earnest, not a vague wandering over the whole scheme of redemption, but confining itself to one point at a time, and impressing that only upon the hearers, spoken above all, not as the mere individual opinions of a preacher, but as of one speaking with the Church's voice, by the Church's authority, by the Church's power to preserve and to express the truth committed to her charge—if, in short, our Liturgy were always rendered truly by true men, rendered faithfully by men who thoroughly believe in it themselves, it would be found that the slight objections to its details would soon vanish away, and all voice of murmuring be hushed in the expression of the beauty of its holiness.

Thus far, then, we seem to have arrived at the conclusion, that it is undesirable to concede to the demands of those whom Ingoldsby represents, not only because such concessions, to be of any practical use at all, must go far beyond the limits which are defined in his scheme, and draw largely upon those demands which we see dimly lurking in the distant background, but also because no way seems open to any large comprehension of those really earnest men who yet remain without the Church's fold, except by yielding the most vital truths which are committed to her charge, by such abandonment of her position as would be equivalent to a negation of all her character as a divinely-inspired body, and of her very existence as a Church. But

our last remarks seem to meet the case of a very different class, whose complaints are represented in this work, though far from being in any sense enemies, or even faint friends, either to the doctrine or the discipline of the Church.

Such will be found in almost every congregation—men earnest, pious, and God-fearing, conscientious in their daily life, earnestly desirous of doing what is simply right, attending regularly at public worship, but religious rather than devout; not confounding altogether public worship with private prayer, yet looking on the former rather as an act of homage than of adoration; not without a worthy sense of the Presence hallowing the house of God, yet not reaching on to any very fervent feelings, or quickened into any very lively emotion, in the worship which they sincerely offer, or by the Presence which they truly recognise. Such voices we recognise in Ingoldsby's complaints of the occasional weariness of the service, of the needless repetitions which occur in it, of the impossibility of preserving the attention undisturbed throughout it all; such would assent to Ingoldsby's avowed scheme of change, but protest earnestly against the further alterations which evidently, though not expressed, are in his mind; such desire, simply and sincerely, such a revision, only for the purpose of bringing the service into a length within the compass of what they deem their own powers of attention, of what they suppose the limits of their own faculties of rendering worship worthily. They do not desire any material alteration; they accept heartily the great truths of revelation as expressed in the formularies of the Church; they love the Ritual; they recognise the position of the Church as the commissioned teacher of the truth and minister of the worship of the redeemed. The Prayer-Book is dear to them, not only for its intrinsic merits, but for its long associations with all that has been best and holiest and most truly blessed in their lives; their complaint is rather of themselves than of the Liturgy; their grievance rather in their own weakness than in the heaviness of the burden laid upon them; their desire that no portion of the service may pass by without gathering their own personal offerings into the worship of the Church, without conveying individually to them their own portion of its blessing.

The changes that they seek are slight; they would not have the Liturgy so compressed as to lose its aspect of a worthy act of adoration; they would not have the sermon, like another Aaron's rod, swallowing up the whole service, absorbing into itself the whole idea of worship; still less would they tolerate such a revision as would leave one truth less definitely expressed, or one principle less decidedly maintained. Such calm and earnest voices we appear to hear among the mocking tones

and deceitful blandishments of Ingoldsby ; they deserve every attention ; and it would be, indeed, a great shortcoming in our Liturgy if it were not elastic enough to meet their honest wants, or satisfy their sincere requirements. But there is nothing in their case which may not be provided for by the Liturgy as it stands, if that liberty is used, which undoubtedly officiating ministers do possess, of separating its component portions into different services : the practical difficulty is in effecting such arrangements as may give the slightly shortened services which are required, without startling familiar associations by too sudden and entire a change, or giving too great a shock to old and long-established habits. Many of those arrangements which are in our power will perfectly meet all real wants, if they are effected carefully, in such a way as to consult the wishes of the congregation, and to prove that they are made, not out of mere desire of novelty, or as taking up the Shibboleth of any party in the Church, but with a simple and sincere desire for the welfare of the flock, as the results of wisdom and experience, and of thought patiently and earnestly given to the requirements of particular congregations. But there are two matters connected with this portion of the subject which, if habitually attended to, would probably remove many difficulties out of the way of those who are endeavouring to make our Ritual effective to its utmost extent. The first is, the establishment of such a free and hearty intercourse between the pastor and his flock as may enable him really to know their wants and grievances, and help them, in turn, to understand and to appreciate his motives—to discriminate between those things which may not be changed, and those in which liberty is possible. Too often that reserve, which is such a prominent feature in the English character, assumes its most morbid and unhealthy aspect, as it takes its place among the many hindrances to the working of the parochial system. The parish priest feels it almost a personal grievance when complaints are made of any portion of the Liturgy : the congregation seeing this, out of respect to what they deem his feelings, shrink from expressing their own in his presence, and cherish a concealed but deep dissatisfaction at some things which might easily be explained, and some which might as easily be remedied.

For the healthy action of the Church in ritualistic and in other matters, we want habits formed of free consultation, and mutual and unreserved communication, not only on personal subjects, but on those which concern the Church between the clergyman and his flock. On the one hand, we want the people to grow accustomed to bring their difficulties and alleged grievances to the clergyman without fear that the very existence of

such would cause him pain and be considered almost as a personal affront. On the other, we want the clergyman to learn to look these things in the face, to recognise their existence, to be able to hear of them without shrinking as from a painful topic, or as if the mention of them touched upon a subject on which he did not like to speak, and thus in which he felt some cause for hesitation or regret. A more habitual explanation of matters connected with our Ritual, both in the pulpit and in parochial intercourse; more habitual mention of the questions belonging to it, as of deepest interest, not to the clergy only, but to every Churchman; more habitual interchange of the causes of dissatisfaction on the one side, and the meaning and intention of proposed arrangements on the other, would remove many difficulties which now seem insuperable, and open paths to many improvements which at present appear almost unattainable. New Churches, too, in newly-formed districts, afford admirable opportunities for trying the practical effect of such separations of the different offices as may seem advisable. In such cases no formidable difficulties would be encountered from the existence of long-established habits, and the fruits of such experience might be brought, with all the prestige of a successful experiment, to bear upon the general system of the Church.

And secondly, the existence of these feelings points us to another want which also must be gradually supplied—the formation among Churchmen of habits of more constant devotion. The posture of devotion long continued is as wearisome and soon becomes as painful to the unaccustomed mind as to the unaccustomed body; both mind and body require to have their powers brought out by the training of habitual exercise before they can apply their real strength to doing any work perfectly, or framing any offering acceptably, as casting into it their very best. So it seems that we require some discipline of the devotional faculties to develop their capacities for taking up their part in the highest expression of the Church's worship; we want something, not belonging only to a few more ardent minds, but the property of all Churchmen, to fill up the gap between the shorter times of private prayer and the full offices of public worship. One of the needs of our day is, a more habitual attendance on Church services on week-days, as well as upon Sundays; a habit growing upon Churchmen of preparing themselves for the grand act of worship on the weekly festival, by frequent acts of worship on the other days; a quickened sense that the work of adoration is not to be considered as belonging only to one day in the week, but as belonging to all time, and hallowing all life. Churches more continually open; the week-day services rendered more habitual; and thus grow-

ing into quickened life, and fervency, and truth; their true position restored to our Wednesdays and our Fridays, our Rogation and Ember days; their true honour given to our fasts and festivals; where it may be, the faithful called to matins and to evensong: these, despite of Ingoldsby's sneers, seem to us the true way of meeting the class of outcries for the revision of the Liturgy, of which we are at this moment speaking; in these seem to us to lie the true remedy for the weariness, the true satisfaction for the requirements, of those who call for changes, not from impatience or from disloyalty, but from experience of their own weakness.

To conclude these remarks, as far as we can gather the ideal of a Liturgy fashioned as Ingoldsby would have it, we should have a Ritual whose distinctive feature would be intellectuality instead of adoration, whose central thought the benefit of man rather than the glory of God. We, too, have our ideal of a perfect Ritual; we, too, have a vision of what the Church should do, and yet may do, in the midst of us here in England. We will put our own ideal side by side with that of Ingoldsby, and leave our readers to decide which of them is most worthy of the Church of Christ, and most likely to be successful in the work which He has given it to do, in uniting to Himself the souls of His Redeemed. And first, as to the very outward structure and aspect of the Visible Temples in which this worship is to be offered, the framework and the building of our Churches. Here, too, we would have a 'revision' of which we find no trace in any portion of this book. We would have them drawing into themselves all that is high and grand and beautiful in nature and in art, and dedicating it anew as a worthy offering to Him who has made the Beautiful in Nature, and implanted in the mind of man his perception of the Beautiful in Art. We would have them taxing to the utmost the imaginings of the architect, embodying in enduring stone the noblest ideals of symmetry and grandeur and proportion. We would have them claiming as their own the sculptor's most perfect reproductions of the graceful and the beautiful, the highest aspirations of the poet and musician, the truest harmonies of colour, the glow and fragrance of the choicest flowers. We would have them testifying not to faith only, but to ear and eye and sense and feeling, that His own Holy Church is the true link between the Creator and His creatures, the means through which He receives their offerings, and, receiving them, is present, as a king in his audience-chamber, ordering that in their offering and in His receiving fresh links shall evermore be formed between His subjects and Himself. And so, too, with the Church, as we consider it not only as the medium through which humanity

offers up its worship to its Creator, but as the minister which that Creator has appointed to supply the needs and cravings of humanity. We would have our churches open at all hours, eloquent in their stillness even when no crowd of worshippers is there, calling in the wayfarer to remind him of that silent Presence which is with him in the anxieties of business, or amid the noise and din and turmoil of the crowded city, bidding him enter and refresh himself by a moment's silent thought and communing—felt the more distinctly to be personal, because solitary—with the Author and the Giver of all true good to man; offering him in those few lonely moments a realizing of that Presence, which may be with him through the long day's toil, and strength, which may keep him pure, holy, just, and loving, amid the temptations to impatience, unbelief, and sin, which, it may be, his very calling brings. And we would have their public services at once worthy offerings to Him to whom their offering is made, and (here, too, fulfilling the double ministry of the Church) addressing themselves to every mood of the human mind, and suiting themselves to every aspect of the ever-changing circumstances of human life. We would have the simple matin service hallowing the first hours of the day with its thoughts of prayer and praise, even as the sweet songs of birds usher in the dawns of the day of toil, on these bright mornings of the opening spring. We would have the Litany, with its solemn prayers and plaintive wailings, stirring to its very depths the conscience laden with unrepented sin, bearing the burden of man's guilt and sorrows up to the Cross itself, and speaking calm stillness to the mourner's fretfulness, as bringing to his view the agony still greater than his own, the sorrow such as other man hath never sorrowed, the burden beneath whose fearful weight no other human strength has bowed. We would have also, in their turn, the glad notes of thanksgivings the most glorious and praise most jubilant swelling upward to that throne 'where cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' repeating all the thankful gladness of humanity, catching up the tones which the touch of joy has struck out upon the inner chords of man's heart, expressing and echoing the believer's feelings as he reckons up his mercies; and while it presents his joy and gladness as thankofferings, while it sanctifies all joy and happiness by laying them down awhile in that Presence whence they come, so, too, bearing up with them the offerer himself into that very Presence, where only there is fulness of joy, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

And we would have the evening service close the day with its solemn reverent bidding to the true rest under the shadow of

those wings where evil cannot come ; its solemn commending of the past day, with all its sins and faults, to the mercies of that One whose eye has been on all its deeds ; its peace unutterable, rising like the evening dew in the believer's heart as it tells of the true rest out of labour, the true light out of darkness, the true refreshing out of weariness, the true home out of lonely wanderings, the true awaking out of sleep. This is our ideal, and it is nothing after all but a simple statement of what our Liturgy may be if faithfully, and therefore rightly, used. It offers nothing but what may be found in the Prayer-Book as it stands, without yielding up one of its great truths, or mutilating one of its time-honoured formularies, or letting drop one jewel out of that bright diadem which the wisdom and the piety of our forefathers, and the overruling mercy of the Lord of All, has placed upon our Church's head.

ART. III.—*History of the Modern Styles of Architecture: being a Sequel to the Handbook of Architecture.* By JAMES FERGUSSON. London: Murray. 1862.

THIS very interesting volume forms a worthy sequel to the two on ancient art by the same author, which appeared some years since.¹ Like those volumes, the present is a book rather for the general reader than for the workman; rather for those who interest themselves in architecture as a branch of art study, than for those who actually practise it. In saying thus much, we would not be understood in the least to detract from Mr. Fergusson's merits, but to state that the book appeals to a wider circle than to the narrow ranks of a profession. It is a volume which those who have travelled, and to whom the greater part of the buildings cited are well known, will appreciate as a convenient handbook for reference, either to refresh their memories or for the purpose of comparison, and one which will be even more valuable to those who have never wandered from home, and who will find here a conveniently accessible storehouse of information. And if the labour bestowed on this volume, compared with those which preceded it, has been less grateful to the writer—if he can find less pleasure in the structures which he now describes—if there are, compared with the two volumes of the Handbook, fewer spots in which he can linger with pleasure in the course of his labour of love, we must the more bear him the proud testimony that no less thought, no less assiduity of research, are bestowed on these pages than on those which went before. If the result is less satisfactory, the fault lies, not in the author, but in his subject, and we may well pardon him if he looks regretfully back to the—

Happy years, the pleasing shades,
The fields beloved in vain,

when architects, untrammelled by conventionalism, were not compelled to copy, but were permitted to think; when, unconscious of the laws of styles and orders, they consciously followed their predecessors, only to improve on them; when, unrestrained, they not only did what was right to their own apprehensions, but—rare and enviable destiny—were equally admired by their contemporaries and successors.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, No. XVII. July, 1857.

Mr. Fergusson commences his task by reminding us that the styles of building which have been described in the previous parts of the work may be called the True Styles, as distinguished from those which form the subject of the present volume, and which may be termed the Imitative Styles of architecture. The edifices of the first class were arranged only for the purpose of being useful, with such ornament as either grew naturally out of the construction, or was best suited to express the uses to which they were to be applied. Whether theoretically correct, whether elegantly decorated, or not, such buildings cannot fail to be purposelike and truthful, and, notwithstanding any defects, must possess some of the most important elements of architectural excellence. The Imitative Buildings, being designed on totally different principles, produce naturally different results on the mind of the spectator. Mere Utilitarian buildings of any age are truthful, of course, but any ornament which may be attempted in these later times is always borrowed, and the architect endeavours to reproduce the styles of a foreign country or of a past age, frequently of both. Even the form of the structure is more or less moulded on these elements, while the ornamentation seldom expresses the construction, and is rarely truthful to the purpose which the building was designed to fulfil. The first result of this is that we can never know by whom a building was planned. It may be a new church, Salem chapel, or a new corn hall, but the design alone will not tell us, whether it was not the work of Greek, Roman, or Mediæval hands, instead of those of the last century, unless we know its history, or unless, which is most probable, some slovenliness of construction, or inevitable modern expedient, betray the age or the author. Hence, too, it follows, that the closer the copy, the higher the praise. The main object of an architectural design has too frequently been to mimic exactly some older structure, regardless whether or not the uses for which the original was built were those for which the modern edifice was intended. Hence, since the date of the Reformation, and since the time when the classical revival invaded architecture, the element of truthfulness is wanting in most of the buildings of Europe. S. Peter's at Rome, S. Paul's in London, are alike imitations of classical art which they follow without literal copyism. Servile copies have been produced in great abundance in later times, and the Walhalla and the Madeleine have alike shown how even the most careful transcripts fail to attain the impossible merit of original designs. This want of truthfulness prevents us from looking on these buildings—

‘ With the same satisfaction as we do on those of the True Styles ; and we never dare to draw conclusions from either their style or their forms,

as to the age in which they were built, or the purposes to which they may have been dedicated ; nor can we ever feel sure that the construction we see is a necessary part of the design, and not put there because something like it was placed in a similar situation for some other purpose in some other age.

‘All this not only destroys one half the pleasure we experience in contemplating the buildings of a more truthful style, but it degrades architecture from its high position of a quasi-natural production to that of a mere imitative art. In this form it may be quite competent to gratify our tastes and feelings, but can never appeal to our higher intellectual faculties ; and what ought to be the grandest and noblest of the fine arts sinks below the level of painting and sculpture ; for though these last are naturally inferior, they retain at the present day that truthfulness which the other has lost, and, though now generally ranked with them, in reality architecture excites less interest than they do.’

That the art has lost all ethnographic significance is the inevitable result of what has been stated. It is certainly not impossible that Mr. Fergusson may actually have beheld in the flesh the vision which he describes : ‘an Egyptian obelisk being ‘erected in front of a Grecian portico in Portland cement, ‘alongside of a new Norman parish church, to which they are ‘attaching a school-room in Middle Pointed Italian.’ That such things may be shows the low ebb to which artistic feeling has dropped at the present time. But though we cannot hesitate to assent to the truth of the historical statement which forms the introduction to Mr. Fergusson’s volume, of which we have here presented a summary, yet we hope that we may trace in some of the later works, which he stigmatises as mere copies, signs that a better day may yet be in store for architectural artists.

But we must follow Mr. Fergusson’s introduction, which naturally leads us first to Italy, the centre of the classical revival. The volume is so richly stored with what is interesting, that we desire to take as far as possible the course which our writer has traced out, that our survey, brief as it necessarily must be, may give within its narrow limits as complete an idea as possible of the nature of the work :—

‘It must also be borne in mind that the revolution in architectural art took its first rise in Italy, and especially at Rome, which was then the spiritual, as it had once been the imperial, capital of Europe. To the Italians it was not the discovery of a strange or foreign art : their language was almost that of the ancient conquerors of the world ; their country was the same ; the revival was hailed as a burst of patriotism, claiming for their ancestors the glory of having enlightened, as it was admitted they had ruled, the world ; and priest and layman joined heart and hand in asserting the indefeasible right of Rome to be considered as the mistress of the world in all ages. Deeply as we are imbued by education with admiration for classical literature, we can hardly appreciate the enthusiasm which swelled the breast of the modern Roman on discovering in the pages of

Livy the great and glorious events which had been enacted within the walls of his own native city, or the feelings with which he read in the books of Tacitus the gorgeous but gloomy pictures of imperial greatness which have immortalized the palace of the Cæsars, whose remains still stood before his eyes. He could read Cicero on the very spot where his orations were delivered, and look down from the Capitol on that Forum which had given laws to the world, and over that city which had been before, and was then, the greatest and most illustrious of the universe. In so far as architecture was concerned, the Roman had daily before his eyes the Pantheon and the Temple of Peace, the gorgeous remains of the Imperial Thermæ, and the Palace of the Cæsars; the porticoes of innumerable Temples were then standing, and the Flavian Amphitheatre, more perfect then than now, was known as the greatest architectural wonder of the world.'

... 'From Rome the contagion spread rapidly to the rest of Italy. There was not a city in the peninsula which was not hallowed by some memory of Roman greatness, not one that was not even then adorned by some monument that called back the memories of the past, and reminded the citizens how beautiful the arts of the classical age had been. The patriotism which is now stirring the depths of the Italian mind is but a faint reflex of that enthusiasm with which Italy, in the fifteenth century, reclaimed the inheritance of the Cæsars; and in addition to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the world, which was then the undisputed prerogative of her great capital, she claimed for her language and her arts their pre-eminence over those of all other nations.'

Mr. Fergusson reminds us that in Italy, which forms the subject of his first book, the architecture of the Renaissance was moulded by artistic as well as by classical influences. The art of painting, the great revival of which had preceded by some two centuries the revival of classical learning, could not fail to exercise great power over the sister art of construction, and buildings were planned rather to be the subjects of pictorial decoration than to be adorned by architectural skill. The Sistine Chapel, and the Chapel of the Arena at Padua, are perhaps as extreme instances as any which can be cited of such buildings. And though devoid of any constructional sublimity, they yet surpass the most theoretically perfect in their deeper interest. But in our judgment on these structures, the manner of their building has scarcely any place. The genius of Giotto and Michael Angelo would have rendered even plainer and less beautiful buildings (if such were possible) more splendid than any embodiment of mechanical skill. We feel, as we gaze at the designs which have been to age after age the sources of inspiration and the centres of regard, that while criticism reverently spares the casket of the jewel, it is impossible for feebler men to tread in such paths with success. The buildings, however, specially dignified by this method of decoration must be always few, limited by the rareness of great painters. Men who could creditably execute cornices and mouldings, which might be ruled out almost without labour, which might be

carved almost without thought, were so much more frequently to be found than even third-rate artists, that architects speedily betook themselves again to the easier and more legitimate methods of structural decoration. But yet the painters of Italy, as a body, left their mark in many a well-designed edifice; and though Mr. Fergusson is probably correct in stating that, in their buildings, they sacrificed too much to picturesqueness, yet we can scarcely agree with him in thinking that they assisted architecture in its course of decay more than, or even as much as, their professional brethren.

The portions of Mr. Fergusson's book which deal with what is more strictly modern architecture are those with which we feel most concern, yet we cannot pass by this earlier part of it without some notice. As we turn over the pages, a kind of panorama of all the most striking buildings of modern Europe rises before our eyes. Among them we find the course of the construction of S. Peter's at Rome chronicled, and its gradual development from Bramante's plan—the simplest of the many proposed for the reconstruction of the Basilica—to the greater picturesqueness of that of San Gallo, and, finally, to the daring design of Michael Angelo. Had the building remained as the last-mentioned architect planned it—a Greek cross—many of its defects would have been comparatively inconspicuous. But the lengthening of the nave by Maderno injures the effect of the dome—by far the most striking feature of the structure—internally; and, externally, in many points of view, it makes what should have been the dominant feature completely unimportant. One of Mr. Fergusson's woodcuts, from a photograph, shows how much the dome is hidden by the long flat roof and meaningless façade when seen from the Piazza in front—a fact which one is apt to forget when looking at the gorgeous representations of Piranesi. Many engravings are given of secular buildings in Rome; we may cite the Collegio della Sapienza, the work of Giacomo della Porta—a design so devoid of ornament that one hardly knows why so plain a building is pleasing at all; and the Cancelleria, one of Bramante's most celebrated designs—a structure free from bad taste, but showing painfully how little, even in the hands of such a master in construction, a resuscitation of a classical style of architecture is adapted to the habits of modern life. A far more beautiful edifice, said to be by the same hand, is the dome of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, where the architect felt himself less trammelled by conventionalism, and, consequently, worked with more spirit and freedom. We have often wondered why this building has been so little admired, and can only suppose that travellers hasten by it with such eagerness to gaze and won-

der at the Cenacolo that they cannot spare a look for its neighbour.

From Rome, Mr. Fergusson turns to Upper Italy, where four cities—Venice, Genoa, Florence, Vicenza—may pre-eminently be called cities of palaces. The first claims our most careful attention. There Gothic lingered the longest, and, even after being deposed from pre-eminence, retained a hold over the principles of decoration, and gave unusual vitality to the incoming Renaissance. Mr. Fergusson gives, among other drawings of the later edifices of Venice, an engraving of the Vandramini Palace—a building which contrasts, in the most marked manner, with the two Roman examples just cited. We see in it the work of a man who handled classical details as if they had been his own invention, and not borrowed ornaments. We do not see comfort sacrificed to elegance, or mere unmeaning decoration lavished without any grace, simply to cover a certain amount of surface, but the whole design is rich and varied—a building not too good for ordinary use, and yet brilliant enough to look in keeping with the brightest pageant that was ever celebrated within its walls or flaunted along the Canal Grande—a building which shows us what Renaissance architecture might have become had it been carried on by a race who could have risen to a real mastery of the methods they employed, instead of dwindling into mere copyism with the advance of time. The inner court of the Doge's Palace and the Library of S. Marco tell us the same story; while in many others, as the elegant Camerlinghi Palace and the great mass of the Pesaro Palace, the over-gorgeous richness of the design, though wanting in purity, is handled with a vigour so refreshing that it reminds one how gradual was the decay of the departing spirit of the great mediæval capital of mercantile enterprise.

Genoa, the great rival of Venice in her mercantile supremacy, rivals her also in palatial magnificence. The narrow, dark streets—lanes they might almost be called—of the 'Proud City,' want the poetic features of the Queen of the Adriatic. Dingy pavement ill supplies the place of the bright waves which bring reminiscences of freshness of the sea into the meanest courts of Venice; but yet, in some respects, even narrowness and darkness have advantages of their own; and when the details of the Royal Palace, the Municipality, and the little Brignola Palace, are exhibited in all their crudeness, it is impossible not to feel how much each building gains by being seen, as it is, in contiguity with its neighbour, and how greatly the close grouping of each mass adds to the general effect.

The difference between the Governments of Venice and Florence were not more striking than those of the civic structures of the two cities. Solemn and vigorous in style, the earlier palaces of the fair city on the banks of the Arno yet wear an aspect almost of severity which one would not have expected under the more Southern sky. Other cities possess buildings more magnificent and more brilliant, but no domestic architecture, that we know of, equals in stately manliness the earlier palaces of Florence. The gradual declension of the style from the early power of the Riccardi and Pitti palaces is well marked in Mr. Fergusson's pages, and there is great justness in his remarks, that the vast scale on which these magnificent dwellings were planned rendered it less easy for successors to achieve distinction in the same field.

'The style is only appropriate to the residence of princes as magnificent as the old Florentine nobles were, and cannot be toned down to citizen and utilitarian uses, though worthy of the warmest admiration, as we find it employed in the province where it was first introduced.'

Vicenza, a city possessing a style of its own sufficiently characteristic to have acquired not merely a local, but a European reputation, unlike Venice, Genoa, and Florence, which owe their beauty to the labours of successive generations, has derived this distinction mainly from the energies of one man, the well-known Palladio. Celebrated as this name has become in other lands, it was within the limits of his native town that his energies have left, if not their greatest, at least their most abiding mark. He had the good fortune, too, to be succeeded by Scamozzi, to whom the Piazza di San Marco, at Venice, owes much of its beauty. The labours of these two distinguished men have impressed Vicenza with a character such as few cities of Northern Italy possess. The sternness of Florence, the pride of Genoa, the magnificence of Venice, are not in their way more remarkable than the decorations of this little provincial town, whence has proceeded the type which mainly governed domestic architecture in Europe for some two centuries. And if there is not in Palladio's work the gigantic power of some of his contemporaries, we shall find the cause of his influence not so much in the correctness of the details as in the elegant thoughtfulness and refined taste which seem never to have deserted him. Great defects mar most, perhaps all, of his designs. The ornamental work frequently fails to coincide with the construction; we gaze at the figures which so often crown the cornices with wonder why they have climbed so high, and how they can indulge in those contrasted attitudes at such dangerous elevations; and we feel a kind of sorrow in perceiving how the thoughtful, refined artist who designed works so elegant

- and frequently so beautiful, failed to carry through the impossible task which he laboured to perform, to adapt to the requirements of modern life the architecture natural to men, habits, and times completely different from his own. And if such a man failed, who can hope to succeed?

It is curious to compare the influence of an artist in a small town on the 'Terra Firma' of Venice with that of a monarch in the capital of Bavaria. Ludwig I. had certainly, in most senses, greater advantages than Palladio. The resources of a kingdom were at his command. While the architect had to employ stucco instead of marble, and wood where even brick and stucco were too dear, the monarch was hampered with none of these difficulties. The artist was sometimes compelled to insert a story in the basement or the attic of his edifice to suit the requirements of his employer, to place his designs in narrow streets, on that very plot which the Noble Family, his employers, claimed as their own; the king could clear the ground and straighten the thoroughfares, and widen the 'place' where the plan of the building necessitated it. And yet, with what result? That Munich looks only like the model-room of an architectural academy, where one pupil has been ordered to try his hand on Roman, another on Byzantine, a third on Gothic composition. Most of the buildings are theoretically correct, but there are none which, except from curiosity, one would ever care to look at twice. Even in the imperfection of Vicenza, there is a greater beauty than in the technical perfection of the Glyptothec, the Ludwigstrasse, or the Ruhmeshalle. The one is a city of original works, buildings in an imperfect style—a style inferior to the architect's ability, but still elegant and thoughtful in design. The other is a city of copies, executed without regard to their appropriateness to the present age—works of the line and the level, not of the brain and the heart.

We could wish a page or two more had been bestowed on Verona and the works of Sammichele, but we can do more than say that much of what is remarkable in Milan, Mantua, Turin, and Naples, will be found noticed in their due places. The survey given by Mr. Fergusson of the great peninsula of Western Europe, though slight, is very interesting. He observes, very justly—

'That up to a very recent period all architectural travellers in Spain were so fascinated by the elegance and picturesqueness of the Moorish remains of Granada and Seville, or Cordova, that they could not be persuaded to look beyond.'

Recently, however, some attention has been paid to the principal Gothic buildings, but the 'very unfashionable styles' of

the Renaissance have hitherto been deemed beneath the attention of most inquirers. It appears, however, that—

‘As far as the Renaissance is concerned, it is only the first burst of it that is really worthy of much attention. The first symptoms of the new style displayed themselves during that period of exultation and of pride that followed on the fall of Granada, and the union of all Spain under the glorious tutelage of Ferdinand and Isabella. It continued to flourish till nearly the death of Charles V., a period during which Spain, from her discovery of the New World, and the position of her monarchs as the greatest sovereigns of Europe, combined with the energy of the great men who then illustrated her councils, stood forward practically as the leading nation of Europe. The enthusiasm and exultation of the first half of the sixteenth century are well expressed in the buildings of that age, but they perished under the iron rule of Philip II. During the reign of this monarch nothing was thought of by him but the extension of his dominions, by whatever means this might be attained. The priesthood were bent on the acquisition of that power which the intolerance of the Spanish character and the dread of innovation enabled them to accumulate, and the laity were engrossed in the pursuit of those riches which the discovery of the New World had opened up to them. Art was not likely to flourish in a nation so occupied.’

The Spaniards of the seventeenth century descended into lower depths and ‘broke out into a wildness of style which ‘out-Herods the absurdities of Borromini, or the most meretricious examples of the Louis Quatorze style. The forms ‘then used were such as are now relegated to the carver and ‘gilder, and no single instance of anything like grandeur of ‘conception can be quoted.’

Portugal presents few features of interest. In Lisbon, the great earthquake, like the devastations caused by Cromwell’s Ironsides in England, is called into requisition to cover all architectural deficiencies.

In France, as in Italy, one is continually tempted to linger in turning over Mr. Fergusson’s pages. Renaissance architecture, when introduced to the lands north of the Alps, was an importation at a time when the style had acquired some completeness. It found, too, a people, in great measure, prepared to submit to its sway. Flamboyant Gothic was already declining, when, to compete with it, Francis I. summoned the new style in the full power of its strength, marshalled by such leaders as Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Primaticcio, and Serlio. Who can wonder if the native art, feeble and decrepid, faded away before such exalted patronage and such high ability? The new current, however, mingled slowly with the main stream. S. Eustache, at Paris, is an example well-known to most English people. One of the earliest specimens of Renaissance Art in France commenced only a quarter of a century later than S. Peter’s at Rome; it is still Gothic in principle, but every detail is borrowed from Classical Art. The result, though

generally elegant, is far from completely satisfactory. One perceives, as it were, the contest between the two styles, each struggling for mastery: the *motif* belongs to the one, the execution belongs to the other, and the discrepancy between the two is obvious in every line. Church-building, however, was not a pursuit overmuch encouraged by the gay monarch who then ruled France, or by many of his successors. As a proof, Mr. Fergusson's reminds us that—

‘The great work of Du Cerceau, for instance, published in 1576, contains illustrations of thirty of “les plus excellens bastimens de la France,” but he does not include one single church in his collection. In Mariette's famous folio work there are plans and details of one hundred palaces and civil buildings, but only very imperfect notices of eight Parisian churches.’

We must look mainly to the château and the palace for examples of the reigning fashion in architecture. Fontainebleau is one of the earliest of those works. Here Italians were principally employed on the design; but though the general effect is picturesque, the details are often unpleasing and ill understood. The château at Chambord was more fantastic and more Gothic in feeling. There are also to be found many other specimens, like the Episcopal Palace at Sens, and the house called that of Agnes Sorel at Orleans, which display considerable elegance in their composition, and apply classical methods to modern requirements with much ability. We have often wondered why architects have so much overlooked examples of this kind. Riom is a little city quite full of them, and well worthy the attention of the young architect. The château at Blois, which belongs to a date after these examples, is cold and classical. In looking at it we perceive that architecture had entered on that track of degradation which finally conducted it to the unmeaningness of Versailles—of all the palaces in Europe, probably the largest and the least dignified. Mr. Fergusson truly says, that a considerable effort of thought is required to discover how large a pile the structure is, and this, not from the completeness of the proportions, but from the poverty of the design. Of all the great palaces of France, however, the united Tuileries and Louvre are the best known to the general observer, the most truly typical of French architecture since the date of the Renaissance. To study them and to understand the sequence in which one part of the construction succeeded the other, is to learn the history not only of an art, but of the great nation of whose brilliant capital the united palace forms the most noteworthy feature. Commenced at a time when Gothic was still a style in natural use, and completed only, as it were, yesterday, there is hardly an epoch in French history since the first stone was laid which is not com-

memorated in the structure. From the days when Serlio was summoned to supply, or more probably to overlook, the plans, to those when M. Visconti was called on to finish, how many architects have tried their hands on the design; the deeds of how many generations are inseparably connected with the work! From Francis I. and Catherine de Medici to Louis Philippe and the present Emperor, almost every Government in France has set its mark on the building. The old monarchy—the restored monarchy—the first and second revolutions—the first and second empires—have all contributed to the store of traditions, and most of them to the pile itself. Of the whole design, there can be no doubt that the oldest portion, the Court of Louvre itself, is the most beautiful. The eastern front, with its long line of coupled columns, possesses great elegance, though somewhat cold and formal. The great gallery of the Tuileries, and the garden front of that palace, are far inferior to the original design. Of the works which have recently completed the edifice it is impossible to speak with praise; they are enormous, but not magnificent, highly decorated, but not beautiful.

The period of the first Empire is marked by many striking buildings, all in the strictly classical style, a method which requires for its standard of perfection one only quality—that everything shall be copied. The Madeleine, the Bourse, the Palace of the Corps Legislatif, are the most typical buildings of this class at Paris. No one can deny each of these a certain merit. You cannot doubt that the great structure is a great public building which looks dignified and was probably very expensive, but you must not expect, and certainly would not find, any attempt to render the aspect of the edifice appropriate to the purposes for which it was designed, or even the wants of those who are to use it. The present Empire has been more occupied with restorations and reconstructions than with original designs, except in the case of the Louvre, and much street architecture in Paris and many of the larger provincial cities. Here and there a building appears in which the architect has allowed himself to be guided by common sense and not by conventionalism. The Library of S. Geneviève, and the façade of the Terminus of the Strasburg Railway in Paris, are cited by Mr. Fergusson as specimens of this nature. To this merit they are certainly entitled. We wish it were possible to speak with as much pleasure of the examples given in street architecture, which may be taken as fair average specimens of the prevailing style; and that we could consider that they give much hope for the future of architecture. Some are more decorated than others, and there is a feeling for light and shade, and a certain refinement about most of them; but we

may wander miles and miles along the nearly uniform streets without seeing a design with a spark of originality, or in which the builder has successfully grappled with that crux of the commercial architecture of the day, the common shop-window. These buildings are the dwelling-houses of a rich and luxurious city, but the architects, in planning them, appear to have felt a necessity for ornament rather than to have displayed skill in its application, or power of design.

Our own country occupies a considerable space in Mr. Fergusson's pages. He cannot, however, be accused of having shown any undue partiality in the space allotted to it, or any undesirable tenderness towards the architects who are his countrymen. At the head of the list of our Renaissance artists stands the honoured name of Inigo Jones. A few buildings had, however, been erected in the then prevailing fashion before his time, of which Longleat, built from the designs of John of Padua (1567—1579), is a very beautiful specimen. Wollaton House, by an English architect of the name of Smithson, about the same date, is also pleasing, though less pure in detail. In both of them, however, the Renaissance methods are applied with 'a difference,' racy of the English soil on which they are constructed. The power of Inigo Jones's mind is shown by the manner in which he avoided direct copying and most of the evils of mannerism. He studied at Rome at a period when architecture had already begun to decline from the stricter thoughtfulness of the earlier Renaissance, but there is little caprice and much purity in his designs. He has not been fortunate in the fate of his principal works. Later times would doubtless have considered his additions to old S. Paul's incongruous incrustations, had their existence not been cut short by the catastrophe which prepared the way for the labours of Wren. The Banqueting House at Whitehall is the mere fragment of a magnificent design. In constructing S. Paul's, Covent Garden, he was sorely hampered both by directions and restrictions. His other works are placed where they must be little known, and his reputation has suffered not a little from the works of inferior artists being imputed to him. There is, however, much sweetness and simplicity, joined, as is not unfrequently the case in noble natures, with great grasp of mind, in all he did. And if there are defects in the design of Wilton House, it is common sense itself in comparison with the unmeaning structures with which many of his successors have since encumbered the soil of England. Mr. Fergusson has divided a chapter between Jones and Wren, and we may well feel thankful to him for the judicious selection from their designs which he has made. In particular, the portion devoted

to the description of S. Paul's is remarkably careful. It is quite true that in the construction of the building Wren has, whenever the mechanical difficulties of his task conflicted with the artistic requirements—whenever, in fact, a sacrifice was necessary either of strength or of elegance—invariably made the latter give way to the former. But we are far from feeling this to be a cause of censure to any architect. Rather, he is to be praised who, where it was impossible to reconcile rival claims, at some sacrifice to his reputation as an artist, satisfied all the requirements of the engineer. While many later buildings have required frequent reparation and constant watching, while some have even crumbled into dust under the weight of their own materials, it is remarkable how free the great Cathedral of London has been from such calamities. In almost every respect, except that of size, S. Paul's externally contrasts successfully with its great rival at Rome; the enormous expanse of the dome of S. Peter's within gives that building an almost unsurpassed stateliness; but were S. Peter's stripped of the decorations which encrust its walls, we greatly doubt whether the verdict would be as frequently in its favour as now. The steeple of Bow Church is justly cited as a brilliant specimen of elegant and bold construction. Equal praise cannot be given to the Western Towers of Westminster Abbey. Still, in all that Wren did we find the traces of a careful mind, and of a master of construction. Had he been allowed fair scope, his rearrangement of the plan of London after the great fire would probably have been the most striking monument of his ability. Even now, though hampered by local difficulties and municipal obstructions, he has set a mark on the metropolis, which will be remembered as long as that city endures, which also has gone far to redeem it from the monotonous ugliness which appears to be the threatened fate of modern capitals. We shall better understand the merits of Wren if we compare him with his successors, of whom Hawksmoor and Gibbs were the most meritorious. Hawksmoor was the architect of S. George's, Bloomsbury, and of a church which, if less often seen, has been much more talked of within the last few years, S. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Fergusson, who can find somewhat to admire in the former building, admits of the latter, 'The result, however, 'is far from being satisfactory, and the term vulgar expresses 'more correctly the effect produced than perhaps any other 'epithet that could be applied to it.' Gibbs' greatest work was S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the portico of which possesses a kind of stately magnificence well suited to the position it fills. He was also the architect of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, a building more original in design, though less successful altogether,

than the one just named. Vanbrugh, Kent, and Chambers, carried on the succession. The great mansion of Blenheim is always connected with the first of these names. 'To build a 'monumental palace in a noble park, and on such a scale, and 'backed by a nation's purse,' was an opportunity which few have possessed. But Vanbrugh was not an artist equal to the occasion, and though the plan is vast, and 'the sky line is pleasingly broken,' even friendly criticism can find but little to admire in the enormous edifice. Kent, though never entrusted with a building of equal importance with this, was more fortunate in his friendship with the Earl of Burlington. Whether Burlington House owes its elegant colonade to the artist or his patron, it is one of the most exquisite adornments that any town house can boast. H. Walpole's judgment on it is well known: 'It seemed to me one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night time.' Somerset House was Chambers' greatest work: though not characterised by much originality, the design never offends against good taste. The decline of the art after these architects had passed away was even greater than during their lives. Few will pause to inquire the names of those who constructed the buildings, public and private, of England from 1750 to 1820. Turning over the pages of this portion of Mr. Fergusson's work reminds one more of looking over a set of old 'fashion' books, or Gilray's caricatures than anything else. Buildings constructed 'without regard to expense' present almost every feature which convenience or architectural fitness would lead men naturally to avoid. Porticoes, which would do honour to a Grecian temple, are applied to a design to render it classical to the mind's eye and inconvenient to the inhabitant, and pretentious ornament takes the place of almost any pretence to utility. The architects of this time found much employment in constructing country houses, most of which deserve Lord Chesterfield's verdict of being—

'Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat,
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.'

'There were, probably, at least a couple of hundred of these 'great manorial mansions erected in England and Scotland 'during the course of the eighteenth century,' says Mr. Fergusson. 'Yet among the whole of them there is not one 'which will stand comparison, for one moment, with the grandeur of the Florentine palaces, the splendour of those of Rome, 'or the elegance of those of Venice. Their style is the same, 'their dimensions are equal, their situations generally superior; 'but from one cause or other they have all missed the effect

'intended to be produced, and not one of them can now be 'looked upon as an entirely satisfactory specimen of architectural art.' Contemporary common sense had anticipated this verdict. Dr. Johnson, after seeing Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire, one of the 'most successful productions' of the brothers Adam, who were fashionable architects of the day, wrote thus in his diary:—

'1774, July 19. We went to Kedleston to see Lord Scarsdale's new house, which is very costly, but ill-contrived. The hall is very stately, lighted by three sky-lights; it has two rows of marble pillars, dug, as I hear, from Langley, in a quarry of Northamptonshire; the pillars are very large and massy, and take up too much room; they were better away. Behind the hall is a circular saloon, useless, and therefore ill-contrived. The corridors that join the wings to the body are mere passages through segments of circles. The state bed-chamber was very richly furnished. The dining parlour was more splendid with gilt plate than any that I have seen. There were many pictures. The grandeur was all below. The bed-chambers were small, low, dark, and fitter for a prison than a house of splendour. The kitchen has an opening into the gallery, by which its heat and fumes are dispersed over the house. There seemed in the whole more cost than judgment.' Three years after, the doctor visited the place again, and was put in mind of having 'appeared pleased with the house while he had thought it injudiciously laid out; but that,' said he, 'was when Lord Scarsdale was present; politeness obliges us to appear pleased with a man's works when he is present. No man will be so ill-bred as to question you. You may, therefore, pay compliments without saying what is not true. I should say to Lord Scarsdale of his large room, "My Lord, this is the most *costly* room that I ever saw;" which is true.'

Architecture in the States of Germany ran nearly the same course as the contemporary Art in England, except that French influence has generally more powerfully propagated the rococo taste of the time of Louis XIV. The classical revival, too, in Germany appears more like a reflex of the sentiments of Paris than that change of opinion which was promoted with us by those studies which culminated in the works of the 'Athenian' Stuart. The new museum at Berlin, by Shinkel, is a vast and pretentious building which may rank in merit and in defects as to copyism and convenience with the British Museum. The Bauschule, in the same city, of which Mr. Fergusson gives a wood-cut, contrasts pleasingly with the New Museum. Very deficient as it is in many respects, with little more design than an apprentice could have executed in half an hour with a T square

and compasses, it has the saving merits of truth and appropriateness.

The slight survey which we have thus endeavoured, in a cursory manner, to make of the main part of Mr. Fergusson's book, will give our readers some idea of the great industry with which the leading features of architecture in Europe during the last two centuries are noted down in its pages. Besides those countries which we have enumerated, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, Russia, America, and even India, receive careful consideration. It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of the research and the care bestowed on the subject by the author, and, in the main, of the general impartiality shown in the various 'summings up' preparatory to the verdicts recorded on the fleeting fashions as, one by one, they pass in review before him. The whole course of description followed in the book leads us finally to the question, What is the state of architecture at the present time in modern Europe, and especially in England? What are our architects doing? and whither are their studies likely to lead them? Are we (and not only we, are all architects of all nations) to be henceforward copyists only? If we cannot originate, can we hope to domicile any style among us, to be a National Style once more? Nor is this a trivial question; it cannot be a matter of mere indifference to any thoughtful person what the dwelling places of the nation are. That the homes of the people will have always a great effect on their lives is a truism of old. But we are not now speaking of the evil results arising from the crowded house or the damp cottage, which no care can render comfortable, which no thoughtfulness can render decent, but rather of the influence which must, to a considerable extent, be produced on the educated classes by the cities they dwell in.

Mr. Fergusson's judgments are always severe, and frequently well-founded. A copy does not rise to more than the merits of a copy, whatever it may imitate; but we really must pause before we admit the sweeping censure contained in his statement, that none of 'our best modern churches attain to 'greater truthfulness or originality of design than exists in 'the Walhalla, or buildings of that class.' This may be allowed where one building, be it Gothic, or be it Romanesque, is a mere transcript of another building—a mere re-construction in fact. But we think it is scarcely open to doubt whether English architects, in applying so much to the past as they do, are not in reality following the only course which could possibly lead them to ultimate success. Mr. Fergusson repeats, in the introduction to this volume, the same complaint that he uttered in the first, that while the useful arts have been carried forward

step by step by the repeated efforts of unknown labourers, architecture ceases to advance, because the progress made by the individual is not available for the assistance of his successor. 'It is bit by bit, hour by hour, year by year, that our agriculture has been converted from the rude processes of our forefathers to the high farming of the present day, that the galley of the Edwards has been developed into the *Warrior* or the *Persia*, or that the narrow bridges of the mediæval architects have been superseded by the spacious arches of London Bridge or the fairy framework that spans the Tamar.'

In the art of architecture Mr. Fergusson laments that different laws prevail. 'What a man learns in his lifetime dies with him, and his successor has to begin at the beginning, and, following what may be a totally different track, their careers neither assist nor probably even cross each other.' We cannot see how this can ever be, or can ever have been, otherwise. The genius which inspires a noble mind must perish at the allotted time; the mantle must descend without the gift unless the servant of the prophet be worthy to receive the calling. To be the daily companion or even the son of the greatest artist the world ever saw is of no avail, unless the pupil possesses kindred powers of mind; and yet, though genius cannot descend as an heirloom from the teacher to the taught, the learner may acquire technical knowledge from constant acquaintance with superior models, even in an art like architecture, in precisely a similar manner as in the practice of any mechanical trade. Further than this, instruction in æsthetic art cannot go; and to the advantage of some such system as this must be ascribed the superiority, in many points of constructional detail, which the buildings of the present day possess over those of thirty years ago, and the growth of the school of art workmen whose existence even Mr. Fergusson admires as a sign of promise.¹ Mr. Fergusson, comparing architecture with other arts, says:—

'In the present day any man can know more of astronomy or optics than was known to Newton, or can be a better chemist than Sir Humphrey Davy. Any mechanic can make a better steam-engine than Watt, or a better power loom than Crompton; and it requires no special ability to build a better ship or bridge than any that were built in the last century.'

Granted that all this is true—and we are not in the least prepared to concede it—still, a second Davy or Newton would

¹ Among many kindred proofs of the spread of a broader view on such matters, we may cite Mr. Beresford Hope's volume on English Cathedrals. Such a work is doubly interesting from the feeling which it expresses, and the knowledge of the subject which it manifests.

grasp his studies with far different power from the man who, just able to appreciate the skill of his predecessors, adopts their views with unreasoning acquiescence. The dwarf on the giant's shoulders possesses many advantages over the dwarfs who stand on the ground, but unless his powers of sight are out of proportion to his frame, he is little likely to see much more clearly than his great supporter. We think Mr. Fergusson is nearer the truth in some of the other reasons which he assigns for the present low standard of architectural ability, such as his remarks on the

'Remarkably small amount of thought of any kind that a modern building ever displays. An architect in practice never can afford many hours to the artistic elaboration of his design. The plan, the details, the specifications may occupy weeks—in large buildings, probably months—but once drawn, it is done with. In almost all cases the pillars, the cornices, the windows, the details are repeated over and over again in every part, but are probably all borrowed from some other building of some other age, and, to save trouble, the one half of the building is only a reversed tracing of the other. In one glance you see it all. With five minutes study you have mastered the whole design, and penetrated into every principle that guided the architect in making it; and so difficult is it to express thought where utility must be consulted, and where design is controlled by construction, that the result is generally meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme.'

This is a far more sufficient reason than that, as 'a building has now become the expression of an individual mind, it would be considered sacrilege to meddle with or attempt to improve St. Paul's Cathedral out of respect for Wren; Blenheim must remain the most uncomfortable of palaces, because it was left so by Vanbrugh; and even Barry's Parliament Houses have become a fixed quantity that no one must interfere with. In fact, the individual is now everything in architectural art, while the age is of as little importance as in a poem or a picture.'

Some of Mr. Fergusson's other observations require attention. We should be very sorry to imagine that his taste had deteriorated with the advance of time, or that too minute a study of so many buildings undoubtedly deficient in all the higher aims of architecture, had lowered him to the feelings of the age of George III., but from some cause or other his opinions on modern architecture, which were bitter in the handbook, are almost acrimonious in this volume. That much is wanting in our present buildings is only too evident, but will vituperation of Gothic assist architects in attaining an original style? Was the style which prevailed at the beginning of the last century, or of this, really better adapted to the wants of the time than Gothic might be? Are we not fairly entitled to believe that if

a 'common sense style,' which Mr. Fergusson and so many more earnestly desire to see arise, does spring up, it will be grounded rather on Gothic than on classical foundations, rather on the style which climate and habit appear to point out as the nearest akin to us, than on those which have been tried and found wanting? It is dangerous to indulge in predictions, but we sincerely hope that Mr. Fergusson has been mistaken in the prophecy contained in the note at page 107. 'Modern architects, by study of mediæval cathedrals, &c., have arrived at precisely the same stage of fascination with their beauties which their predecessors of the sixteenth century reached in regard to Classic Art. They would, of course, feel indignant if told that their illicit affections must share the same fate as those of the Palladian School; but so certain as that we are now a civilized people is it that the reaction is not far off.' After this it does not surprise one to find that Mr. Fergusson, with all the gallantry of a knight errant, succouring the most distressed, takes up the cudgels in defence of new S. Pancras Church. 'It is the custom to call St. Pancras Pagan, and consequently detestable; but not even the most blind partisan can fail to see in it that it is a Protestant place of worship of the nineteenth century, which is all it pretends to be. It is not a good design, and unnecessarily expensive; but it fulfils all the conditions its designer intended, with as much success as St. Luke's'—a Gothic church, at Chelsea, built at nearly the same date, with which he compares it. It is difficult now exactly to discover what the designer of S. Pancras intended to create beyond a cento of imitated forms. Mr. Fergusson admits that it 'is not a temple though it pretends to be,' and must be 'acknowledged a failure;' and we can imagine many uninitiated travellers down the New Road who would suppose it to be anything but a Protestant church. An excessive admiration for other styles has also drawn Mr. Fergusson into some remarks on Gothic architecture, which it is difficult to reconcile with other statements both in this volume and the other two which preceded it. He says 'A third, and perhaps even more important, advantage of the Gothic style is its cheapness. In a Gothic building the masonry cannot be too coarse or the materials too common. The carpentry must be rude and as unmechanically put together as possible; the glazing as clumsy and the glass as bad as can be found.' Let us compare this with the following passages from the 'Handbook,' taken from the description of S. Ouen, at Rouen, observing, by the way, that the eulogy is not on the design but on the ornamental workmanship lavished on that church. Speaking of the southern porch, he says:—

'This has all that perfection of detail which we are accustomed to admire in Cologne Cathedral, and the works of the time of our second Edward, combined with a degree of lightness and grace peculiar to this church. The woodcut is too small to show the details of the sculpture in the tympanum above the doors, but that too is of exquisite beauty, and being placed where it can be so well seen, and at the same time so perfectly protected, it heightens the architectural design without in any way seeming to interfere with it.'

Again, with the glowing description of Westminster Hall :—

'It is now roofed by thirteen great ribs of timber which are quite unequalled by any other ornamental trusses of woodwork employed for such a purpose. Even when viewed only as a scientific combination of timber, this roof is as good as any thing that has been done in this engineering age.'

Other passages also might easily be quoted which prove that Mr. Fergusson is not really blind to the perfection to which Gothic sculpture might be, and has been, brought; we presume he has been warped into a temporary, and, with him, rare fit of injustice by an over anxiety to condemn a practice of copyism which must be destructive of all true art. Mr. Fergusson mentions an indication of feeling which we have always considered one of the most hopeful 'signs of the times' in these things, that people generally, outside the profession, begin to take a real interest in architectural matters. Not only are the clergy now generally very well versed in Gothic architecture, but so also are the bulk of the better classes in their congregations. Together, they not only take an unusual interest in the construction of a new church, or the restoration of an old one; but they are often able to guide and control their architect, to judge who is really the best skilled man for their purposes, and to see that his design is up to the mark, and he does his work efficiently. Mr. Fergusson himself bears witness that this interest in architecture has sprung up since the revival of Gothic among us. For all that he may say, we cannot but believe that England is far nearer, in spirit, to the age which built Salisbury Cathedral than to that which designed the Parthenon; and, surely, when we have once again nearly naturalized among us a style capable of adaptation to all our wants, elaborated by hearts and hands of close kindred to our own, we may hope that architects are once more following the pathway which, humbly and reverently trod, will yet lead to more perfect success than any we have yet attained. A well-known saying, of one of the greatest men that England has ever seen, will fitly conclude our notice of Mr. Fergusson's work. It is by looking 'to former times for what is best, and to present times for what is fittest,' that architects will best discover their true line of study. Patient toil, sincere devotion, will yet reap their reward; time only can

show whether or not still further fashions and future follies may not yet again desert the style of promise for that of imperfection ; but happen what may, we feel persuaded that historians, in times yet to come, will, when they see our present devious endeavours and doubtful trials stretched out before them in the still pages of the past, at least give this age the honourable title of one which, with refinement, had not declined from vigour ; which was capable, among much that was culpable and much that was base, of earnest toil and sincere self-sacrifice ; and, we think, that some of these better characteristics will, in a measure, be marked even on the buildings now being reared in England.

- ART. IV.—1. *Œuvres poétiques d'Adam de S. Victor, précédées d'un essai sur sa vie et ses ouvrages. Première édition complète.* Par S. GAUTIER, Archiviste du département de la Haute Marne. Tomes II. Paris: Julien, Lamer, Cosnard, & Cie. 1858.
2. *A Comprehensive Index of Names of Original Authors and Translators of Psalms and Hymns.* By DANIEL SEDGWICK. London: 81, Sun Street, Bishopsgate.
3. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* By the Rev. R. SEAGRAVE, M.A. Pp. 50. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1860.
4. *Hymns on Divine Subjects.* By the Rev. J. GRIGG. Pp. 44. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1861.
5. *Poetical Remains of the Rev. A. M. Toplady.* Pp. 174. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1860.
6. *Hymns and Spiritual Poems.* By JOHN STOCKER and JOB HUPTON. Pp. 52. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1861.
7. *Hymns, Ancient and Modern.* London: J. D. Novello.
8. *The Salisbury Hymn-Book.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1857.
9. *Hymnologia Christiana.* By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. London: Longman & Co. 1863.
10. *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holidays.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Canon of Westminster. 1862.
11. *The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn-writers.* Selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. 1862.
12. *Latin Translations of English Hymns.* By C. B. PEARSON, Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Knebworth.
13. *Offices from the Service-Books of the Holy Eastern Church; with Translation, Notes, and Glossary.* By R. F. LITTLEDALE, LL.D. Priest of the Church of England. Williams & Norgate. 1863.

THE above long list is in itself enough to prove the marvellous interest which the last half-dozen years have evinced for Hymnology. Here we have translations from Latin into English, from English into Latin, hymns: from Greek into English: original English hymns; some routed out from old worm-eaten magazines; some (to use Pope's expression) 'warm from the brain' of the composer: again, the hymns of the greatest Christian poet the Church ever knew, for the first time collected and commented on; and then, lastly—*πιδάκος ἐξ ὀλίγης ἱερὰ λιβὰς*

—some few specimens of the host of Hymnals which have deluged our Church: then three literary compilations,—one by a Solicitor-General (imagine him who was afterwards to be Judge Jefferies engaged in such a work!), the second by the Head Master of a leading Grammar School: the third by a Canon of Westminster. If ever men, engaged in a glorious movement, fell into a mistake, it was when the—if we may use the word—early ‘Tractarians,’ sickened with the vulgarity and heresy of many of the then popular hymns, set their face against all Hymnology, and would have either Tate and Brady, or Sternhold and Hopkins, and nothing else. They preferred, in the one:

Suppose they early visits make,
 ’Tis all but empty show;
 They gather mischief in their hearts,
 And vent it where they go:

(a verse which was most truly said some years ago, in the *Christian Remembrancer*, to contain the whole philosophy of morning calls), or such strains as:

Why hid’st it in Thy lap?
 O pluck it out, and be not slow,
 To give Thy foes a rap.

It is a point which is well worth inquiry, when and where the first Hymnal was employed in any Church of—for the name here has much to do with the legal question—the Establishment. How Bishop Ken’s hymns came to be made part and parcel of the Prayer-Book—how ‘Hark! the herald angels sing,’—how that noble hymn, for it well deserves the title, ‘O Lord, hide not Thy face from me,’—it is not a part of our present task to inquire. But selections of hymns ‘for the use of the Church of England’ became—if not common, at least not uncommon—about the time that the first so-called Evangelical Bishop—a man far above the character now suggested by that word—Ryder of Lichfield, attained that dignity; and so, for many years, to use a hymn-book in a church was synonymous with so-called Evangelicalism: and Watts, and Wesley, and Doddridge, and Beddome, and Cennick, and Grigg, supplied our congregations with their poetical food. ‘Give me the making of a nation’s ballads,’ it was a speech worthy of Sir Philip Sidney, ‘and I care not who makes its laws.’ So the hymns, which are the dearest expressions of the heart-life of the Church—let them be as they should be, theologically deep on the one hand, fervently loving on the other, and the Church that possesses such may indeed thank God and take courage.

Now, before we proceed further, we will say a few words on

the collection of Hymnologists, some of whose works stand at the head of this article. Mr. Daniel Sedgwick is, we believe, a Dissenter; but he deserves the greatest possible credit for the intense labour which he has laid out in collecting the hymns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He is bringing them out, author after author, with, when it was possible, biographical notices. The labour he has bestowed in his researches may partly be understood by the fact that, in the comprehensive index which stands at the head of our article, he has published the names of more than seven hundred writers of English hymns, specifying of each whether he had composed original hymns or was merely a translator; and again, whether his compositions appeared separately in magazines or the like, or in a volume by themselves. Mr. Sedgwick also offers—and we believe it is his wish that this offer should be known—to specify the author of any given hymns to those compilers of hymnals who might wish to be informed of it. We need not defend ourselves against any charge of sympathizing with vulgarity in composition or Calvinism in doctrine. We do not imagine, for instance, that we shall be suspected of admiring a '*spiritual poem*' which begins thus:—

DEAR FRIEND,

I'm glad to hear that well you bear the stroke
By which a gracious hand your thigh-bone broke;
The coach on which you rode, when homeward bound,
Upset, and threw you flat upon the ground, &c.

Nor one which begins thus:—

Come, my dear friends, and let us see
If you so foul and bad can be
As such a wretch as I:
I think, sometimes, 'tis hard to find
One half so wicked and so blind;
Still, 'tis no harm to try.

And yet we shall presently offer to our readers a hymn of this same Job Hupton's (he died as lately as 1849) composition, which, with some corrections, we venture to think, might be worthy of any hymnal. And, if it were only in a literary point of view, Mr. Sedgwick deserves our best thanks for being the first collector of Toplady's Hymns. Augustus Toplady, born in 1740, and who died in 1778—a man of such eminence in the literary society of his day, as to be especially noticed in Boswell, where some of his conversation with the Doctor is given—was, so to speak, such a hyper-Calvinist, as almost to be an Antinomian; in doctrine, that is, for his life was most holy. He published at Dublin, in 1759, '*Poems on Sacred Subjects*;

he contributed to the *Gospel Magazine*, under the signature 'Minimus,' some thirty additional hymns. Both these collections, and a few other compositions, are included in Mr. Sedgwick's edition. Among those which bear the signature of 'Minimus,' is that hymn which will live as long as the world lasts—that hymn which, spite of vile rhyme, vulgar expressions, and doctrine, not necessarily false, but from such an author more than questionable, can scarcely find half a dozen in the whole range of Christian hymnology superior to itself. It stands absolutely in the very first class of hymns: that is, if we may leave the *Dies Iræ* in its unapproachable glory, as utterly beyond all classification. Anyhow, it is to be reckoned with the *Vexilla Regis*, with the two *Pange Lingua Gloriosi*, with the *Gravi me terrore pulsas*, with the *Ad perennis vitæ fontem*; we are of course referring to the 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' And second, as an original English hymn, to that, and only second, is—this, too, appeared under the same signature, and in the same magazine—'Deathless principle, arise.' That the latter could not be sung in Church is merely the necessary consequence of its subject; and therefore, if we confine the name of hymn to such composition only as can be so sung, it becomes what S. Paul calls a 'spiritual song.' It is also to be noticed, that one or two of its stanzas can, by no amount of charity, be made consistent with the faith of the Church. Besides these two, and, though far below them, yet deserving no ignoble place among English hymns, are the well-known 'When languor and disease invade,' and the adaptation of Paul Gerhardt's hymn, 'HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness.'

We now proceed to the Hymnals, of which we have given the names above. And the method which we propose to pursue in noticing them is this:—In the first place we will make, as it were, a *catalogue raisonné* of each, then we will lay down certain rules for a good hymnal, and will try those which we have selected by such rules. With the 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,' then, we begin. In criticising that collection, we say most cheerfully that, as a whole, we consider it the best. We are, however, bound to say one word with respect to its obligations to the 'Hymnal Noted;' obligations thus acknowledged in the preface: 'To Mr. Novello, for his generous permission to make extracts from the "Hymnal Noted."' In the same preface we find *three* hymns acknowledged as belonging to the author of the 'Christian Year;' *six* as borrowed from Miss Katharine Winkworth's 'Lyra Germanica;' perhaps it is scarcely fair that the one notice 'to Mr. Novello, for his generous permission to make extracts from the "Hymnal Noted,"' should cover in whole or in part TWENTY-NINE. However, leaving that

matter as a point of very small importance in itself (though, as we know of our own knowledge, it might have led to a most difficult legal complication), we will proceed to another subject.

Of the 273 which, on the whole, it contains, 135 are in the regular course of the Church's year; the remainder are 'General Hymns,' as they are called; which embrace not only the Communion of Saints, but also those hymns which we in the English Church *seem* to stand in need of more than our brethren of the Latin Communion. It is only *seeming*, because they also have their hymns for, what we should call, *special occasions*, in the vernacular language, whatever it may be; and thus not mixed up with the technical (if we may so say) hymns of the Church.

On Hymn 68, for Septuagesima, we may make a remark. Some fifteen years ago the *Christian Remembrancer* had an article on Hymnology as it then stood. We observed how easily the Hymns of the Parisian Breviary fell into Common Metre—how, we may say, almost naturally; and, deprecating the employment of that metre, we gave as a specimen the Matins Hymn for Septuagesima Sunday. That hymn, as translated, has been adopted in some dozen Hymnals which we could name; while in H. A. M. it is lengthened out into long metre, with alternate rhymes.

Scarcely any use has, in the work we are considering, been made of English original hymns of the last century: indeed, we could almost believe that the compositions of Dissenters have generally (there are exceptions) been excluded on principle. We are anyhow sorry to miss such general favourites as 'There is a land of pure delight;' 'Is there a thing that moves and breathes?' (the latter a very lovely hymn); 'Give me the wings of Faith, to rise;' and still more sorry to find such a poor abbreviation of the one among the very first of English hymns, 'Jerusalem, my happy home.' The H. A. M. were published before Mr. Neale's Greek versions; yet, we must say, we should have expected some original translations of a few at least of the best odes of S. Cosmas, S. John Damascene, and S. Theophanes. Surely they who not only were, but allowed themselves, competent to correct (and that often largely) former translations, were not incompetent to the production of original translations. We must also demur to two versions of the same hymn: *e.g.* 111, 'The LAMB's high banquet called to share,' and 113, 'At the LAMB's High Feast we sing;' and again, 'JESU, the very thought is sweet' (65), and 'JESU, the very thought of Thee.'

That H. A. M. has achieved so great a success is, on the whole, a very happy circumstance for the prospects of Hymnology. The defects, briefly, are:—

1. The crowd of commonplace hymns which it contains; such, for example, as 63, 70, 71, 85, 91, &c.

2. The absence of any Eastern hymns, or Syriac. [We may draw attention, by the way, to the very happy translation of a Baptismal Hymn of S. Ephraem, which appeared, in a late number of the *Quarterly*, in an article on Hymnology, as a prize to the next compiler of a Hymnal.]

3. The absence of some old-established favourites from Watts, Wesley, and others of that stamp.

4. Which is simply a misfortune: the absence of hymns of first-rate merit, which have appeared since H. A. M.

5. Needless and often prosaic alterations.

We now come to—what, however, was anterior to the above—the ‘Salisbury Hymn-Book,’ so called as principally compiled by a distinguished layman in, and approved by the Bishop of, that diocese. Its having been revised by the Church’s Laureate doubles its claims. It derives less from ancient sources than H. A. M.; thus, instead of twenty-nine it borrows but eight hymns from H. N., but does not so much as that reject the assistance of Dissenters. In this book for the first time appeared Keble’s magnificent hymn for S. John Evangelist, worthy of Adam. In case any of our readers should not be acquainted with it, they will thank us for referring them to it. Here, also, we may particularly call their attention to his new version of ‘Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,’ which we shall shortly have to quote.

The Sarum Hymnal is inferior to H. A. M.:—

a. In its less decidedly Catholic tone.

β. In many of its alterations.

γ. In its comparative want of variety; but it is perhaps hardly fair to criticise a first, while waiting for a second, edition.

We now come to ‘The Parish Hymn-Book.’ This contains 195 hymns, and has the advantage of using the Greek translations and Dr. Wordsworth’s book. It is much to be lamented that the absence of the great hymns of the Western Church from this collection ought to seal its fate; for in some respects it is admirable. Would it be believed that we look in vain for the *Vexilla Regis*, the two *Pange lingua*, the *Verbum supernum prodiens*, and others of equal glory? It borrows only two hymns from H. N.—‘Of the Father’s Self begotten,’ and ‘The strain upraise;’ seven from the Greek Church; four from the ‘Holy Year.’ But with the terrible blot we have pointed out, it never ought to be popular.

The same judgment, only more decidedly, may be passed on ‘Hymns for the Church of England.’ This has not *one* of the great Hymns of the Western Church. It came out after the

Greek Hymns, from which it borrows 11; but before the 'Holy Year.' We cannot help expressing our admiration of the elegance of its 'get up.'

The foregoing hymn-books are *bond fide* intended for parish use; those which follow are rather literary collections. We begin with the Solicitor-General's.

The 'Book of Praise' contains 312 poems, from, if we count rightly, 120 authors. They are many of them centos; but the omissions are minutely specified in a series of brief notes at the end. No other alterations have been made; a fact which vastly increases the literary value of the book. Looking on this as a storehouse of English hymns, for the most part originally English, we can only regard it as of great importance; Sir Roundell Palmer expressly disclaims the idea of its serving as a hymnal: indeed, its very expense precludes that possibility. Some idea of its composition may be found from an enumeration of those authors who have supplied the largest number:—Watts, 41; The Wesleys, 32; Montgomery, 18; Kelly, 16; Lyte, 16; Doddridge, 15; Heber, 14; Newton, 14; Cowper, 11; Toplady, 8; Keble, 7.

Few others have more than two or three, many only one. But Keble's finest hymn, 'Word of God, before creation,' is not given.

To proceed to the 'Holy Year.' From the size and expense of the book, it is evident that its most accomplished author could not have intended to put it forward as a candidate for general acceptance as an English Hymnal. We are also sure that another collection of hymns, containing, as this does, so many original compositions, would, for that very reason, be published rather as a contribution to Hymnology than as a proposed English Hymnal itself. For its chief feature is this: the proportion which new compositions in it bear to selected hymns. As we shall see, before we conclude, the greatest of all Christian poets left behind him only 104 or 105 compositions intended for use in the Church; of which not more than twenty-five can be fairly reckoned in the first class (and that so many, the work of one man, should be worthy of such a place, is one of the greatest marvels of that wonderful twelfth century). We are certain that Dr. Wordsworth, in presenting us with 117 original, out of a total of 200, hymns, could only have intended the former as a contribution from which the Church of England should be at liberty to select what it would in any—if such a thing, by God's great mercy, should be—future Hymnal. And having said thus much, we can only feel the greater pleasure in expressing our further belief that some of the original hymns now first published in this collection may vie with all, except the

two or three which are the everlasting heritage of the English Church. We cannot resist the temptation of giving three examples.—The first and third are an imitation of the *manner* of Adam of S. Victor; not of his own actual compositions; for, as in this case for Ascension Day, he has nothing. And we may further remark, how good and ripe a metrical scholar Dr. Wordsworth proves himself in the very typographical arrangement of these hymns. It has been a rule, suggested long ago, but now finally laid down by Gautier, that in that loveliest of measures, trochaic tetrameter catalectic, when there are double rhymes, they should be printed in four lines, as thus :—

Born for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered He the Gospel seed :

But when there is only a single rhyme, they are to be written thus :

‘ Alleluia, song of sweetness, voice of joy, eternal lay ;
Alleluia is the anthem of the choirs in heavenly day.’

The first hymn we shall quote is that for Ascension Day :—

1.

‘ See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph ; see the King in royal state ;
Riding on the clouds, His chariot, to His heavenly palace gate ;
Hark, the choirs of angel-voices joyful alleluias sing ;
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

2.

‘ Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory :
He, who on the Cross did suffer, He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan : He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3.

‘ While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends :
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends ;
He who walked with God and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom
to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

4.

‘ Now, our heavenly Aaron passeth, with His blood, within the veil ;
Joshua now hath entered Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

5.

‘ Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to God’s Right Hand,
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand ;
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ; Man with God is on the Throne ;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension, we by faith behold our own.

6.

'HOLY GHOST, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes ;
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see beyond the skies ;
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's Right Hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr Army, succouring His faithful band.

7.

'See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer ;
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

8.

'Lift us up from earth to heaven ; give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above ;
That with hearts and minds uplifted, we with CHRIST our LORD may
dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory, in His heavenly citadel.

9.

'So at last when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King ;
Caught upon the clouds of heaven, and may meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

10.

'Glory be to GOD the Father, glory be to GOD the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT ; to one GOD in Persons three,
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless glory be !'

Again : we have this most exquisitely beautiful

'SUNDAY HYMN.

'O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great God Triune.

'On thee, at the Creation,
The Light had first its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
CHRIST rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our LORD victorious
The SPIRIT sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

'Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;

Thou art a cooling fountain,
 In life's dry, dreary land ;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our Promised Land.

'Thou art a holy ladder,
 Where Angels go and come ;
 Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to Heaven, our home.
 A day of sweet refection
 Thou art, a day of love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.

'To-day on weary nations
 The Heavenly Manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls :
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

'New graces ever gaining,
 From this, our day of rest,
 We teach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To HOLY GHOST be praises,
 To FATHER and to SON ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.'

One more Hymn, for All Saints, we cannot deny ourselves
 the pleasure of quoting :—

'Hark the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! LORD, to Thee.
 Multitude, which none can number, like the stars, in glory stands
 Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

'Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,
 King, Apostle, Saint and Martyr, Confessor, Evangelist,
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who have watch'd in prayer,
 Join'd in holy concert, singing to the LORD of all, are there.

'They have come from tribulation and have washed their robes in Blood,
 Washed them in the Blood of JESUS ; tried they were, and firm they
 stood ;
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered Death and Satan by the might of CHRIST the
 LORD.

'Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed following
 Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered ; gladly, LORD, with Thee they
 died ;
 And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

'Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessed Trinity.

'God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.'

And now, lastly, we must say one word as to Mr. Chope's Congregational—the word is rather unhappy—Hymn and Tune Book. And perhaps the highest praise we can give it is to say that—putting H. A. M. out of the question—on the whole, we think that we should prefer this. Both fall very, very far short, as we have said before, of that perfect Hymnal which we hope the English Church will yet see; which the French and Spanish and Portuguese Churches never can see, through the miserable incapability of their languages for poetry: but towards which Catholic Germany—and, so far as hymns may be considered abstractedly as *Christian* compositions—Lutheran Denmark—seem to have made the nearest approach. It would be simply wearisome to criticise the various compositions introduced into Mr. Chope's book: we scarcely know whether more to blame his ignoring, in many cases, the tunes, without which the hymns, glorious as they are, are not half themselves (for a new melody to the 'Dies Iræ' is far more absurd to the Church, than a new tune to 'God save the Queen' would be to the nation of England)—or to admire the spirit of the compiler to offer so many prizes for original tunes to be adapted to those hymns which hitherto have not been mated with any.

With this we bid adieu to the subject of Hymnals as such, and shall proceed to the general remarks which we promised to make.

First of all; we make no doubt that, in adopting a hymn into a compilation, the compiler has the most perfect right to make any alteration which he thinks advantageous to its general effect, if he only acknowledges his alterations, or additions, or mutilations. In saying this we are simply repeating the sentiments of one with whom, except so far as we admire his own personal holiness, we should not often agree, Edward Bickersteth; or rather, as repeating Mr. Bickersteth's sentiments, the words of his biographer. 'He saw with his strong practical sense that a hymn-book, drawn up for general use, stands on a footing entirely distinct from a literary edition of an author's work, where the first excellence is historical fidelity; and that there was no good reason why a beautiful hymn should be sacrificed because of some doctrinal or critical flaw in a single verse; or why real faults should be

'perpetuated and imposed on thousands of congregations, in order to secure the integrity of a brief, and perhaps hasty, composition, as it first came from the author's pen. Perhaps the principle, sound in itself, was at first carried rather to excess in its application.'¹ For, in the first place, there are some hymns which, unless they were almost entirely altered, would be out of the question for our future Church Hymnal; but which, if they received the necessary corrections, might be none of the worst when admitted. We will give two examples. The first is one of the most popular of Protestant hymns, which has been so—if one may use the word—*transfigured* by Mr. Keble, for the *Sarum Hymnal*. The writer of this article might plead an especial love to the hymn as it originally stood, from having been accustomed, as a child, to repeat it by the death-bed of a father, evening after evening, for many weeks. Nevertheless, that seed blossoms, in Mr. Keble's version, into a perfect flower:—

'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!²
Feed me till I want no more.

'Guide us, Thou whose Name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land;
We are weak, and Thou Almighty;
Hold us with Thy strong right Hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

'Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

'Let the cloud and fire supernal,
Day and night before us go;
Lead us to the rock and fountain,
Whence the living waters flow:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us, till no want we know.

'When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!'

'When we touch the cold dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide;
Through the flood and through the
whirlpool,
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide:
JESU, lead us,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.'

We will now take another example, from one of the hymn-writers of the last century, a Mr. Job Hupton, of whom we have spoken before. His Hymns being few in number form only one volume with those of a Mr. John Stocker, of Honiton, Devon; of whom Mr. Sedgwick 'sincerely regrets that he has never been able to obtain more than the name of the author and the place of his residence.' Will our readers be utterly prejudiced against what we should propose as a translation of the hymn into Catholic language, or may we perhaps see our version—as the *Christian Remembrancer* has heretofore done—received into the pages of one or more of the many Hymnals

¹ Life of Bickersteth, vol. ii. p. 38.

² Why Sir Roundell Palmer repeats these words, we know not; they certainly were not so repeated in the author's copy (William Williams).

that are to be. To our own minds, this might be a hymn for one of the Sundays after Easter:—

'Come, ye saints, and raise an anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of
praise;
Sing to Him who found a ransom;
Th' Ancient of Eternal days:
In your nature,
Born to suffer in your place.

'Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the LORD of Life to die—
Die for traitors,
Justly doomed to endless pains.

'Lo, He comes! and on Mount Calv'ry
Pours His blood! resigns His breath!
Finishes the great salvation;
Kills the killing power of death.
Then arises;
Lives and reigns for evermore.

'High in yon Celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built throne, all
bright;
Midst incessant acclamations
Bursting from the sons of light!
Zion's praises
Are His chosen dwelling-place.

'Bring your harps and bring your odours,
Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
View His works! behold His wonders!
Let Hosannas crown the day:
He is worthy
Of eternal, boundless praise.

'Sov'reign grace in Him abounding,
Stoops to raise the sons of grief;
And, on swiftest pinions flying,
Quickly brings them sweet relief;
Soothes their sorrows,
And the oil of joy imparts.

'Crimes nefarious, crimes unnumbered,
He forgives with pleasing smiles;
Gives the lab'ring, burden'd conscience
Rest, the produce of His toils;
And the needy,
From His fulness, well supplies.

'Do His people walk in darkness?
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, in free and boundless goodness,
Sends the cheering beams of Light;
Then they praise Him,
Marching on their heavenly way.

'Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of
praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of Eternal days;
God eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heaven of heaven obeys.

'Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced¹ the LORD of Life to die—
Lifted up the Prince of Princes
On the Throne of Calvary.

'Now on those Eternal Mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all
bright,
With the ceaseless alleluias
Which they raise, the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

'Bring your harps and bring your in-
cense;
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy;
Who was dead and lives for aye.

'If His people walk in darkness,
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, according to His promise,
Sends the pillar-beam of Light;
Then they pass along His highway,
Turning not to left nor right.

¹ Quæ te cogit clementia,
Ut ferres nostra crimina, &c.

- 'When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends like vernal showers,
Softening all the thirsty ground ;
Living waters
Free in ample torrents flow.
- 'Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous hand are fed ;
Yea ! He gives them food immortal !—
Gives Himself the living Bread !
This revives them ;
Life, and health, and strength it
gives.
- 'See His guardian wing extended
To secure His own from harm ;
See the gates of hell confounded
By His high imperial arm ;
Devils tremble
At His word, or at His nod.
- 'Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims,
Who shall pluck you from His
Hand ?
Pledged He stands for your salvation ;
Soon you'll see the Promised Land ;
Soon He'll crown you,
And exalt you to His throne.
- 'Then, amazed, you'll view His glories,
Brighter than ten thousand suns !
Then you'll drink the living pleasure
Which from endless fountains runs,
And with Angels
Swell the everlasting song.'
- 'When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends, like showers in spring-
time,
Softening all the parchèd ground ;
While the smitten Rock its torrents
Pours in ample streams around.
- 'Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous Hand are fed ;
Yea, He gives them Food Immortal !
Gives Himself, the Living Bread :
Gives the Chalice of His Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.
- 'Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims ;
Who shall pluck you from His
Hand ?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for His Land :
O that we, amidst His true Ones,
Round His throne may one day
stand !
- 'Laud and honour to the FATHER ;
Laud and honour to the SON ;
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;
Ever three and ever one :
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While succeeding ages run. *Amen.*'

And now let us see how, in what is undoubtedly the first hymn in the English language—yes, and a hymn which might challenge comparison with all but the very highest compositions of the greatest saints—how this will yet receive benefit from the various alterations which, from the time of its composition till now, it has undergone. And first, let us give it as it stands in the original publication:—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

'Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

'Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly.
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

'Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !'

We suppose that no one can doubt that this is the finest, the most sublime, hymn in the English language—we mean, originally composed in that language. And yet observe how, in the very first verse, the two last couplets have something worse than no rhyme: that which pretends to be a rhyme and is not. *Blood* and *flowed*, *cure* and *power*—scarcely by any courtesy of prosody could they be considered rhymes—especially the two last. One could hardly wish to have the hymn as it stands here—even with the greatest allowance that Christian charity could make—received as a popular hymn (and if it were received at all, it must be so) in the English Church. But, availing ourselves partly of that which the compilers of Hymnals have already performed, partly suggesting one or two alterations of our own, we will propose the following:—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
Let Thy riven Side's dear flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse from guilt and keep me pure.

'Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil *Thine own commands* ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

'Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Only to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, come in helplessness ;
Vile, to David's Fountain fly :
Cleanse me, Saviour, or I die.

¹ The lines or words which are altered from the original are here given in italics.

'While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,—
 See Thee on Thy Judgment-Throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.'

We have no doubt that one or two of the necessary alterations which we have made might be made much better; but we very much doubt whether any single verse of the 'Dies Iræ'—or, rather, take the same number of lines—any two verses—are superior to the fourth stanza of this hymn as it was written; not, most certainly, as it is generally printed in our Hymnals.

'When my eye-strings break in death'

is tamed down into

'When my eye-lids close in death,'

(which, of course, they never do).

'When I soar through tracts unknown'

is watered into

'When I rise to worlds unknown,'

or

'When I soar to worlds unknown.'

We will not go on to show how, in the same way, Toplady's hymn,

'When languor and disease invade,'

or his translation,

'Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,'

might be altered into glorious hymns: while

'Deathless principle, arise,'

to be compared with S. Peter Damiani's

'Gravi me terrore pulsas,'

however magnificent in itself, would scarcely under any circumstances be suitable for a congregation.

And now, in matters not concerned with whole hymns, let us see how a slight alteration of one verse will improve, or the contrary, a whole composition. And, as we think that most compilers of modern days have no doubt whatever of that fact, we will present our readers with a few examples of changes 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer,' in the alterations they have made of original or

translated hymns. Let us begin with H. A. M.: and, first of all, where we think they have fairly improved the stanza on which they have made an experiment.

Hymn 46, which is a kind of copy of Hymn 32 in the 'Hymnal Noted.' And, first of all, it is rather singular that the verse, which has nothing to do with the original composition, and which is entirely unfitted for a Christmas hymn,

'Juste Judex mortuorum,'

magnificent in itself, and here well translated, should, nevertheless, be inserted; turning, as it does, the full and perfect joy of the Nativity into the mixed feeling with which we witness the departure of a true servant of our LORD. As we shall have to criticise in a different way presently, we will notice one passage which is a most undoubted improvement on the original:

'O beatus ortus ille Virgo cum puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem foeta SANCTO SPIRITU:'

which in the original was given:

'O that ever-blessed birthday, when the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the HOLY GHOST Incarnate, bare the Saviour of our race.'

H. A. M. gives it thus:—

'O that birth for ever blessed, when the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving, bare the Saviour of our race:'

which avoids the excessively awkward accusative, and makes the sense altogether clearer.

In the second hymn, quoted from the same translation, we have another improvement. In that most glorious hymn,

'Jesu dulcis memoria,'

it was in H. N. as a version of

'Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis presentia,'

'But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are:'

where, it is needless to observe, *the honey* is not English. The H. A. M. gives it:

'But, oh, than honey sweeter far,' &c.

And though, perhaps, an improvement on either might be found, H. A. M. is surely better than the other.

We may as well say here, as anywhere else, that our rule

of modern English hymns should be this—a rule laid down even by Dr. Watts, who so often transgressed it: when C. M. is used, the first and third lines ought to rhyme, as well as the second and fourth. And why? Undoubtedly the English historic narrative poem was the fourteen-syllable iambic metre (iambic tetrameter brachy-catalectic), used by Chapman in his glorious translation of Homer, by Phaer in his version of the *Æneid*, and by others. But when this metre is to become lyric—as all hymns are but short odes—then all the graces of sound, as well as all the fascination of sense, ought to coalesce. In the H. A. M. we object to the ferial hymns, in the first place, because they could not be set to the ancient melody (that is, C. M. and L. M.); and next, that in this afore-said C. M. the first and third lines do not rhyme.

We have wandered a little out of our way. We will now notice a few more alterations, whether for good or evil, in the Hymnals which stand at the head of our article.

Let us—as a comparison of three different versions, H. N., the original; ‘Salisbury Hymnal,’ the second; H. A. M., the third—take the *Alleluia, dulce carmen*; always remembering that the H. A. M. had the advantage, not only of adopting H. N., but also of availing itself of whatever corrections might seem advisable in S. H.

1. ‘Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the Choirs in Heavenly day
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.
2. ‘Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother ever blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel’s waters
Sit in bondage and distress’d.
3. ‘Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile give o’er,
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.
4. ‘TRINITY of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep thy Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.’

H. A. M.

. that cannot die;
 Ever dear to choirs on high;
 In the house of God abiding,
 Thus they sing eternally.
 True Jerusalem and free;
 Alleluia, joyful Mother,
 All thy children sing with thee:
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.
 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 forego
 solemn time
 When our tears for sin must flow.
 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
 Grant us Blessed TRINITY,
 At the last
 for ever singing
 Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

S. H.

. Sweetest anthem,
 may not
 voice delightful
 E'en to blessed
 Sung by holy ones
 In God's home eternally.
 Alleluia—O blest mother,
 Salem crown'd above and free—
 is thy watchword.
 When thine own rejoice with thee:
 But as yet by Babel's waters
 still . . .
 Alleluia we deserve not
 Here to chant for evermore;
 for our trespass
 We must for awhile give o'er;
 For a Lenten time approaches,
 Bidding us our sins deplore.
 Wherefore
 Blessed, Holy TRINITY,
 May we see Thine Easter glory
 In the heavens with unveiled eye;
 There to Thee our Alleluia
 Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Let us take another example. In the translation—now so commonly used—of 'Bernard of Cluny,' one of the stanzas begins thus:—

'To thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep.'

Now, in the 'Sarum Hymnal,' the first line is thus altered:—

'To thee, O better country.'

Now, whoever made that alteration undoubtedly thought they were justified in it, by the reference which they give at the bottom of the page, one of the very few which appear in this volume, to Heb. xi. 16. But words alter their meaning with time. In mediæval hymns—that is, in those hymns which settle the meaning of the word *patria*—there is but one country; not a 'better,' which is Paradise, and a worse, which is earth: but one; only one, only one land to which we travel, and this world simply the path by which we travel to it. So that, speaking exactly, Paradise is not the better country, but the only one country. 'Who is the subject that is capable of baptism?—Every man that is a traveller.' That is the literal translation of the great Western Catechism. 'What is our true home and our true country?—Our true home and our true country is the land where those who have departed in the

'faith of GOD now live.' So speaks one of the great Eastern catechisms.

Take another alteration; this time also from the Salisbury.
In the H. N. it was—

'Of the FATHER sole-begotten—
E'er the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.'

That verse is thus altered:—

'Born of GOD the Father's bosom
E'er the worlds began to be,
Omega and Alpha namèd,
He the first, the ending He,
Of all things that are or have been
Or that time to come shall see,
Ever and for evermore.'

Now, the first line of the original is—

'Corde natus ex parentis
Ante mundi exordium;'

but may we ask—it is scarcely possible to ask it without irreverence—what is the meaning of the first line of the 'Salisbury Hymnal?' The translation itself has been altered over and over again, as for example—

'Of the Father self-begotten,'

which is heresy; or

'Of the Father's self begotten:'

and also in several other ways. But we would ask the editors of the Salisbury book, in that second edition which, we are glad to hear, they are about to bring out, to alter the first line of this appropriation.

Now, the third line—

'He the Alpha and Oméga.'

The correction has changed it into—

'Omega and Alpha namèd.'

Of course every one knows that Ōmĕgǎ is the prosodiacal accentuation of what we generally call Ōmĕga. In that text—which we hardly can venture to bring in on so trivial a point—how are our poor accustomed to hear those most solemn of

names pronounced, 'Εγὼ εἰμὶ τὸ Α καὶ τὸ Ω? We know very well. And then, look at the awkward prolongation of the participle namēd; and then also the very awkward iambus in a trochaic metre—

'|Œf āll | things that are or have been.'

In fact, many of these alterations remind us of the great change brought to pass in the so-called reformation of the Roman Breviary in the sixteenth century. The verdict—true then and true now, but not then credited—was: '*Accessit Latinitas, recessit pietas*' In point of fact, with the exception of one or two such world-famous, such glorious hymns, as the innovators dared not change, the others were dealt with after this fashion. The sharp, clear, bold outlines were smoothed and rounded off, so as not to offend the most fastidious literary taste; and to that literary taste—the taste of those men who, on one day, would *polish* a hymn of S. Gregory or S. Ambrose; on the next, write off some wretched eclogue in imitation of Virgil or Theocritus, only without the natural expression of the one, the elegance of the other, or the purity of both—it was the taste of these *poets*—if they were so to be called—which was then consulted, and which has left us a deep lesson as regards the change of hymns. Among those who most dearly admired the process which these hymns went through, was—we know not his Spanish real name (sometimes those Latinised names are far enough from the original)—Faustinus Arevalus. He took in hand to convert all the hymns of the ancient Spanish Breviaries into regular metres, and having done that to his own satisfaction, he next sat down to write an 'Art of Hymnody.' Perhaps, though in a sense far different from that which he could have imagined, nothing can be more instructive. When were the great hymns of the Church written? By those who were in circumstances of exulting triumph, as the author of 'The strain upraise;' or of a national joy, in the joy of the national Church, as the *Vexilla Regis*; or in some especial moment, when a saint was raised up to an ecstasy, either of supplication or thanksgiving—as, in the former case, that marvellous hymn of S. Peter Damiani, *Gravi me terrore pulsas*; in the latter, *O quam mirificum*. But this hymn-manufacturer thought that he could measure out his compositions by line and by verse. Does any one wish to hear what a great dignitary of the Spanish Church—a man whose editions of Prudentius and the other Christian poets are most valuable—could say when he began to compound his own laws for the construction of hymns? Here, then, they are. First of all, think what a hymn is: the dearer, the warmer, the more unfettered elevation of the soul to that Human Soul which wrought out our redemption,

even than prayer can be,—and will you rather ridicule or be disgusted with the laws of this critic?

I. In hymns we must attend to the legitimate quantity of syllables; the feet must have their right number; the measure must likewise be regarded.

II. The style of hymns must be poetical and elegant, neither vulgar nor bombastic, and free from every superstition of heathenism.

III. There must be nothing in a hymn which offends against the received ecclesiastical melody.

IV. Rhyme is always, or almost always, forbidden.

V. No new metres to be introduced.

VI. The hymn is neither to be too long nor too short.

VII. Only three hymns for each festival.

VIII. The parts of a hymn are:—

(1) The invocation of the Deity;

(2) The historical narrative, or history of the life of the saint;

(3) The petition or obsecration.

(The cold-blooded way in which the matter of the hymn is here set forth reminds one of the like receipt, not for a hymn, but for a prayer, in Dr. Watts. Here it is:

‘Call upon GOD: adore: confess:
Petition: plead: and then declare
You are the LORD’S: give thanks, and bless:
And let *Amen* conclude the prayer.’)

IX. In the last verse, the doxology must be expressed, and that, if possible, with a more immediate reference to the season or festival in hand.

And if you have not been able to avoid some little amusement about the former rules, this last is one, not only most true in itself, but which is commented on with all the learning which Arevalus was master of, and for which, in his editions of the Mozarabic Breviary Missal, he has laid the whole Church under an obligation for which—as he never found any due reward in this life—one rejoices to think that, since so much learning was coupled with such holiness and purity, an earthly reward must be little indeed to him now.

We come now to Mr. Pearson’s little book: a very creditable contribution to the study of mediæval poetry. We could wish, indeed, that he had been happier in his selection of English hymns, though he has usually made the best of them; and in some passages it is quite startling to see how the fine roll of the verse seems to elevate the doctrine. We could wish that he had observed the rule of always, where possible, preserving the

original metre; though that exception—*where possible*—is rather a large one, when we remember how favourite a measure is C. M. (iambic tetrameter brachy-catalectic) with our hymn-writers. To turn this into what would apparently be nearest to it—iambic tetrameter catalectic—would not give the least real resemblance. It is very seldom used in purely mediæval times, though Jesuit hymn-writers were fond of it. Adam has one example—a Christmas Sequence:

‘Dum cadit secus Jericho vir Hierosolymita
Samaritanus affertit quo lapsio datur vita;’

and there is a long Passion poem in the same measure, with alternate triple rhymes:

‘Dicendo, Consummatum est
De Passione meâ,
Quod ante prophetatum est
Per vates in Judæâ.’

But these are very rare. Probably iambic dimeter, with alternate rhymes (like S. Thomas’s *Verbum supernum prodiens*), would be the best representative of C. M. Mr. Pearson has employed this in the C. M. ‘The Sinner’s Complaint.’

But we have a serious charge to bring against Mr. Pearson. We doubt if he is aware that, except in those hymns, each verse of which purposely ends with a monosyllable, A SINGLE RHYME, WHETHER MASCULINE OR FEMININE, is absolutely forbidden.

Thus, to a mediæval ear such a line as

‘The Royal banners forward go:
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,’

could no more present a rhyme than

‘And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted’

is to us; whereas

‘Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid,’

would be perfect.

Hence, Cardinal de Ghistel’s ‘*Sequentia de B. V. M. sine labe conceptâ*’ is very unscholarly: *e.g.*

‘Eva nova novæ legis,
Præ-electa summi Regis,
Consors ejus gloriæ:
Tu draconem domuisti
Forti pede contrivisti
Victrix caput Satanæ.’

Southey, in his notes on 'Thalaba,' has remarked on the greedy hankering after rhyme which characterises the youth of a nation; and observes that Mahometan traditions and legends, where they couple two objects, generally make them rhyme, as Harath and Marath at Babylon;—and that they produce Cain and Abel as Abel and Kabel. So some readers will call to mind the Nile-mountains of Herodotus, Crophi and Mophi. The most remarkable feat of rhyming we ever saw is in one of the hymns of Tuinman, the Dutch Watts. It is at p. 348 of his 'Liederen Zionis,' and *every syllable* rhymes:

' Mijn
Pijn
Smert
't Hert,
En
'kben
Mat.
Wat
Wee!
De
Zond
Wond
Bloed,
't Doet
Zeer,' &c.

It may be observed that these double rhymes were not necessary when as yet rhyme was assonant:

' Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis
Tetrum chaos illabitur;
Audi preces cum fletibus.'

Here we have it in the second couplet: not in the first.

' Vexilla Regis prodeunt:
Fulget Crucis mysterium:
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.'

Here it does not exist at all.

But directly consonant rhymes came in, masculine as well as feminine became double. And this holds good in every kind of rhyme; and frequently gives occasion to effects extraordinary enough to our ears. One of Adam's sequences begins thus:

' Per unius casum grāni
De valle Gethsemāni
Grana surgunt plurima:
Orbem terræ, cœli gŷrum.
Ornat rosas Martŷrum
Una Christi Victima.'

In the *Ars Poetica* of the Middle Ages, the 'Labyrinthus' of Eberhard (which was written in 1212), this is laid down as essential: whether in *leonines*,

'Permutant mores homines, cum dantur honores:
Corde stat inflato pauper honore dato.'

In *caudates*.:—

'His nummis tunc emit agros a Jhericonitis:
His etiam Joseph est emptus ab Ismahelitis.'

In *cancrines*, or *double leonines*.:—

'Si tibi grata seges est morum, gratus haberis:
Si virtutis eges, despiciendus eris.'

In *concatenate cancrines*.:—

'Virtutem sequere, virtutis prœmia quære:
Omnia vana tere lucis amore mere.'

And in *serpentine*s, or *reversed leonines*.:—

'Hoc moveo, ne fas fore credas optima rerum:
Ut carpas verum prodigiale nefas.'

But we have wandered far away from Mr. Pearson, to whom we now return. We have expressed a doubt whether he was even acquainted with this great rule. We have taken the pains to count up the number of masculine rhymes which occur in his work: we make them 139. In these, he has violated the rule 32 times, observing it 107. If it be said that the vast excess of times in which he has kept, proves that he must at least have *known*, it, we reply that—as any one who chooses to attempt that kind of verse for himself will speedily discover—the genius of the Latin language will, twice out of three times, where you have a single masculine rhyme, give you, of itself, a double. This is, undoubtedly, a great blot in these translations. As a favourable specimen of them, we give the following: where observe how the bald, poor line, 'The wine poured out, the broken bread,' is sublimed into 'Poculum (*Calicem* would have been better) Dominicum, Panem Angelorum.'

CONFIRMATION.

'LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek;
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongue could speak;
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.'

'*LORD, shall we come, and come again ?
Oft as we see Thy Table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The Wine pour'd out, the broken Bread ;
Bless, bless, O LORD, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.*

'*LORD, shall we come ? not thus alone
At holy times, or solemn rite,
But every hour, till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy Throne of grace, that we,
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.*

'*LORD, shall we come, come yet again ?
Thy children ask one blessing more ;
To come not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O LORD, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.'*

CONFIRMATIO.

'*Tibi Tui liberi, Deus, propinquamus :
Caritatis munera plena postulamus :
Tua jam ad Brachia parvuli oblati,
Oribus infantibus nulla vota fati,
Adsunt Tui liberi gratiam rogantes
Te sibi propitium hodie sperantes.*

'*Domine, Te iterum humiles adimus,
Quando Tuas epulas stratas invenimus,
Tuorumque cernimus pignora dolorum,
Poculum Dominicum, Panem Angelorum ;
Benedic O Domine, votis cum astamus,
Te præsentem supplices hic reperiamus.*

'*Nec sic tantum, Domine, Tibi propinquamus
Cum Te festo tempore rite adoramus :
At vitalis spiritus donec subducatur,
Sive gaudet anima, sive contristatur,
Almum Tuum Solium fac aggrediamur
Caritate, Fide, Spe, constabiliamur.*

'*Rursus Tibi, Domine, Tui propinquamus ;
Semel beneficium ultimum rogamus ;
Quando vivos, mortuos, vocat Dies Illa,
Quæ repente sæculum solvet in favilla,
In coelos tunc aditus nobis reseretur
Ibi confirmatio sempiterna detur.'*

Mr. Pearson succeeds best, we think, in this measure. We give another specimen, from Bishop Heber's well-known Epiphany hymn.

EPIPHANY.

- ‘Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- ‘Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- ‘Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- ‘Vainly we offer each costly oblation,
Vainly with gifts will His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart’s adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.’

EPIPHANIA.

- ‘Optima diluculi Stella quæ nitescis,
Tenebras illumina, opem dona fessis;
Oriente genita, lucem exoramus;
Te duce Infantulum Christum adeamus.
- ‘Super cunas gelida micat gutta roris;
Cubat cum pecudibus Caput Redemptoris:
Venerantur Angeli somno recumbentem.
Conditorem, Dominum, Salutem gerentem.
- ‘Quænam ergo munera cernui feremus?
Eois odoribus cultum tribuimus?
Gemmae Garamantidas, maris margaritas,
Myrrham ex nemoribus, aureasve gazas?¹
- ‘Nequicquam divitias amplas prodigemus,
Nequicquam muneribus Illum accedemus;
Puro cultu cordium Christus honoratur,
Potius pauperibus Deus exoratur.’

We will now point out a few mistakes: they might, for the most part, be easily altered in another edition.

In the first hymn, ‘Awake, my soul, and with the sun,’ we have these false rhymes: Angeli—Domini: oculos—Angelos: videor—dejiçior.

In the second, ‘Glory to Thee:’ Domine—protege.

In the third, ‘The Midnight Hymn:’ hymnisonus—socius: teneam—concinam: maneam—audiam: subjiçe—discute: Domine—elue. Moreover,

‘Conjungar ego choreis
Vestris nunc hymnisonus,’

¹ We think that there must be some misprint in these rhymes.

is not mediæval Latin: *hymnisonus* is the epithet, not of the singer, but of the thing sung. These three hymns are not happily turned.

In 'Come, thou long-expected Jesus,' we have this line:—

'Israel robur et solamen.'

Israël is always a trisyllable: moreover, it is declined.

'Israhelis tu solamen,
Tu spes cunctis et tutamen,'

would have been better. Moreover, *accipe* is rhymed to *evehe*: the latter might have been *eripe*.

In 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' *initio* is rhymed to *utero*.

In 'While shepherds watched,' *indico* rhymes to *stabulo*: *coeli-colum* to *insolitum*: *hominum* to *perpetuum*. We will not, however, point out any more false rhymes.

'When I survey,' is an imitation of Santolius Victorinus, and not a bad one. The last verse,

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

is well turned, except for the last line:

'Orbis si steterim singulus arbiter
Vilis dona darem nil nisi vilia:
Tam divinus amor, tam nova caritas
Sensus cordaque postulat.

M. Gautier deserves the thanks of all students of hymnology for the work that heads our list. Up to its publication not more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight Sequences were known to be the composition of Adam of S. Victor; he, chiefly from the Victorine MSS. in the Imperial Library at Paris, gives us one hundred and six; many¹ of them published for the first time

¹ Those which are really published for the first time are:—

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 8. Hac die festa concinat multisona
Camsena. | 54. Lux est ista triumphalis. |
| 19. Spiritus Paracletus. | 56. Tuba Syon jocundetur. |
| 20. Veni, Summe Consolator. | 57. Ecce dies triumphalis. |
| 21. Trinitatem simplicem. | 58. Martyris Victoris. |
| 30. Rosa novum dans odorem. | 65. Gratulemur in hac die. |
| 32. Verbi vere Substantivi. | 66. Ave, Virgo singularis. |
| 36. Pia plangit Mater Ecclesia. | 71. Congaudentes exultemus. |
| 37. Aquas plenas amaritudine. | 72. Promat pia vox cantoris. |
| 43. Jubilemus Salvatori. | 78. Venerando præsit Deus. |
| 44. Templum cordis adornemus. | 79. Cordis sonet ex interno. |
| 48. Augustini præconia. | 81. Deo laudes extollamus. |
| 49. Celebremus victoriam. | 82. Gratiani grata solemnitas. |
| 50. Ex radice caritatis. | 83. Adest dies specialis. |
| | 84. Ad honorem patris Maglorii. |

(though not so many as he imagines); many of the rest, now first vindicated to Adam.

Each sequence is illustrated with notes, and prefaced with a bibliographical notice. The latter consists of three sections:—(1) The authority on which the sequence is attributed to Adam. (2) The MSS. from which it is taken. (3) If it has been printed, where? The notes, &c. are all in French. We cannot give much praise to the editor for this part of the work. His notes are for the most part easy references to the Vulgate, and to one or two stock authors; while real difficulties he almost always passes unnoticed. Striking is the contrast between this puerile style of comment and the masterly notes which are appended to the few—far too few—sequences he has edited, by that most accomplished of Victorines, the Dean of Westminster. M. Gautier, however, has enriched his book with a fourteenth-century translation of about half the sequences of Adam—to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

The life of Adam is a much more satisfactory thing; and the short history of sequences attached to it, though sketchy, is correct so far as it goes; and justly chastises Mone for his absurd misdivision of Notkevians.

Let us give a brief sketch of the life, before we proceed to criticise the works, of Adam.

Guillaume de Champeaux, born in that village, near Melun, towards the end of the eleventh century, studied in the University of Paris, and became one of its most celebrated doctors; among his pupils was Abaelard. He was also Arch-deacon of the Episcopal See. Disgusted with earthly reputation, he retired, about 1110, to a hermitage near Paris, deriving its name from the soldier monk of Marseilles, S. Victor. Several of his pupils followed him, and they agreed to adopt the Augustinian Rule as Canons Regulars. Gilduin was the most celebrated of the followers of De Champeaux; and when the latter was elevated to the Bishopric of Chalons (where by an

86. Gaude superna civitas.

90. Virgo, Mater Salvatoris.

92. Ave, Virgo singularis.

93. O Maria, stella Maris.

94. Orbis totus, undâ lotus.

98. Cor angustum dilatate.

100. Stola regni laureatus.

Thirty-four in all.

Those which M. Gautier gives as *inédites*, but which are not really so, are the following:—

N, means Neale's *Sequentiæ Medii Ævi*. E, the *Sequentiæ Inéditæ* in the Ecclesiologist.

3. In Natali Salvatoris, E.

4. Lux est orta Gentilibus, E.

5. Jubilemus Salvatori, E.

11. Salve, dies dierum gloria, E.

12. Sexta passus feriâ, E.

15. Postquam hostem ab inferniis, E.

24. Rex Salomon fecit templum, N.

62. Laetabundi jubilemus, E.

75. Ave Mater Jesu Christi, E.

85. Per unius casum grani, N.

Ten in all.

odd coincidence, the master of Abaelard consecrated S. Bernard Abbot of Clairvaux) succeeded him. He is generally reckoned the first Prior of S. Victor's. Louis VI. took the new foundation under his protection, and counts as its founder. When Gilduin was removed to his rest, there were already forty-four houses of Canons Regulars depending on S. Victor. The parent house owed its immense reputation in the twelfth century to its three lights Hugh, Richard, Adam. Hugh, a Saxon by birth, was the earliest of the three: Richard, a Scot, the next: Adam, a good deal younger, yet for some years contemporary with both. Hugh, as the reader will remember, disputes with S. Bernard the place of the first theologian in that century of intellectual giants. He is said to have died in 1141. Adam entered S. Victor about 1130. The former, however, in his eighteenth sermon on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, says: 'Multa enim sunt impedimenta nostra, sicut *egregius versificator* testatus est, dicens:—

'Sævit mare, fremunt venti,
Fluctus surgunt turbulenti.'

from the 'Ave Virgo Singularis,' which is certainly Adam's.

Adam was a Briton (Brito). Does this mean a native of Great Britain, or of Bretagne? The question can never be answered. Singularly enough, he has left two sequences on an English saint (S. Thomas of Canterbury), and two on one of Brittany (S. Maglorius). In neither does he give the least hint of his native land. But while it is perfectly natural that he should have celebrated S. Thomas—since that great prelate had found a home in S. Victor's, and was Adam's personal friend—there seems no especial reason why he should have celebrated S. Maglorius twice, unless from a local interest. However, the passionless way in which he speaks of each is certainly remarkable. Of S. Thomas, he says:—

'Pia Mater plangit Ecclesia
Quod patravit *Major Britannia*
Factum detestabile.'

Of S. Maglorius:—

'Lucrum quærens spiritale,
Culmen rexit principale
Minoris Britannie.'

We fear that a native of our island would scarcely have called it *major*; it would have been, even then, his one Britain. At the same time, the fact that Richard of S. Victor was a Scotchman gives a *prima facie* likelihood to Adam's being an Englishman.

Of the life of Adam, nothing is known. Richard died in

1173, about Easter. The most probable account makes Adam to have survived till 1192. He was buried in the cloister, in front of the door of the Chapter House, *sub quâdam tumbâ clavis cupreis distinctâ*, which we confess we do not understand. His epitaph was composed of a short elegy of his own (ten lines), and an addition by a Victorine, John Corrad, about 1520. Adam's verses are very striking: and the only 'classical' lines we have of his, John Corrad's, not bad:—

- ' Hæres peccati, natura filius iræ,
Exillique reus nascitur omnis homo.
Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci pœna, labor vita, necesse mori ?
- ' Vana salus hominis, vanus decor, omnia vana,
Inter vana nihil vanius est homine.
Dum magis alludunt præsentis gaudia vitæ,
Præterit ; imo fugit ; non fugit ; imo perit.
Post hominem vermis, post vermem fit cinis, heu ! heu !
Sic redit ad cinerem gloria nostra suum.
- ' *Hic ego qui jaceo miser et miserabilis Adam*
Unam pro summo munere posco precem :
Peccavi, fateor, veniam pelo, parce fatenti,
Parce, Pater : fratres parcite : parce Deus.'

The prose works of Adam—the 'Summa Britonis,' the 'De discretione animæ,' and the 'Soliloquium de instinctione animæ,' have not yet been published. We understand that the Benedictines of Solesmes propose to bring them out.

But Adam's fame rests on his poetry. That he is the greatest of all sacred poets scarcely any competent judge will deny. Thomas of Celano may have once soared above him in the ineffable sublimity of the 'Dies Iræ.' Robert of France and Venantius Fortunatus may in one or two pieces rival (not exceed) his best. But where else shall we find a hymn writer who, out of a hundred compositions, has left fifty (at least) in the very highest scale of excellence? It is a pity that Dr. Johnson—not uncandid except when he talked for victory—was not acquainted with the Victorine's sequences. He never could, in that case, have uttered that stupid *dictum* of his regarding religious poetry.

The great glory of Adam is, undoubtedly, the richness with which he revels in Scriptural illustrations, and the exquisite tact with which he fuses these sublime subjects. We will venture, as a specimen, to give an Epiphany sequence for S. Mary. The reader will observe that, the first four lines excepted, there is nothing to which the 'most straitest' Anglican could possibly object. In an equally lovely poem, 'Ante thorum Virginalem,' the same thing might be said without a single exception.

Hymns and Hymnals.

- ' Virgo, Mater Salvatoris,
 Angelorum grata choris,
 Intus fove, serva foris
 Nos benignis precibus :
 Protulisti, Virgo, florem,
 Cujus floris in odorem
 Sancti currunt per amorem
 Piis cum muneribus.
- ' Tria dona reges ferunt,
 Stella duce Regem quærunť,
 Per quam certi semper erunt
 De superno lumine ;
 Auro regem venerantes,
 Thure Deum designantes,
 Myrrha mortem memorantes,
 Sacro docti Flamine.
- ' Dies iste jubileus
 Dici debet, quo Sabæus,
 Plene credens quod sit Deus,
 Mentis gaudet requie :
 Plebs Hebræa jam tabescit ;
 Multa sciens, Deum nescit ;
 Sed Gentilis fide crescit,
 Visa Christi facie.
- ' Synagoga pridem cara,
 Fide fulgens et præclara,
 Vilis jacet, et ignara
 Majestatis parvuli ;
 Seges Christi prius rara,
 Mente rudis et amara,
 Contemplatur luce clarâ
 Salvatorem sæculi.
- ' Synagoga cæca, doles
 Quia Saræ crescit proles,
 Cum ancillæ prolem moles
 Gravis premat criminum ;
 Intabescis, et laboras,
 Sarah ridet, dum tu ploras,
 Quia novit, quem ignoras,
 Redemptorem hominum.
- ' Consecratus patris ore,
 Jacob gaudet cum tremore ;
 Inrigaris cœli rore,
 Et terræ pinguedine :
 Delectaris in terrenis
 Rebus vanis et obscœnis ;
 Jacob tractat de serenis
 Et Christi dulcedine.
- ' Unguentorum in odore
 Sancti currunt cum amore,
 Quia novo fragat flore
 Nova Christi venia ;

Ad peccatum prius prona,
Jam percepit sponsa dona,
Sponsa recens, et corona
Decoratur aurea :

' Adstat sponsa regi nato,
Cui ritu servit grato,
In vestitu deaurato,
Aureis in fimbriis ;
Orta rosa est ex spinis,
Cujus ortus, sive finis,
Semper studet in divinis,
Et regis deliciis.

' Hæc est sponsa spiritalis,
Vero sponso specialis ;
Sponsus iste nos a malis
Servet et eripiat !
Mores tollat hic ineptos,
Sibi reddat nos acceptos,
Et ab hoste sic ereptos
In cœlis recipiat !

Amen.

As an example of the meagre notes of the editor, take this :—

' Le prêtre qui passe devant le mendiant sans le soulager était pour nos pères un image de la loi naturelle : où par suite de l'ingratitude originelle, Dieu nous avait abandonnés à nos misères.

' Mais le Samaritain s'arrêtant devant le malheureux et commençant à le soulager, c'était la loi mosaïque où Dieu commença à bâtir le merveilleux édifice de notre réparation.

' Enfin ce même Samaritain achevant son œuvre de miséricorde, guérissant toutes les blessures du pauvre, le nourrissait de son pain, le mettant doucement sur sa monture et l'installant dans l'hôtellerie où il sera heureux, c'est notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ,' &c.

The only translations which have as yet appeared of Adam are those of eight sequences, in the second edition of Mr. Neale's 'Mediaeval Hymns.' We give one as a specimen, utterly untranslateable as they all are :—

Stola regni laureatus.

' Laurelled with the stole victorious,
Is the great King's Senate glorious,
Is the Apostolic Choir :
Heart and lips keep well in chorus,
While the pure soul's strains sonorous
To angelic hymns aspire.

' These earth's highest decoration,
That shall judge each tongue and nation ;
These the rock of newest grace :
Ere the world was, pre-elected,
By the Architect erected
In the Church's highest place. .

- ' Nazarites of ancient story,
They the Cross's wars and glory
To the listening world relate :
Thus the Word of God adorning,
Night to night, to morning morning,
"Speech and knowledge" indicate.
- ' They, earth's furthest limits reaching,
Christ's most easy burden preaching,
Propagate the Word of Life :
Earth returns her cultured treasure,
And in more abundant measure
With the God-Man's faith is rife.
- ' Paranympths of God's new graces,
To the new King's dear embraces
They conduct the Royal Bride :
Spotless, blemishless, eternal,
She, the dread of powers infernal,
Ever Virgin must abide.
- ' Ever Virgin, pregnant ever,
Youth and age disjoining never,
From defeat and error free ;
This her bed, truth held sincerely ;
This her birth, faith treasured dearly :
Grace her dowry endlessly.
- ' These, the temple's sure foundations,
These are they that bind the nations
Into God's great house above :
These, the city's pearly portal,
Knitting faith with work immortal,
Jew and Gentile into love.
- ' These are they that evermore
Winnow in the threshing-floor,
And from the chaff the wheat divide :
These are they that came to be
Oxen of the brazen sea,
That Solomon had edified.
- ' Patriarchs twelve in order meetest :
Twelfefold founts of water sweetest :
Shewbreads of the temple rite :
Gems that deck the priestly vestment ;
Thus they gain their true attestation
As the people's chiefs in fight.
- ' Let their prayer preserve from error,
Add to faith, and quench the terror
Of the woe of final doom :
So that, freed from all transgression,
We may enter on possession
Of the happiness to come.

Amen.

But the truth is, that a fair translation of Adam is utterly impossible. Take, for example, such wonderfully compressed sentences as the following :—

‘Offert multa, spondet plura,
Periturus peritura.’

It is a kind of riddle for ingenious young poets, how such lines are to be—as the men that wrote for Jacob Tonson used to say—‘done into English metre.’ It might be—

Much he offers, more he fables,
Perishable perishables.

which would have the objection which we have heard made to a Victorine translation, ‘It is very exact; and when I look at the Latin, I can understand what the English means;’ which puts one in mind of the old lady who, having been presented with a copy of Scott’s Commentary on the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and being, in due process of time, asked how she liked the book, replied, that she understood the story perfectly, and in time, by God’s help, hoped to understand the notes also. But here is another attempt—as the same Tonson’s translators would have said—‘by another hand’:—

Much he gauges, more he proffers,
Mortal offerer, mortal offers.

And how coarse is this patchwork compared to the lovely mosaic of Adam! If any of our readers would try for themselves, here is another *cruce*—the poet is speaking of S. Katharine:—

‘Per quam plebs Alexandrina
Femine non feminina
Stupuit ingenia.’

And, very often without their meanings being so wonderfully compressed, Adam’s lines can scarcely come into English. Take this for example—it is a sequence for the Common of Evangelists—see how, in Mr. Neale’s ‘Mediæval Sequences,’ this stanza perforce comes out:—

‘Jucundare, plebs fidelis,
Cujus Pater est in cœlis;
Recolens Ezechielis
Prophetæ præconia:
‘Est Johannes testis ipsi,
Dicens in Apocalypsi;
“Vere vidi, vere scripsi
Vera testimonia.”’

We said that Adam was personally acquainted with our great martyr, S. Thomas; and M. Gautier has, for the first time, given us two sequences written for his festival, besides a third which was already known. None of them are first-rate: yet we will attempt a translation of part of the last, both as a specimen of the poet’s manner in heaping up Scripture metaphors, and also of his treatment of an iambic metre mixed with short trochaics, of which we believe him to have been the originator.

- 'Another Abel Cain in malice slays ;
 Another Jacob Edom's power obeys ;
 Another Joseph on to Dothan strays,
 Whom by their fraud his brethren in our days,
 Basely murdered.
- 'Against their father's life his children pressed,
 Children that spared not their own mother's breast ;
 While the great Bishop Thomas goes to rest,
 By a new chaos this world is distressed
 And disordered.
- 'But Abel ne'er the less in glory fell ;
 Mesopotamia saveth Israel ;
 Joseph in Pharaoh's palace reigneth well :
 Our Thomas in the heavenly citadel
 Is exalted.
- 'England rejoiceth with new gladnesses :
 Now a new Bethel Canterbury is ;
 A new Bethsaida healeth all amiss
 In them with divers kinds of sicknesses
 Sore assaulted.¹

We promised to give a specimen of the French translation which M. Gautier has appended—as a curiosity of the fifteenth century—to nearly the half of Adam's hymns.

'O quam felix, quam festiva
 Dies, in qua primitiva
 Fundatur Ecclesia !
 Vivæ sunt primitivæ
 Nascentis Ecclesiæ,
 Tria primum millia.

'Panis legis primitivi
 Sub una sunt adoptivi
 Fide duo populi :
 Se duobus interjecit
 Sicque duos unum fecit
 Lapis, caput anguli.'

'Vesci jour benëuré !
 Car à sainte Eglise est donné
 Huy son premier fondement.
 Les primices de l'Eglise
 Sont vives, quant on les prise
 .III. mil premierement.

'De la Loy les pains primitifs
 Soubz une foy sont adoptifs,
 En joignant .II. peuples ensemble
 Mais Jhesu Crist en l'aught mis
 A les .II. simplement hors mis (*sic.*)
 Quant des .II. fait un et assemble.'

The last book on our list finds a place here, not on account of its highest merits, but simply because we are glad to introduce to our readers a hand-book, and that of uncommon merit, of the Eastern Church. We could have wished that Dr. Littledale had, in some cases, instead of the better known Offices of the Eastern Church, which already have found their version in Dr. King's or Mr. Neale's books, broken up entirely new ground, which no one than himself could better do. It happened to the writer of this Article to receive the other day a letter from a Russian Priest, who exulted that, as he said, 'Now we have a Hand-book to our Eastern Services.' The work itself con-

¹ It is to be observed that Adam here employs not iambic trimeter, but, as in this his own metre is always the case, I. T. brachy-catalectic. Those who are interested in questions of prosody, would do well to consider how far this, *our* classical measure, might have been helped forward by Adam's poetry, and by those of his age.

sists of the Offices—the Great and Little Litany (or as Dr. Littledale calls them, Collect) being premised—of Holy Baptism, of a Deacon, a Deaconess, a Priest, a Confessor, a Bishop, Foundation of a Church, Fixing of a Cross, Reconciliation of a Church, Christmas Day, Easter Day, Pentecost. These are all carefully edited in the original, carefully translated, illustrated with notes, and explained still further by a glossary, of which Dr. Littledale speaks very humbly, when he says that which we are about to quote.

‘ I believe that the glossary which I have appended will be found the most useful part of my attempt. The rarity and costliness of the lexicons which are necessary for the explanation of the commonest Greek liturgical terms, put them, and the studies to which they are the keys, out of the reach of the majority of students; and have, I believe, mainly contributed to the prevalent ignorance of Eastern ritual. I had at first designed giving only the difficult words which occur in the course of my own selections, but further thought induced me to expand my plan, and to collect from Du Cange and other sources all the ecclesiastical terms which the student is not likely to find in Passow, Liddell and Scott, or other ordinary lexicons. Many words and meanings I have given which I have met only in Romaic, and a few which I have not been able to find in any glossaries, but which I have noted in the course of my general reading. The plan has been to some extent derived from the “Lexidion” of Dr. H. A. Daniel, but is on a somewhat larger scale than has been adopted by that eminent scholar. I have, for the sake of brevity, usually omitted two classes of words. I. Those which belong, strictly speaking, to theology alone, and which can be found in most good dictionaries. II. Common Latin words, transliterated into Greek without change of orthography or meaning, such as *σακέπδως*. When Latin words are difficult, or have undergone any notable change, I have given them. I dare not hope that there are no mistakes nor involuntary omissions, and I shall be thankful for information and suggestions on these heads.’

But the reason which makes it our duty to notice Dr. Littledale's work here is, that he has given a metrical translation of the odes which he has selected. We may certainly say that his versions—though they never could be employed in English Hymnology, till a far higher taste prevails among us than this generation is likely to see—are, nevertheless, the truest representatives of the original which we yet have. We think that with great wisdom he has sometimes adopted the measure of the ‘Curse of Kehama,’ sometimes that of ‘Thalaba.’ Take as an example:—

Hymns and Hymnals.

Poem of Cosmas the Monk.

First Ode. Heavy Tone. The Hirmos.

'He Who with His mighty Hand
Breaks the battle and the brand,
Now hath buried in the tide
Egypt's chariots and her king,
To Him therefore let us sing,
For He hath been glorified !

Troparion :

'As Thou didst promise long ago
To Thy disciples, Thou hast sent
The SPIRIT Comforter below,
And Thou a light on earth hast shined,
O CHRIST, Thou Lover of mankind.

'That now hath found accomplishment,
Which Law and Prophets old record,
For the HOLY SPIRIT's grace
Upon all the faithful race
Hath to-day been poured.

Another Canon. Iambic.

Poem of S. John Arcelas, the acrostic of which is in elegiac verse.

'WORD of nature divine, another Comforter hither
From Thy FATHER's Breast, Thou the pure SPIRIT hast sent :
Like unto fiery tongues, as a sign of Thy generation
Of Deity supreme : grace to the framers of hymns.

First Ode. Fourth Tone. The Hirmos.

'The man of slow speech, hid in cloud divine,
Spake the Law written by the hand of God,
For having brushed the clay from his mind's eye,
He looks on Him Who is, and taught the lore
Of SPIRIT : honour Him with holy songs.

'The sacred and most august voice declared
There is no loneliness for you, My friends,
For I, high seated on My FATHER's throne,
Will pour the SPIRIT's grace ungrudgingly
To shine on you who, longing, wait for Me.

'The WORD of truth, ascended to the mount,
Sends on the heart the gift of peaceful calm,
For CHRIST hath now His work accomplished,
And made His friends glad with the Mighty Breath,
And fiery tongues, sending His promised gift.

'Catabasia. He Who with His mighty Hand, &c.

'Second. The man of slow speech, &c.

Third Ode. The Hirmos.

'Thou saidst, O CHRIST, to Thy Disciples,
In Jerusalem abide
Till ye be clothed with power from on high,
Another Comforter, even such as I,
Mine and My FATHER's SPIRIT, as your guide,
By Whom you shall be built up, will I give.

Troparion.

The HOLY SPIRIT, dwelling here
In might of His Divinity,
Hath joinèd now in concert clear
The speech divided, when of old
Men were leagued for purpose bold,
And to the faithful doth unfold
The wisdom of the Trinity
By Whom we are built up, that we may live.

The other Hirmos.

The prayer of Anna, olden prophetess,
Hath burst the fetters of the childless womb,
And foiled the insults of her fruitful foe,
What time she brought her sore heart unto Him,
Who GOD of wisdom is, and mightiest King.

Incomprehensible is Deity,
For He hath given words to unlearned men,
And made them equal to the wise in speech,
And with the SPIRIT's lightning, He hath brought
The ignorant from out of deepest night.

From Unbegotten Brightness came that Light
Almighty in its glory and eterne ;
The FATHER's power, trusted to the SON,
Makes now the fiery sound, from Sion sped,
A kindred beacon to the Gentile world.

' Catabasia. Thou saidst, O CHRIST.

' Second. The prayer of Anna.

Cathisma. Fourth plagal Tone. That which was ordained.

' The lovers of the Saviour
Were filled with joy,
And they who erst were cowards became bold,
When to-day the HOLY GHOST
Descended from on high upon the house
Of the Disciples, and they spake
Each to the nations in his several wise,
For the tongues were divided,
In likeness as of fire,
And them they burned not, but rather did bedew.
(Twice.)

Fourth Ode. The Hirmos.

' The Prophet, knowing Thou shouldst come at length,
O CHRIST, exclaimed :
LORD, I have heard the greatness of Thy strength,
For Thou hast come all Thine elect to save.

Troparion.

' He Who was by the Law proclaimed
And in the Prophets His words gave,
Comforter and Very LORD,
To them who knew and served the WORD,
Of late unlearned, reveals Himself to-day.

'The SPIRIT was distributed,
When He bore the Godhead's sign
To the Apostles in the flame;
And in tongues unfamiliar came
As He proceedeth, Might Divine,
From the FATHER, of His own free-will.

Second Hirmos.

'O King of Kings, Sole from the Only One,
O WORD proceeding from the Uncaused SIRE,
Thou, in Thy bounty, didst send of a truth
On the Apostles Thy Coequal SPIRIT,
As they sang: "Glory to Thy might, O LORD."

'The holy laver of regeneration,
Mingling it with Thy nature and Thy word,
Thou makest flow in copious streams for me
From Thy pure wounded Side, O WORD of GOD,
Sealing it with the fervour of the SPIRIT.

'Unto the SPIRIT all things bow the knee,
Unto the SON, and Consubstantial SIRE;
For in Three Persons they the Substance know
Eternal, Unapproachable and One.
For now the SPIRIT's grace hath given light.

'Be all initiate in Deity
O ye who serve the Substance triply-bright,
For CHRIST, our Benefactor, teaches us
In wondrous wise, and for salvation shines,
Granting the full grace of the Comforter.'

We have now, perhaps, sufficiently gone through the Hymnals which have lain before us; far more than sufficiently, we fear, for the patience of our readers. All we can say on behalf of ourselves is this: that, as Dr. Johnson remarked, 'Writers ought to be praised no less for that which they withhold from, than for that which they give to, the public;' so we may fairly claim the praise of having restrained ourselves from entering on the subject of German hymns, both Protestant and Catholic,—a criticism on which we had intended to append to the foregoing article.

Art. V.—*On Nature and Grace. A Theological Treatise.*
 Book I. Philosophical Introduction. By WILLIAM GEORGE
 WARD, D.Ph., late Lecturer on Dogmatic Theology at St.
 Edmund's Seminary, Herts. London: Burns and Lambert,
 17, Portman Street, Portman Square. 1860.

JUST three years have passed since the publication of this remarkable volume, and we believe we are correct in stating that absolutely no notice has been taken of it by our contemporaries. The phenomenon is not altogether unaccountable, though we must confess the result is not such as we should have predicted. A period of three years in these days of rapid change is almost long enough to consign an unnoticed work to complete oblivion; yet the nature of the subject probably, in this case, affords the reason why this particular work has been left unnoticed, and also places it beyond the sphere of application of a rule which would apply to most publications of the day. It certainly cannot be called a popular work, and the very title-page in almost every word seems to scorn the idea of pandering to popular taste. Few readers will be captivated by a teacher professing to be theological; perhaps still fewer will care for a volume which, after all, claims only to be an introduction to the general subject, and proclaims moreover that it is philosophical. If an author had wanted to deter readers from entering upon the perusal of his work, he could scarcely have found any terms better calculated to warn them off the premises. Must we add that, to the great mass of Protestant readers, the name and office of its author, as well as those of his publishers, will not serve the purpose of a letter of recommendation. Still, we wish to bespeak attention to the Introduction to a Treatise on Nature and Grace, though written by a renegade from the communion of the Church of England; and, before we notice the work itself, a few words may not perhaps be considered out of place on the theological quarter from which it comes, and the individual who has introduced it into the world. Several years have elapsed since Mr. Ward appeared before the world as an author. We are not aware that anything has been published with his name, though it is scarcely conceivable that so active and restless a mind can have remained so long without taking part in the controversies of the day. No doubt the apathy which characterises the Roman Catholic intellect in this country has told upon Mr. Ward; he has had no antagonist. Had he remained in the communion of the Church of England, he would have been engaged in deadly fight with a host of adversaries. He

would have drawn his sword against Mr. Maurice and his party, and a few random shots would have been fired even at the despised Evangelicals; where he is, he has unfortunately no field. Argument is his line, and argument is, for the most part, closed against him—either questions have been definitively settled by the Church, or, if they are open, there are no minds in the Roman Communion that are a match for his. There is no interest in the question sufficient to provoke discussion. The Roman Communion is a dreary place for intellectual converts from Anglicanism; and the few gifted minds that it has withdrawn from the Church have greatly deteriorated for want of objects on which to exercise themselves. It was long ago suspected, at the time when the English Church seemed likely to suffer more than in God's Providence was permitted, that the new converts found few congenial minds amongst their new associates; but the absolute stagnation of intellect amongst the thoroughbred English and Irish Catholics of the Roman Communion has become patent to all who have had opportunities of observing it. The failure of the Dublin University was a significant fact; the well-known inability under which all their schools labour as to providing competent teachers to prepare students for competitive examinations, and for the various duties of life, tell the same tale. They are obliged to have recourse to those whom they call schismatics whether of our own Communion or of dissenting bodies, to teach even the rudiments of Greek and the elements of mathematics. Thus, if a Roman Catholic father wishes his son to be prepared for the competitive examination which gives the only mode of entrance to Woolwich, he cannot find a teacher for his son in his own communion, except he should be lucky enough to meet with an Oxford or Cambridge mathematician who has seceded from the Church of England. This is the reason, too, why a few Roman Catholics are found here and there at the universities, since the abolition of the test of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Last of all, we have a very intelligible hint of the poverty of the teaching power among Roman Catholics in the very fact of the appearance of this volume from the pen of a convert, now a layman in their communion. For, in fact, the work is not a series of essays, written directly for publication, but a course of lectures on dogmatic theology delivered to students preparing for holy orders in St. Edmund's Seminary. Perhaps, when this fact is taken in connexion with the notorious avoidance of promoting converts to high offices in the Church, it may appear even more significant in the relation in which we have referred to it. The transcendent powers of Dr. Newman have never raised their possessor to the office of bishop, and all the other converts appear to be employed

in somewhat subordinate situations. However, Mr. Ward being a layman, it was impossible to promote him to ecclesiastical office; and he seems, strange as it may appear to us that he should have been so employed, to have been occupied in a very congenial work, which has contributed to render the seven years of his life spent upon it the happiest time he has ever spent. We do not wonder at the author's expressing himself in this way. It is natural enough that time should be considered happily spent which has been employed on a subject thoroughly congenial to the author's mind, especially when the writer considers, as Mr. Ward does not scruple several times to avow that he considers, that he has been eminently successful in establishing his points and in confuting his adversaries. Different as is the nature of the subject treated of, there is much in this volume that reminds one of the author of the 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' The poet tells us—

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;

and Mr. Ward affords an exemplification of the truth, when put in a more abstract form. He has adopted a different form of religion, and he appears as the advocate of views not precisely the same as he held formerly; but the tone of mind does not seem changed either by lapse of time or alteration of circumstances. In accusing him of displaying the same overweening estimate of his own powers which was formerly his chief characteristic, we are bound to add that we have seldom seen so large an amount of egotism combined with so kindly a temper, or so inoffensive an appreciation of self. He seems really to have the power of viewing himself *ab extra*; and though it is scarcely possible for a person possessing this power, to however great an extent, not to overrate himself, yet we gladly attribute the author's complacent tone in part to his deep appreciation of the strength of his subject, rather than to consciousness of the masterly style in which he has handled it. Mr. Ward's arguments would have lost neither point nor strength had they been unaccompanied by the reiterated expressions of the impregnable nature of the fortress behind which he has entrenched himself. Mr. Ward's vanity, if vanity it is to be called, never for a moment leads him into pretending to know more than he really does; on the contrary, it seems to lead him in the exactly opposite direction. He ostentatiously proclaims his want of acquaintance with large branches of knowledge, as, for instance, the whole range of physical science. It is scarcely possible that he should be so wholly unacquainted with the history of speculation before the time of Bacon, and the change that is said, whether rightly or wrongly, to have come over the spirit of

philosophy, owing to the influence of the author of the 'Novum Organum.' We do not wish to accuse Mr. Ward of wishing to impress his readers with the vast amount of knowledge he can draw from the resources of his own mind, and on this account exaggerating his own ignorance both of historical facts and the works of other philosophers; we may content ourselves with observing that there appears to us something ludicrous in the perpetual recurrence of the writer throughout his book. If it were not for this appearance, the author's confidence in his subject is not misplaced; in the main positions of his book we entirely concur, and willingly bear testimony to the admirable clearness with which their exposition is laid down. There is not, perhaps, much that is strictly new, but the mode in which the true view of the foundations of morality and ethical science is treated is deserving of our warmest approbation. We had occasion to touch upon this subject, some years ago, in reviewing Mr. Solly's elaborate treatise on 'The Will, Divine and Human.' That work, as was abundantly apparent from internal evidence, was written by one of the body of Christians called Unitarian; we had no occasion then to allude to the supposed religious opinions of the author; but the same truth which forced itself at that time upon our minds receives additional illustration from the treatment of the same subject by Mr. Ward. Estimating Mr. Solly's intellectual powers very highly, we were compelled to exhibit the fallacy of his attempts to represent the laws of morality as taking their origin from the will of God. We did not then say what we will venture to say now, that it was Mr. Solly's defective and erroneous religious belief that has misled him. A fatal error in religion will show itself at every turn of an ethical treatise; truth only presents a consistent front; and though the truth may be in a particular instance adopted and defended by one who contravenes some fundamental portion of it, yet such a writer is sure to break down somewhere or other. German philosophy will pass away; it might even be interesting to trace the aberrations of Scotch philosophy, good service as some of the Scotch philosophers have done in their opposition to certain Catholic doctrines. Mr. Ward would probably smile at our attempt to represent ourselves in a different category from other heretics and schismatics; nevertheless, as we consider the Roman and Anglican faith not to differ on fundamental points, or in anything approaching what is fundamental, we intend to speak of ourselves and of him as both belonging to different branches of the Catholic Church, both being in possession of theological truth as opposed to the theories of dissenters and other opponents. And accordingly, as to the general tone of the philosophy of the volume, we are entirely at one with him; the

points on which we do not agree with him will be indicated in the sequel. We scarcely think there is a single important point on which we are at issue with him. It is unnecessary for us to do more than just to allude to the author's division of his readers into Catholics and Protestants—by the former, of course, meaning his brethren of the Roman Communion, and by the latter term all those who are outside the pale of the Romish Church, though, in point of fact, it is not hard to see that the term Protestantism is not merely meant to be inclusive of the English Establishment, but, we suspect, is almost identified with it, so far as the author is addressing himself to a particular class of readers. There is, indeed, something approaching the ludicrous in the author's observation that his volume may possibly come under the eye of Protestants; we should have thought no man knew better than Mr. Ward that his volume is far beyond the reach of most of the best educated men in his own communion, and that the mass of his readers will be amongst the members of that University at which he himself acquired the habits of thought which enabled him to write his philosophical introduction to theology.

We can imagine the questions asked, Why should there be a philosophical introduction to theology, and what is the connexion of the two subjects? Must a theologian be a philosopher, and is a knowledge of theology an indispensable requisite to a complete acquaintance with philosophy? The best answer we can give to these questions, and other similar ones which are either involved in them or are indicated by them, is by referring to the corresponding case of the physical sciences. Most readers who are not wholly ignorant of physics will have heard of, and, perhaps, many may have gone so far as to read, a little volume called 'The Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' published some few years ago by the accomplished Mrs. Somerville. Or if any reader should unhappily never have fallen in with this volume, it requires but a small acquaintance with any one of the physical sciences to understand how each one of them is dependent upon the others, and how the reader, as he advances, is perpetually thrown out by his want of acquaintance with kindred subjects. There is not only the one bond of mathematical science, which is an indispensable preliminary to them all, but there are also large fields of subjects which belong to border territory, of which it is scarcely possible to define the limits. Thus astronomy and geography, electricity and magnetism, mechanics and hydrostatics, not only touch each other in pairs as they are here coupled, but each one of these sciences has points of contact with each of the others. Thus no learner could make any progress in physical

astronomy without understanding the higher parts of mechanical science, or the laws of hydrostatics; though it is quite possible something may be known of all these branches of science without even the most elementary acquaintance with the others. Just so we conceive is the case with philosophy and theology. The sciences are certainly not identical. It is quite possible to have a tolerable acquaintance with theology without making the smallest pretensions to philosophy; and a man may be a profound philosopher who knows no more than the veriest elements of theology. But we believe we have stated the case of the separation of the sciences in the most extreme language that it will bear. The tolerable acquaintance with theology, of which we have spoken, will very much resemble the popular knowledge of astronomy possessed by one who is not a mathematician. It may be such a knowledge as may suffice for the clergy, whether of Rome or of England, for all practical purposes, but it will not be of use for controversial purposes, nor will it imply much enlargement of mind in its possessor. Again, we have said a man may be a profound philosopher whose knowledge of theology is confined to its elements. We protest against the view that any one can be a philosopher, in the truest sense of the word, who is actually ignorant of the faith; much less is he entitled to be called so who dissents from or disbelieves the fundamentals of the faith. We do not venture to pronounce how far these considerations extend, but we have no doubt that such are the subtle links which connect the truths of one science with those of all others, that in the physical sciences which seem most removed from those over which the Church has a right to exercise control, the student who is properly instructed in the Catholic faith has, *ceteris paribus*, the best chance of attaining to eminence as a philosopher. We have already observed on what we consider the reason why so acute and profound a thinker as Mr. Solly has missed his way in the very foundations of ethical science. Mr. Mill is another and a much stronger instance in point. No one will dispute this gentleman's claims to be considered an original and profound thinker, yet the fundamental error of his philosophy—viz. his belief that we cannot get beyond experience—is almost entirely due to his defective views of religious truth; and the very shallowness of the hypothesis renders the case in this instance very striking, for it does not seem to be able to bear the test of any criticism. Mr. Ward has, in a few lines, entirely disposed of the whole case of the philosophy of experience; and yet he has perhaps not alleged any argument which has not occurred to any philosophical reader who does not belong to the school of which

Mr. Mill is the principal English exponent. We do not, then, scruple to avow our belief, that an education in the principles of the Catholic faith is a very strong safeguard against errors in all philosophical subjects, however remote these subjects may be from the region of faith. We know that it is the custom to say, that a very high degree of intellectual cultivation in the physical sciences is quite compatible with wrong belief in religion and wrong practice in morality; and the persons who assert this are frequently very earnest in their protest against the idea, that a similar remark can apply to the cases of ethical or theological science. For ourselves, we believe that an error in any part of the domain of truth may be fraught with disastrous consequences to the mind of him who has fallen into it, in the judgment which it is led to form on any conceivable subject. Thus for instance, if you admitted one single arithmetical error as a truth, there is no error in the same science, however monstrous, which could not easily be deduced from it. And if this observation be extended from one science to another, and, granting that the human mind had powers of following the investigation, we believe similarly that one admitted error in any abstract case might be made use of to prove any error whatsoever in the whole range of science. It will be seen, from what has been said, that we do not anticipate any valuable additions to ethical science, and certainly not any consistent theory of moral science from Protestant writers. We use the term Protestant, of course, in its strict historical sense—a sense which does not admit of its application to the Church of England. Truth in theology and truth in philosophy must ever go hand in hand, as, in point of fact, it will be found they always have. And a philosophical introduction, though no necessary part of a theological treatise, may be most useful to those who want to know on what grounds of reason those truths stand which are presupposed in the very idea of a revelation. It will be observed, that we are taking for granted the very obvious truth that everything cannot be proved from Scripture. We are not writing for people who are satisfied that they believe in the Unity of the Godhead, because there is a text in the Bible that says, ‘Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord.’ We believe this is one of the stereotyped arguments in all works on the Articles and their Scripture proofs. Scripture proofs of the Articles will be found to be far more extensively inconclusive than we are arguing for now. We are here only demurring to accepting proofs from Scripture for such doctrines as must be accepted before ever we come to Scripture at all. Whether Scripture be the depository of the faith, or whether this deposit has been committed to the Church

Universal—in whatever way the revelation has come to us—there is at least this one idea presupposed, that there is One God whose revelation it professes to be; and though, as in all other sciences, the fundamental proposition of a science will receive abundant confirmation at every step, yet it must not be forgotten that the science itself did not teach us its own first principle. The first law of motion may be rendered abundantly evident by the calculations of astronomy, but it is quite necessary to take it for granted before entering upon the subject of physical astronomy at all. The Unity of the Godhead is, then, beyond all doubt a truth, which is independent of and prior to revelation. We call it a doctrine of natural religion, not of course as denying that it may have been revealed, for we can have no doubt it was an original revelation to the first man, but to distinguish it from any of those ulterior and less fundamental and elementary truths which are learned from the revelation vouchsafed to the Church, the written record of which is the Holy Scripture. With the sceptic, however, who denies revelation, the question would be, how the knowledge of the Unity of God has spread itself so as to be, upon the whole, a received truth in the world. The school of experience, to be consistent, must deny the doctrine *in toto*, or at least must speak of it as a probable delusion, on the ground that there neither is nor can be any evidence for it. The majority of Theists, who do not believe in a special revelation, have been driven, by the manifest disproportion between the principles and the conclusion in all arguments adopted for its proof, to the assertion that it is a truth of intuition; and if they mean by this that the existence of God cannot be proved by any syllogistic process, and that if it is proved by an inductive process it cannot help being involved in that inconclusiveness which is the essential characteristic of induction, no doubt they are right. We know of the existence of God somehow or other. There is no more general proposition under which we can include it, and from which we can derive it; and the phenomena of the physical or the moral world may indeed suggest or confirm the view, but the view itself is certainly distinct from them, beyond and above them. People have come round from Locke's denial of innate ideas, on the principle that if there had been any innate idea, it would have been reasonable to suppose the idea of God would be innate, to the assertion of the very truth which Locke assailed, viz. that there is in the human heart an intuitive knowledge of the existence of God. If this were not so, they have no alternative but to take refuge in the doctrine, being the traditional remnant of a primæval revelation. To believers in revelation, it becomes impossible altogether to

separate the two things; to us this truth, being a truth of intuition, or a truth of descent from an original revelation, is nearly the same thing. At least, we need not be careful to distinguish the two ideas. It is enough for us to distinguish this and other doctrines of natural religion from those doctrines of a revelation, the written record of which begins with the Pentateuch and ends with the Apocalypse. It is quite necessary, however, to distinguish the meanings that may be attached to so simple a statement as the one that 'God exists.' We need not here say anything as to the deep meaning which a saint may attach to it, but even under the aspect of natural religion the proposition has various shades of meaning to various minds. The idea of God, perhaps, does not convey to all the meaning that He is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness; although, perhaps, it might be possible to make apparent the absurdity of the contrary supposition. It is quite conceivable that some untutored minds may rest in the hypothesis, that the Great Being who made the universe is Almighty. It is a more advanced view that He is Omniscient, and a still further advance to recognise His infinite goodness; whilst to some minds all these ideas may in some degree be present, without their having ever grasped the idea of these perfections being absolutely infinite. And again, to some the very idea of God may have merged in some indefinably felt awe of a mysterious Being external and superior to themselves. There is, we may well suppose in all, an intuition of God—what form that intuition assumes, and how distinct and definite it may be, will depend upon the variety of character in the individual mind. But whether this be so or not, the assumption, if so it must be called, with which the science of Theology starts—viz. the unity of the Godhead—is abundantly confirmed by the entire consistency of the fabric which is reared upon it, a consistency which the student, in proportion to his advancement, will be able to estimate. Whether the idea of God be intuitive or not, it at least is intelligible, and finds ready entrance into the heart when it is suggested. And, perhaps, it is not easy to distinguish between the intuition of the being of God and the capability of taking in the idea. In the one case you suppose the idea worked out by some internal process of the mind itself, in the other you bring in the assistance of external things: but who is to draw the limits between the external and the internal? Sceptics have always drawn towards the theory that the mind has no truths impressed upon it; but it is difficult to see what they gain by establishing this ever so conclusively, if they cannot account for the mind's being capable of receiving truths which it can by no possibility see exemplified.

Beyond this capacity for truth, the human mind has a confidence in its own processes, as, for instance, in the validity and certainty of the syllogistic process, which is used by Mr. Ward as a conclusive argument (as indeed it is quite conclusive) against the theory of *philosophical scepticism*, which denies that we can certainly know anything but the present facts of consciousness. If the sceptic condescends to argue with his adversary who contends for the reality of intuitive judgments, his cause falls to the ground at once, for, before he can argue, he must assume the legitimacy of the argumentative process, i.e. the veracity and trustworthiness of a mental faculty. It is singular how Des Cartes saw this difficulty and attempted to demonstrate the being of a righteous God, in order to establish the trustworthiness of our faculties, and to answer the possible objection that some malignant being gave us our faculties on purpose to impose upon us. Reid has very well shown up the absurdity of the *petitio principii* involved in Des Cartes' argument, by asking the simple questions, 'If our faculties be fallacious, why may they not deceive us in this reasoning as well as in others? and if they are to be trusted in this instance without a voucher, why not in others?'

That there are various intuitive judgments, and that sensation and consciousness are not sufficient foundations of human knowledge, Mr. Ward has, we think, shown undeniably, by reference to the case of memory and to the case of reasoning—arguing from the fact that memory is really trusted and that the syllogistic process is objectively valid. A much stronger *argumentum ad hominem* might have been derived from the sceptic's own admission of the validity of the inductive process. Not only is the general validity of that process taken for granted by the whole school of those who deny that our knowledge has any other foundation than experience—a validity which cannot be guaranteed by any number of instances of success—but in every single instance of a conclusion, whether really or only apparently established by an induction of particulars, that conclusion must, at some time or other, have been assumed in direct defiance of the very principle of the school of experience. The absolute certainty to which we attain of the axiom, that things that are equal to the same are equal to one another, is the most conclusive evidence that can be had of the existence of intuitive judgments. It is no answer, on the other hand, to say that the proposition is a mere identity, for, in that case, the reply will be expressed in the words, that there are innate ideas in the mind; for whence, otherwise, could the idea of equality have been derived in the mind of a man, who never could, from sense, have any certain knowledge that two things were absolutely equal?

The author, having established to his satisfaction the existence of this 'intuitional light,' proceeds to notice the question which, we venture to think, is neither so obvious, so important, nor so likely to meet with a solution as he supposes. We venture to think it would be impossible to define the limits of the 'intuitional.' It is enough that there are truths of intuition; it may perhaps be that, to certain minds, many more truths are of this character than to certain other minds. It may be that hereafter, as science advances and terms change their meaning, many more truths, which, at present, do not appear in this character, will be considered such. It has been doubted whether the first law of motion is of an *à priori* character. It is no argument against its being so that it was not known till the sixteenth or seventeenth century, or that certain ancient philosophers considered that velocity had an inherent tendency to diminish. As ideas have gradually become less vague, and the terms in which they have been expressed have become more capable of definition, the propositions which contain them have been approaching to the character of intuitional truths, and we consider that the first law of motion, either in the terms in which it is usually expressed, or, possibly, as expressed in somewhat more abstract language, is an *à priori* truth. We wish we could see more evidence that Mr. Ward had had in contemplation, whilst writing his book, the processes of induction; but argument appears to him to be synonymous with syllogism. He seems to expect, that as certain laws can be laid down to which an argument must conform if it be valid, so certain tests may be applied for the distinguishing intuitional truths from illusions, or, as he would express it, true from false intuitions. We think the author's views on this point would have been clearer if he had taken more distinctly into consideration the large range of scientific truths arrived at by induction. The test of a good induction is its success, and, at the best, the test is never certain; the test of syllogism is its being reducible to a certain form, but what imaginable test is there for an intuitive judgment? The very nature of the case seems to us to preclude any test. Mr. Ward quotes, with qualified approbation, three such tests invented by the Jesuit metaphysician, Buffier:—

1. That the judgments alleged to be first truths be so clear, that when one undertakes either to prove or to oppose them one can only do so by the help of propositions which are manifestly neither clearer nor more certain.

2. That these be so universally received among men in every time and place and by every sort of character, that those who oppose them find themselves, in comparison to the rest of mankind, not more than one in a hundred, or even in a thousand.

3. That they be so strongly impressed on our minds that we conform our conduct to them, notwithstanding the refinements of those who imagine contrary opinions ; which latter class, indeed, act not in conformity with these opinions thus imagined, but with those first truths which are universally received.

Probably no one will be of opinion that these tests merit the praise either of subtilty or profoundness, which even Mr. Ward denies them. The first, indeed, looks to us more like the definition of the meaning of an intuition than a test of its truth. But we might safely leave this subject to take care of itself, were it not that, under Mr. Ward's system, some such test seems to be required by a theory which admits of legitimate and spurious intuitions. And here we protest earnestly against the author's departure from philosophic usage. Not only has he considerably enlarged the sphere of the application of the term intuitive, but he actually includes false judgments as well as true under the head of intuitions. Acute as Mr. Ward has always shown himself as a reasoner, his deficiency in knowledge is so great as entirely, in our judgment, to debar him from the right to invent new meanings for words in common use in philosophy. Still more perverse is his invention of new terms to express what philosophy has hitherto felt no difficulty in expressing in established language. We therefore protest against the use of the word *intuem*, not only because of its ridiculous formation, half Greek and half Latin, but because it is used to express precisely the same idea which has been always attached to the word *intuition*. It is no excuse for the invention of so ridiculous a word that the term which it is meant to supplant ought to represent the act of the mind and not the result of that act. Equally ridiculous is the other word, *intue*, which is used to represent the verb corresponding to the substantive intuition and the adjective intuitive. If Mr. Ward were destined to make a revolution in philosophy, such an invention of words might possibly be justified by results ; whereas, in the present instance, he only professes to treat of philosophy as subsidiary to theology ; and as his philosophy, though, in the main, such as we entirely approve, does not, for the most part, possess the virtue of novelty, we should have preferred it, if he had not so very unnecessarily departed from the previous usage of philosophic terms. We do not see any good reason for either of the above changes, or for the extension of the meaning and application of the word, beyond those necessary truths, to designate which it has been usually employed by philosophers. It is very unwise, as it appears to us, arbitrarily to class together under one term such distinct exercises of the mind as that by which it recognises axiomatic truths, and that by which it recollects past facts of

consciousness, for no better reason than that both these classes of judgments are not judgments of consciousness, and yet carry with them their own evidence of truth.

We have said that Mr. Ward's philosophy has not the virtue of novelty. We are far from finding fault with it on this score; nevertheless, any one reading this book for the first time, who should happen to be unacquainted with English and foreign writers on the subjects of morals, would fancy, from the way in which things are stated, that Mr. Ward had made some great discoveries in moral truth. Indeed, the author himself seems to be very little conversant with what has been written on the subject. Thus, if there is one truth more elementary than another in ethical science—if there is one thought that, earlier than any other, forces itself upon the student in philosophy—it is, we suppose, the question of the independence of the principles of morality upon the will of God. Des Cartes' view, that moral principle depends upon will—i.e. that things are right or wrong because God has once for all willed them to be so—has been long recognised as an exploded theory by all Christian philosophers. The absurdity of it has been demonstrated over and over again from the time of Cudworth; and no truth of morals stands upon a surer foundation than that the will of God is governed by His goodness. Yet this obvious truth is treated by Mr. Ward as if it could not be comprehended by any but those whom he is pleased to call Catholics; and the doctrine that necessary truth exists in God is spoken of as if it were rather indirectly sanctioned by Catholic theologians than as if it were an admitted principle of Christian ethics. We repeat it, we have no quarrel with Mr. Ward's theory; and we are glad to be able to assign him the praise of having represented the true theory with great clearness and precision. We entirely agree with him that all necessary truth exists in God, though we demur to the inaccuracy of his mode of expression, that it is identical with God. And we must be allowed to express our regret that, after asserting that the existence of necessary truths seems, in some sense, to limit God's power, he should not have more fully explained how this is only a *prima facie* appearance and not a reality, and should have committed himself to the assertion by implication that God's power is limited by it—limited, that is, by no external shackle, but by His own intrinsic essence. Had he ever condescended to read so contemptible a Protestant writer as Cudworth, he might have learned to express his meaning in some such language as this, that 'it is no derogation to the idea of Almighty Power to be unable to do that which is no object of Power.'

Having shown the independence of necessary truth by

reference to the axioms of mathematical science, and having in some degree explained the meaning of this independence, the author proceeds to establish the same theory in its relation to moral truth. And here he is equally successful. By reference to the case of 'a supposed friend having been entrusted with 'the care of a valuable jewel of which the restoration is demanded,' he establishes that there are real intuitions on moral subjects. And the comparison of the two cases of mathematical and moral axioms is particularly well drawn out. As to their necessity, they stand on precisely the same footing. Neither mathematical nor moral axioms were created or ordained by God. They are necessary truths, and as such are parts of His very nature. The idea of God's goodness would be absolutely unintelligible under the supposition that certain things were good and evil merely because He had willed them to be so. And the idea of God's truth would be equally interfered with, if we could suppose that He created the axiom of mathematics, and therefore could annihilate them. On any hypothesis but the true one, truth and goodness are resolved into mere arbitrary will, and the perfection of will is to be entirely arbitrary, which is as great an absurdity as can possibly be imagined. The true view of the relation between God and moral truth is repeated in the third section of this first chapter, the greater part of which section is occupied in combating the views of those who differ from the author. Mr. Ward is certainly of a most combative disposition; he lives in an argument, and never seems happy unless when he is showing most conclusively that his adversary is in the wrong. Now, the theory which asserts that morality is dependent upon the will of God has not, so to say, a leg to stand on. It is refuted at once by simply showing that it resolves the perfections of God into almighty power and arbitrary will, and so is as much opposed to reason as to revelation. Yet, for the sake of having the gratification of displaying an array of arguments which only serve the purpose of slaying the slain, we have the opponents of the true view divided into several classes, the first two of which we will first enumerate—viz. those who maintain that things are right or wrong owing to the free command of God, and those who say that morality owes its existence indeed to the command of God, but that that command is not free, but necessitated.

With regard to the first of these two classes, Mr. Ward dismisses it with the remark, that no Catholic held the view, though it has been held by eminent Protestants. Now, Mr. Ward ought to know that this matter is, as far as one truth can be independent of another, quite independent of the points at issue between Catholics and Protestants. It is a

matter of philosophy or of natural religion, as it may be regarded; and it is almost as absurd to distinguish its adherents or opponents in this way, as it would be to divide the disputants as to the axiomatic character of the twelfth axiom of Euclid according to their religious faith. We venture to think the contemptuous mode of regarding Protestants is as affected as it is foolish. We have no doubt that the very large majority of both Catholics and Protestants are entirely unable to see their way in such a question as this, and that the jealousy for God's other perfections, which would lead most uninstructed minds to adopt the view that things are right or wrong because God commands them, is almost as easily instructed in the Protestant as in the Catholic mind, so as to enable it to embrace the true theory of moral obligation.

The first class, then, is dismissed with the remark, that its arguments have been sufficiently refuted already, and that most of the arguments to be adduced against the other class are *à fortiori* applicable to it. Now this second theory not being so shocking as the first, is admitted to be held by many Catholics, and the author proceeds to its demolition in several arguments. For ourselves, we must confess that we have not met with this theory, and that we are unable to understand how it differs from the true theory, except that it is very awkwardly expressed; that is to say, it seems to us either the true theory, or a very awkward expression of the contradictory of the true theory. We have no quarrel with Mr. Ward's arguments, supposing the theory he is attacking to have any meaning whatever. We only object that in his fifth reason against this thesis he has reproduced in stronger language what we have before objected to—viz. that the true theory seems to limit the Almighty Power of God. He says: 'In denying Him the power of acting in every possible direction, we plainly deny Him a certain perfection.' Now, here is an instance where Mr. Ward is hampered by the unphilosophical language of the schoolmen. To use the expression, 'denying Him the power of acting in every possible direction,' is incorrect; and though it is intelligible, it is more philosophical to say, that to do wrong is no more an object of power than to interfere with the truth of axioms is.

And now let us proceed to notice the three remaining adverse theories. The first is, that morality is founded on our Creator's nature, and not on His command or prohibition. And here the author seems to be aware of what he failed to see in noticing the second supposed erroneous theory, either that the advocates of this theory mean what is right, but express their meaning ambiguously; or else, that they mean pretty nearly the same as the advocates of the second erroneous theory, and

therefore may be answered by the same arguments as are used to destroy that theory. The fourth supposed adverse theory is the same with the third, the idea of 'the one necessary Being' being substituted for that of the Creator, and is replied to by precisely the same arguments, without the alteration of a single word. The fifth theory the author is obliged to translate into his own words to make it definite enough to be attacked. Stated as he states it, it runs as follows: 'That which is morally good 'is that which brings the will into harmony with the Creator's 'will.' Here, again, we have a statement which, probably, in the mouths of such as use it, merely evades the question of the foundation of morality; and with reference to this, we think the author might have expressed himself in stronger language than he has used in saying that 'on consideration it will be 'found (I think) extremely difficult to distinguish the whole 'doctrine which we have just been considering from the third 'adverse theory;' the theory, viz. that 'morally evil signifies that from which God's will is necessarily averse.' Now, if the author had not made this quintuple division of his opponents, for no conceivable reason, as appears to us, but for the purpose of making a display of an array of arguments—if he had just stated the true theory, and then the opposite and contradictory theory, of which in point of fact these supposed erroneous theories are mere different modes of expression—the argument would have been equally conclusive, and have had the advantage of being more simple and intelligible.

And now that we have given some account of the author's first chapter of the introduction, it may be acceptable to our readers if we sum up the teaching of the first three sections in Mr. Ward's own words:—

'There are various truths, of fundamental importance, which have engaged our attention in this and the preceding sections. We have been hitherto occupied in stating these truths, according to their *logical* order; I mean according to that order in which we arrive at their *knowledge*. It will conduce, however, to further clearness, if I terminate this Section by endeavouring to make you conceive the same truths in their *ontological* order; i.e. according to that order, whether of nature or time, in which they actually exist. In this order, of course, we begin, not with the Principle of Certitude, but with Almighty God. I must first then lead you to conceive of Him, with sufficient fulness and explicitness for our present purpose. I must lead you to conceive of Him,—not indeed in all those various aspects wherein we are *able* to conceive of Him,—but only in a small number of them; only so far as we are led to contemplate Him by those particular truths, which we have been considering in the present Chapter.

'(1.) We must begin by conceiving of Him, as the One Self-existent Necessary Being. On this, however, our present purpose does not require us to enlarge.

'(2.) With Him, as the One Necessary Being, all necessary truths are identified. Such verities as the following then are simply identical with God. "The three angles of any triangle together equal two right angles;" "Knowledge

and Power are Perfections;" "Sanctity is a Perfection;" "Sanctity includes Justice and Benevolence;" &c. &c.

'(3.) The will of this Necessary Being is necessarily directed to that which is morally good; or (in other words) He is necessarily Just, Veracious, Loving, and the rest. This is that Attribute which we call Sanctity.

'These three particulars lead us to conceive truly of God's Nature. Now in regard to what we conceive as His External Acts.

'(4.) He has thought fit, for the wise purposes of His Providence and in accordance with His Liberty, to create various beings, who are rational and free.

'(5.) Since He is necessarily Veracious, He has necessarily given to those beings, not an unsound, but a sound, reason. So far as His *Power* was concerned, He might most easily have created us, so that our reason should testify what is false. He might have so created us, that we should be invariably fancying ourselves to remember things which never happened; or that we should fancy certain laws of reasoning to be valid, which really lead from true premisses to false conclusions. But His Veracity renders it impossible for Him so to act. He has given us faculties, which are truthful and not mendacious; He has given us a reason, which will certainly lead us to truth, if we do but exercise it according to those rules which itself prescribes.

'(6.) But it would be of no service to give us truthful faculties, unless He also gave us the means of *knowing* that they are truthful. This, therefore, He has also provided. He has implanted in our souls that 'intuitional light' (see n. 12, p. 33) whereby certain judgments carry with them their own evidence of truth.

'(7.) As He has given us full means of knowing *other* important truths, by means of these veracious faculties, so also of knowing these: (a) that there is a Perfection called Sanctity; (β) that this Perfection essentially includes Justice, Veracity, Benevolence; (γ) that certain acts, done by certain beings under certain circumstances, would possess the opposite quality; or, in other words, would be intrinsically and necessarily wrong.

'(8.) He has further given us full means of knowing His Own Existence; of knowing that our Creator is the One Necessary Being, Who possesses the Perfection of Sanctity, as He possesses all other Perfections also, in an infinite degree.

'(9.) He has added the sanction of His Command to the intrinsic obligation of the Natural Rule; He has forbidden those things which are intrinsically wrong, and counselled those which are intrinsically preferable. And these Commands and Counsels are made known to us *pari passu* with our knowledge of the Natural Rule itself, by the very Reason which He has given us. In other words, He has promulgated to us the Natural Law, by His gift of Reason.

'After all that has been said in this Chapter, nothing more need be added to make this whole statement fully intelligible: I will but call your attention to one particular contained in it. You will remember, that in the first Section I protested most strongly against the notion, that our confidence in the trustworthiness of our faculties depends on our knowledge of God's Veracity. Now I have just been stating, that the *fact* of their trustworthiness arises from the *fact* that God is Veracious; and I wish you clearly to bear in mind, that these two statements are most perfectly distinct. To say that the *fact* of their trustworthiness arises from the *fact* of God's Veracity, is true and indeed undeniable. But to say that our *knowledge* of the former fact arises from our *knowledge* of the latter,—or in other words, that we must know God to be Veracious before we can reasonably trust our faculties,—this is not only erroneous, but absurd. It is of course impossible, without first trusting our faculties, to approach ever so distantly to the conviction that God is Veracious.

'51*. Throughout this Section I have been considering the vitally important subject before us, by the best light which my reason can give me. Various Catholics however seem to be under the impression, that it is not a question on which Reason is free to decide; that there is at least some overwhelming amount of theological authority for the thesis, that all moral obligation springs from God's Command. So far is this from being true, that I believe the very great preponderance of theological authority to be *against* any such thesis. But the mere fact that this impression exists, will (I am sure) be admitted as a sufficient reason, for at once proceeding to examine its grounds. Here therefore, as in one or two other parts of the present volume, I will make no scruple of transgressing strictly philosophical ground, for the sake of the practical advantage obtainable by such transgression.

'In the fourth Section then of the present Chapter, I will bring together such a collection of theological authorities, as will be amply sufficient for my purpose. They will be amply sufficient to show, how absolutely unfounded is the above impression; and how completely at liberty is every Catholic to hold those doctrines which have been here advocated, if they appear to him supported by Reason.

'This fourth Section, for reasons of mere physical convenience, has been removed to the end of the volume (see Preface); but it may be studied at once, immediately after the present. Very possibly however, you may yourselves have no such misgivings as those above mentioned; very possibly you may have never supposed that the doctrines which I have been engaged in advocating, whatever their philosophical merit, are theologically reprehensible. In that case, you may perhaps prefer to postpone the purely episodic study of theological authorities, and proceed at once to the further exploration of Moral Truth.—Pp. 108*-111*.

We must again express our surprise that the author should have laboured so assiduously to refute all imaginable objections against the theory of Independent Morality. As we have said before, it appears to us the established theory of Ethical Science; it appears very extraordinary, therefore, that the whole of the fourth section, which is consigned to the end of the volume as a supplementary section, and consisting of sixty pages, should be devoted to exhibiting an array of Catholic authority on that side of the question. It is not, indeed, wonderful that such heresies as Luther, and still more Calvin, fell into should have led to monstrous aberrations on the elementary truths of moral science; but it is worthy of consideration, that in religious bodies distinct from the Anglican and Roman communions in the West (with the exception of the Scotch school), there is absolutely no such thing as philosophy. There are philosophic schools in abundance amongst sceptics and infidels, who are cutting their own and each other's throats as fast as they can; but there is, we believe, no writer of eminence amongst religious philosophers who does not adopt as the only possible theory of morality, that it exists in the Deity independently of any considerations of will.

It is not to our purpose to follow Mr. Ward through his numerous quotations, interspersed with commentary of his own.

Suffice it to say, that they abundantly prove that Roman theologians have held the true view of the independence of morality. It would be very remarkable if they had not, when it is considered how near to a mathematical demonstration the proof of this view approaches. We will only add, therefore, that the extracts from Vasquez, Suarez, Lessius, Lugo, and others, are not only abundantly sufficient for the author's purpose, but are extremely interesting, and serve moreover to explain to any one who may find a difficulty in comprehending how it is that the principles of morality are independent of the will of God.

We quote one passage from this section to show how far the author's deference to Catholic authority influences him, prefacing it only with the observation, that we entirely hold with Mr. Ward as against the theologians whose opinions he quotes:—

‘I should add, indeed, to prevent misconception, that all these theologians make a much greater severance between God and Moral Truth than I can think legitimate and true. The first of the two classes hold that there might be moral evil, even though (per impossibile) God did not exist: whereas to me it seems, that if (per impossibile) there were no Necessary Being, neither would there be any necessary Truth; Mathematical, Moral, nor any other. The second of the two classes hold that there might be a real knowledge of moral evil, even if God were invincibly and totally unknown: whereas to me it seems that the knowledge of *any* truth as *necessary*, is a real knowledge, so far as it goes, (however dim and imperfect) of the One Necessary Being.’—P. 484.

After settling the independence of morality, and establishing the fact of the intuitiveness of certain morals, an interesting question arises as to the number and extent of the cases in which such judgment is exercised. And this forms the subject of the sixth section of the first chapter, which is headed, ‘On the extent of the Natural Rule.’ And first, it may be remarked that it need not surprise any one if it should appear that the extent of the Natural Rule is much greater than he at first imagined. If there is any difficulty in the matter, which in reality there is not, it ought to be felt in the independent existence of any one moral obligation, in the fact that there is any single intuition of what is morally right. Once admit one such case, and the existence of an unlimited number of others presents no further difficulty. Whether there are few or many cases of the kind is a question which must be settled by evidence. It is necessary, however, carefully to distinguish between the actual extent of the rule and the ascertainable extent. It is quite possible that there are many more points in morality of an eternal and immutable nature than can be ascertained to be so by considerations of reason. Mr. Ward is, as far as we know, the first English writer who has drawn attention to this im-

portant distinction. We will give it in his own words. The conclusion of the fifth section is as follows:—

‘Here then we are led to a further very important enquiry; how far does this Natural Rule extend. And this general enquiry subdivides itself into three. First, we may ask how far *in fact* does this Natural Rule extend. Secondly, how far is *reason in the abstract* capable of discovering it. Thirdly, as to reason *in the concrete*,—exercised under those circumstances in which mankind are placed,—we may ask how great progress is reason *in this sense* able to make, towards discovering the Natural Rule.

‘Our meaning may be illustrated by a parallel case. There is an indefinite number of properties impressed by God on matter, which, by their various combinations, account for all the physical phenomena of the universe. He who should know all these properties, and all their combinations, would be a master of all physical truth. Now (1) nothing is more probable, than that there may be many of these properties, which Reason is absolutely unable to approach; it may either not possess the data, or the intrinsic power, which would enable it even to advance *towards* their discovery. And yet we might in other ways, as, *e. g.* by Revelation, be enabled to acquire a full knowledge of such properties. But (2) there will be a considerable number of other properties, whose discovery is quite within the domain of Reason: Reason, exercising its intrinsic power on those data which are within its grasp, may be fully competent to attain them. And yet (3) there may be multitudes of these latter properties which are so circumstanced, that the reason of man here below never *will* in fact, nor indeed can, arrive at their knowledge. The process, required for that purpose, may need such constant and prolonged exercise of Reason, or so very wide a collection of data, that *in fact*, circumstanced as we are in this visible world, we are utterly unable to accomplish the task.

‘Just so, as to the Natural Rule. One question is, how far it does in fact actually extend; another, how far Reason in the abstract is able to attain it; a third, how far *our* reason, in our existing circumstances, enables us to proceed. The following Section will be devoted to a consideration of these three most important questions.’—Pp. 117, 118.

In his enumeration of the cases which come under the head of the Natural Rule, the author first mentions Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence, which he speaks of as ‘*intrinsically good or virtuous ends of action.*’ The contrast between these and the duty of forgiveness of injuries is made use of, for the purpose of illustrating the clearness with which these are regarded as virtuous ends of action. Thus—Vindictive retribution is regarded by many as a virtuous end of action, but injustice, mendacity, cruelty, never have been regarded as such. No one ever performed any act for the sake of fulfilling any supposed obligation to practise injustice, mendacity, or cruelty simply as such and for its own sake.

Not only, however, is the intuitive faculty able to discern the obligations of Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence, but it can also, by mere reflection on the act and the object with which the act is done, distinguish between objective and subjective morality. And it is easy to see that, according to the motive, that which is in the abstract moral and right may be, in the particular person acting, wrong and immoral. Conversely, it

may be observed, that that may be virtuous and right for an individual to do which is in itself and objectively wrong, though this can only be predicated of cases of ignorance; and the determination of these cases is, as the author rightly observes, amongst the most difficult questions of Theology.

Further than this, Mr. Ward proceeds to represent the intuitive judgment as deciding on degrees of virtuousness, and recognising that act to be better which proceeds from a will firmly and efficaciously adhering to the virtuousness of a virtuous end. If, therefore, it can be established by reason that there exists an Infinitely Perfect Being, He must of necessity be a Being whose will adheres with infinite firmness and efficacy to the virtuousness of Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence. And here we must express our regret that Mr. Ward seems, though we think he only seems to, and does not really, countenance the idea that the establishment by reason of the existence of an Infinitely Perfect Being is entirely a distinct process from the intuitive recognition of His attributes. On the contrary, it appears to us that the intuition of mathematical truth even is a vague intuition of that God in whom alone it can really exist; and the intuitions of moral truth are a less vague and a more definite intuition of His nature. Duties towards this Being on the supposition of His Being being once admitted, such as 'Obedience, Aiming at His approbation,' and the like, become truths of intuition because, though they are not universally elicited, no one can apprehend the terms in which the propositions are stated without, as the author expresses it, *intuing* the truth of these propositions.

After establishing Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence as virtuous ends of action which belong to the Natural Rule, and which may be ascertained to belong to it, the author boldly proceeds to avow his belief that other Christian virtues, such as Humility, Forgiveness, and Chastity come under the same head; and here we arrive at by far the most interesting portion of this preliminary chapter. We fear we must of necessity do the author some injustice, as it is impossible even to give a brief analysis of his whole line of argument; we must be content to refer those who are interested in the short sketch we give to the original for further information on this interesting subject. After laying down as a thesis that, among the natural faculties which enable us to judge more or less accurately on these particular subjects, there is a faculty called the 'Moral Faculty,' which is intended to be the one guide of our life, he further proceeds to lay down, as a second thesis, that this moral faculty, like all the other faculties we have, is improved by being put to that purpose for which it is intended. In proportion as we earnestly and assiduously cultivate it, 'our moral faculty will

'acquire a constantly increasing refinement of intuition, enabling it to form moral judgments with constantly increasing fineness and accuracy.' Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to follow the author in his method of establishing Humility as a virtue that comes within the comprehension of the Natural Rule:—

'Now as to these virtuous ends of action, three in particular (n. 62) remained for consideration; Humility, Forgiveness, Purity. Let us take them in this order.

68. As to pride, it is very certain that its sinfulness is no matter of *universal* intuition. It is plain enough indeed, that to pride myself on what I know to be morally wrong—on the success of my knavery or my lawless violence,—cannot but itself be morally evil and detestable. Again, to pride myself on my ancient birth or extreme wealth—no one (I suppose) will think *this* virtuous; though as to the *degree* of its viciousness, there will be great difference of opinion.

'But suppose I pride myself on what I believe to be good and virtuous. There are multitudes of men, who are just, benevolent, grateful, in their external conduct, mainly and principally for this reason; that they would be ashamed of themselves if they acted differently. This was particularly the case with those heathens who are popularly called virtuous. Cato is punctiliously just in his dealings; for it would greatly lower the illustrious Cato in his own eyes if he were not so. He fulfils the various duties of a just man and a good citizen, so far as he understands those duties, from the same motive. Month after month and year after year, he inhales the sweet incense of his own esteem; and he is thus ever increasing that intense appreciation wherewith he regards his own dignity. At length, it seems the one obviously virtuous course, that he shall *stab* himself, rather than that so exalted a character should undergo the ignominy of falling into his enemy's power. Such is heathenism; and there have been many Protestants in various ages, hardly better than heathens, who have loudly applauded his conduct. This habit, of priding ourselves on our supposed virtue, requires such careful and frequent consideration in Theology, that it should have a distinct name of its own. I will consistently therefore call it "*moral pride*." And I ask, can it be shown by reason, against these heathens and heathenish Protestants, that their intuitions on the virtuousness of moral pride are totally mistaken?

'Our thesis on the growth of the Moral Faculty affords us a ready means for doing so. If there be certain acts intrinsically evil, and before examination a man cannot tell how many there be,—there is an *objective rule, indefinite in extent*, external to himself, which legitimately *claims his abject deference and submission*; a rule, which possesses over him nothing less than a paramount authority, from which there is no appeal and no escape. Reason, I say, summons him to exhibit this deference and submission; and yet this pseudo-virtuous heathen has totally failed in doing so. He has pursued his darling pleasure self-esteem with the very same keen, impetuous, unreserved, eagerness, with which the ambitious man pursues honour, or the money-getter wealth. He has no more checked and restrained himself in the violent pursuit of *his* characteristic pleasure than *they* in the pursuit of *theirs*. The main difference between him and them is simply this; that whereas he derives his favourite enjoyment from the thought of his own virtuousness, *such imagination of virtuousness is continually in his mind*. But as for anything like subjection to an external, authoritative, paramount rule, you will find no more trace of it in his conduct than in theirs.

'Indeed let us consider on what ground we should justly blame those other characters, the ambitious and money-getting; for whatever argument can be

found available against them, will tell no less forcibly against Cato himself. We should say that they are culpable for this cause—because, having fullest means of knowing this Supreme Rule, in their conduct they have ignored it; they have turned a deaf ear to the Moral voice within them; and instead of carefully measuring their acts, one after another, by this paramount authority, they have recklessly and unrestrainedly pursued the bent of their various inclinations. All the essential part of this may be said, with equal truth, against the morally proud. He, like they, has recklessly and unreservedly pursued the bent of his dominant inclination; in him, no more than in them, will be found any traces of abject and slavish submission to a superior authority. His Moral Faculty, then, is simply in its infancy; it has received no real growth whatever; his moral intuitions deserve neither respect nor even consideration.

'Now surely it needs no very careful observation of human nature to see, that if he once began that course of life to which reason summons him his moral judgments would begin to undergo a total revolution. In proportion as he should even *aim* at pursuing the path of humble deference to this supreme authority, however feeble and vacillating his progress *along* that path, he would see that his former course contained in itself hardly any element of virtue; he would see that virtue consists, and can consist, in nothing else, than in this submission and prostration of the will. In other words, in proportion as his Moral Faculty should receive any kind of cultivation, he would recognise pride as sinful, and humility in its place as the virtuous end of action.

'It is very certain indeed that the Authority whose absolute and peremptory claims he will thus learn to recognise, is no mere abstract *Rule*, but a Personal Being. I have already said, that from the first moment when we begin seriously thinking of moral obligation, we shall begin to recognise the Existence of an All-holy Creator. And here I may add to this, that nothing will more tend to increase the strength, earnestness, rootedness, of this recognition, than firm and consistent moral action. It is true that, as I have avoided entering on the philosophical proof of God's Existence, I am not entitled to make use of it in my reasoning; but I have *not* made use of it; as the following summary of my argument will prove.

'I have shewn, then, (1) that the very existence of moral obligation implies the obligatoriness of a certain course of conduct; the course of abject deference to an external rule: and (2) that every human being, in proportion as he sincerely tries to pursue that course, intues, with ever-increasing distinctness, that moral pride is intrinsically sinful. On these two grounds I base my conclusion, that this intuition is legitimate. And a fully sufficient ground is afforded for this inference, by the second thesis of n. 65; even as that thesis would stand, without any reference to the Existence of a Holy Creator. But if it be further true (as it is) that, by beginning the same course of conduct, we come at once to the clear knowledge of an All-holy Being, in Whose comparison we are but as worms or the very dust of the earth,—it does but follow that the force of our conclusion is increased a thousand-fold. That a reasonable person shall recognise a Holy and, an Infinite Creator, and yet in his daily conduct (instead of striving to grow in humble obedience to that Creator) shall deliberately aim at the promotion of his own dignity and aggrandizement—this is a spectacle, the utter and monstrous unreasonableness of which must strike the most casual thinker, who has given any real cultivation to his Moral Faculty. I speak, as my argument leads me, of its monstrous unreasonableness; on its moral odiousness, it is not necessary that I should speak.

'We have added, then, Humility to our catalogue of virtuous ends.'—
Pp. 139-144.

We forbear to notice the ridiculous slap at Protestantism with which this otherwise interesting passage is disfigured.

We are afraid pride, especially under the absurd designation of proper pride, has been extensively advocated by certain Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. Much more to the point is the author's fortification of his argument for the extensiveness of the Natural Rule, by quotations from Suarez and S. Thomas, that, under Christianity, there are no positive divine precepts except under the head of Faith and of the Sacraments.

We omit all reference to the subjects of forgiveness and purity, for want of space; but the following thoughts on this subject of the extent of the Natural Rule, and how far it is ascertained by reason, are well worthy of consideration:—

'The principles laid down in this section, as they seem certainly conformable to reason, so also add not inconsiderably to the motives of credibility on behalf of the Catholic religion. It appears (as we have seen) from reason alone, in the highest degree probable, that the Natural Law extends over a wide circle of human acts; while it is certain that our *unassisted* reason cannot carry us beyond a most insignificant distance, in exploring its various details. With these conclusions, the voice of the Church is singularly in harmony. For theologians declare with almost complete unanimity, on the one hand, that the Natural law *is* thus widely extensive; on the other hand, that one of the most important functions performed by the Church, one of the most important ends for which God has founded it, is to declare and testify moral truth. Reason alone, it is constantly urged by Catholic writers, would ever be leading us astray in matters of morality, were it not for the Church's infallible guidance correcting such aberrations.

'Further, Reason, as we have seen, determines that Humility, Forgiveness, and Purity are virtuous ends of action, while their opposites can never be so. Yet of what Protestant body can it be said, that they are to any reasonable extent in possession of these truths? On the other hand, who has realized and practised them comparably in degree to the Saints of the Church? And is not this very fact,—their being so penetrated, so pervaded, by those principles,—the main cause why a Protestant ever so despises these illustrious servants of God; why he regards them as fanatical, narrow-minded men, totally wanting in self-respect and manly feeling? But on all this we shall have to speak at length in our theological course.

'77. Such then finally is the answer we give to that wide and general inquiry, which was laid down (n. 53) as our subject in the present section.—Pp. 153, 154.

We fear we shall not be able to give any account of the remaining three chapters of this introductory volume. Our limits will only allow us, in this paper, to add a few remarks on the last section of the first chapter, which treats on the interesting and difficult subject of 'God's power of interference with the natural rule.'

No one can have studied the subject of ethics as treated by Christian writers, and, we had almost said, no one can have ever thought much upon the subject, without having this difficulty presented to his mind.

If the principles of morality are eternal and immutable, at first sight, it might be judged that the admission of this truth

carried with it, as a necessary consequence, the impossibility of any interference with those principles, even on the part of Almighty God. What, indeed, it may be said is the meaning of the words eternal and immutable, if they do not imply that there is no conceivable power which can make that right which is of its own nature wrong, or which can lawfully command a violation of what is right, so as to render that violation obligatory on the creatures commanded. And some might go on to infer that God can have no power to interfere with the natural rule. The conclusion, however, which seems at first sight irresistible, would not be the true one. Neither is the difficulty of the solution of the case nearly so great as at first sight it might be judged. Two cases at once occur to every person acquainted with the details of Old Testament history. There is, first, the command to the Israelites to spoil the Egyptians; there is, secondly, the command to Abraham to slay his son.

Such cases as these have an importance in a relation in which Mr. Ward was not called upon to view them. A revelation which should contain manifest violations of moral truth, or even of mathematical necessity, would not have claims upon our acceptance. It is probable that the religious creeds of the Eastern world will have eventually to succumb to Christianity, partly on this ground. And, undoubtedly, a professed revelation, which should commit itself to authorizing the principle of violation of the sixth and eighth commandments, would stand self-condemned. And here, to put the objection in the strongest possible light, it will be said we have something like an authentication of the principles of theft and murder. It would, therefore, be of the utmost importance, in defence of the Church's revelation, if its credentials were impugned, and its authority at stake, to establish that it did not contain any such violation of the principles of morality as is alleged.

That is, however, no point for present consideration. We are at present dealing with a philosophical question, and not with theology, properly so called. There are two ways in which these commands, authenticated by revelation, may be adduced against us. First, the Theist, who does not believe in revelation, but who does believe in the independence of the principles of morality on the will of God, will quote them as instances where the Deity has commanded what is a direct violation of those principles, that is of a part of His very nature. Secondly, the believer in revelation may seek from them to establish the dependence of all morality upon the will of God, on the ground that you cannot otherwise justify these particular commands. It is unnecessary for us here to

enter into the question how far these passages of Scripture have been used in this relation. It is enough for our present purpose that they may be supposed to be so used. With regard to the latter objection, the author has his usual slap at Protestantism, by attributing it entirely to Protestants. We prefer directly to regard the matter as a difficulty in the way of the true theory of morality and religion, which has to be explained. In point of fact, it is not difficult of explanation. The difficulty will be solved by considering for a moment what precepts of the Mosaic law these commands are supposed to contravene. Manifestly, the sixth and the eighth, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Thou shalt not steal.' And it is obvious to observe that these commandments are not the eternal law itself, but only the expression of that law in human language. Stealing would ordinarily be understood to mean, taking away that which belongs to another, just as killing would be interpreted taking away the life of another. But no polity could go on long without cases arising where the precept of the law, as expressed in words, does not hold, or at least where it would be very difficult to decide whether it held or not. Take the case of war between two nations. It at once exemplifies a case in which taking away of life, and taking of goods, as, for instance, the spoils of a field of battle, would be seen by anybody to be, to say the least of it, difficulties in the way of these precepts. The power of putting to death for certain crimes committed, or of even inflicting a fine, or confiscation of goods, is also of this nature. The expression of the law would, if necessary, have to be modified for these cases, only that the universal taking for granted that those in authority possess this power renders it unnecessary. A very little reflection shows, that these are cases which do not come under the precept, and never were contemplated in it. From the consideration of these cases, it is easy to rise to the understanding of the two commands which are now in question. In a rough way of speaking, it may truly be said that God is the Supreme Lord and Proprietor of the universe, and all the property in it, and may transfer it how He pleases, and by what means He pleases. Under these circumstances, the Israelites taking the jewels from the Egyptians is simply taking what was their own property. Such conduct would, of course, require nothing short of the light of revelation to justify it, and might seem wholly unjustifiable to those who were not possessed of that light. A similar explanation may be given of the command to take away life, as given to Abraham; though perhaps, to many minds, it will not appear so forcible and conclusive. Now these answers are real and to the point, and are, in fact, suggested by the previous cases alluded to.

Yet it is evident they do not go to the bottom of the matter, because they do but provide a solution for the individual difficulty proposed, and do not address themselves to the abstract case of interference with the natural rule. Though this might be considered a sufficient explanation of the particular instances, it does not touch the abstract cases, though it does suggest that there may be other instances where other solutions might be available.

And the real solution is, that the law itself is more abstract than the language in which it is conveyed; that the command seems only to contravene the abstract law, because it contravenes the exact letter of its expression. It is another form of the truth, that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

It is, so to speak, an inherent imperfection in human language, that it is unable, in an abstract law, so to express the truth as to comprehend all conceivable cases. With regard to human legislation, the reader will easily call to mind the well-known saying of Tacitus, '*corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges,*' implying, as it does, that the rude sanctions of justice, in an infant state, have, as time goes on, to be modified to include cases never contemplated by the legislator, and to make distinctions which, but for the occurrence of instances in point, never would have occurred to the mind of any legislator. And so it is easy to understand, that it is no disparagement to the idea in the Divine Mind that God has not seen fit to enable human language to give a perfect image of it.

The same truth may be expressed in other words; thus, that God's commanding to do some particular act, does not in those cases, perhaps in no conceivable case would it, imply anything as to the temper and motive with which the act is done. To do the act may be a matter of simple obedience, just as obedience is due to any other positive command of God. But all theologians, and all Christian moral philosophers worthy of the name, would maintain that God could not in any case interfere so as to make a wrong motive right. He could not, for instance, have created beings under a law which should compel them to hate one another.

In all these cases of interference with the natural rule, there is what theologians call a *mutatio materiæ*, which is wrought by God as Lord and Supreme Proprietor of the universe, as it appears to us rightly and most intelligibly explained by Suarez. Mr. Ward ventures, with diffidence, to differ from this view, which is given, not only by Suarez, but by most theologians, we believe. We confess to being unable to understand what Mr. Ward means, but he shall speak for himself:—

‘Under such circumstances as these then, there arises what theologians call a “mutatio materiæ;” a change of that object-matter, whereon a moral judgment has to be formed. By means of that “mutatio materiæ,” a certain external act, which *was* intrinsically wrong, *ceases* to be so and becomes lawful. Then the Command of God supervening is a kind of *positive* Command (see n. 25); and I owe to it obedience, on the same principle which obliges me to obey any *other* Positive Precept, imposed by my Holy Creator.

‘In the above cases, the “mutatio materiæ” is wrought by God, not as Legislator, but as Supreme Proprietor and Lord of the Universe. It is often said by theologians, that such “mutationes materiæ,” when they take place, are *always* wrought by Him in that capacity; that they are *always* wrought by Him as Supreme Lord, and *never* as Legislator. But with very great deference to their authority, I venture on this single particular to question their statements. In order the better to explain the kind of instance to which I allude, I will begin with an illustration of a purely human kind; a case, where there is no interference of God whatever.

‘I am living at home, with my wife and family, quite free from any laborious occupation. Under these circumstances, certain acts of kindness, towards those thus closely connected, are intrinsically of actual obligation; nay, in many easily supposable cases, are obligatory under mortal sin. But war breaks out and my country requires my services; a command is issued by my sovereign, requiring me to join the army; and I obey that command. Here is a real “mutatio materiæ.” Those services to my wife and children, which were before obligatory, cease altogether from being so; my sovereign’s just command has superseded them.

‘Now if my temporal superior has thus the power to subtract duties from the Natural Rule, how far more must God possess that power! A real command may reach me, not from my earthly sovereign but from God, requiring me to give such service as I am capable of giving, towards some holy enterprise in progress. In such a case God works a real “mutatio materiæ;” and in consequence of His command, certain duties, which *were* of intrinsic and independent obligation, cease from being so. Yet surely He works this “mutatio materiæ,” not as Lord of the Universe, but as Legislator; i. e. as being that Holy Creator, who has a rightful authority to command. On this principle He might (as Suarez observes) forbid me, *e. g.* during some given period, from occupying any time in direct meditation on His attributes, or in special or explicit prayer. He might forbid this directly; or He might forbid it indirectly, by strictly commanding a *different* mode of employing each successive moment. You will object, that unless I devote time to special and explicit prayer, I have no moral power to avoid mortal sin. True, “in præsentî providentiâ;” but of course it would be implied in God’s giving such a command, that He would so far *change* His Providence, as that He would furnish me with amply sufficient grace, *without* my giving myself to such pious practices.’—Pp. 168–170.

There is one other consideration which forces itself upon our notice, at this time particularly. It has often been observed, and justly, that the word ‘law’ is used rather by analogy than in what logicians call an univocal sense, when it is applied to the moral and the physical world respectively. This is, no doubt, true in this sense, that in the moral world it represents only what ought to be. In the world of physics it refers to what ought to be, and what is—the one following as a necessary consequence from the other. If any one should object further that

the very word 'ought,' which we are using in explanation of our meaning, is itself far from being univocal, we admit the allegation, but we must not enter upon the wide field of thought suggested thereby. The distinction we are alluding to now is between the absolute nature of the connexion of cause and effect in the physical world, and the contingency which is implied in the very idea of the freedom of human will. 'Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken;' whereas all religion is based upon the consciousness of having broken the law under which we are placed. Now, the case we have been considering of God's interference with the natural rule presents a striking resemblance to occasional interruptions of natural order which are commonly called miracles. There plainly are such interruptions, whatever be their value, and for whatever purpose they may take place. The laws of the physical world—take, for instance, the law of universal gravitation, guessed at by the happy conjecture of genius, and verified by the patient industry of observation and calculation—are, as far as we are concerned, still uncertain. It is just conceivable that a crucial fact may render a modification of the expression of any physical law necessary, or may overthrow it altogether. The law of gravitation may, indeed, be an *à priori* truth, but it is not presented to our minds as such, but only as an abstraction gathered from induction, which adequately accounts for all the phenomena that are submitted to it. But there are higher truths than this law in the physical world—as, for instance, the first law of motion, which, perhaps, may be stated in so abstract a form, that in that state it belongs to intuitive truths. Whether this be so or not is of no consequence, if only it is supposable that it is so. At least, the axioms of mathematics, upon which all physical science ostensibly depends, are of this nature, and are absolutely unalterable, being independent of the existence of matter, and having an eternal existence in the mind of God.

Now, no conceivable miracle could interfere with the truths of numbers, or with the eternal axioms of mathematical sciences, because these have to do with ideal truth, and are utterly and entirely independent of creation, and of fact. So in the moral world there could be no conceivable interference with the abstract principles of morality; the interference can only take place as regards the application of those principles to the case of created beings.

It may be very difficult to decide in the physical world where the natural ends and the miraculous begins, though there are extreme cases where you may be sure that there is a miraculous exhibition. And the analogy in the moral world is very exact. It would be very difficult to decide, and in some cases impossible,

what were the exact limits of the moral command, where interference is conceivable—though there are certain cases, such as those we have been considering, which are quite intelligible. Mr. Ward has himself alluded to a very difficult question connected with this subject when he alleges that ‘Certain more enormous sins against the sixth (*i.e.* our seventh commandment) must always remain such; no *mutatio materiæ* can possibly affect their intrinsic pravity.’ However, without going further into the matter now, it will be sufficient to have called attention to the manifest analogy that exists between the case of miracles in the physical world and interference with rule in the moral, and that especially under this view—viz., that miracles may be seen by us, perhaps, in a future state to range themselves with other material phenomena under some more general law—and we may also be permitted to see more of the nature of God, so as to see how those commands, which present a difficulty perfectly soluble, exactly fit into that abstract law, of whose expression in language they appear to be a contravention.

We have been obliged to give a most meagre and imperfect account of but one chapter of this interesting book, which occupies about half the volume. We are afraid few readers would follow us through a much longer article than we have ventured on; but, perhaps, at a future time, we may recur to the subject.

ART. VI.—1. *Facsimiles of certain portions of the Gospel of S. Matthew and the Epistles of SS. James and Jude, written on Papyrus in the First Century, and preserved in the Egyptian Museum of Joseph Mayer, Esq. Liverpool.* Edited and Illustrated with Notes and Historical and Literary Prolegomena. . . . By CONSTANTINE SIMONIDES, Ph. D. London, 1862.

2. *Novum Testamentum Sinaiticum, sive Novum Testamentum cum Epistula Barnabae et Fragmentis Pastoris.* Ex codice Sinaitico auspiciis Alexandri II. omnium Russiarum Imperatoris, ex tenebris protracto, orbique litterarum tradito, accurate descripsit AENOTHEUS FRIDERICUS CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus, 1863.

ABOUT seven years ago, Dr. Constantine Simonides, a native of the Greek island of Syme, the editor of the papyri whose value we are about to discuss, and (by his own account) the actual scribe of the celebrated Codex Sinaiticus itself, was pleased to visit the Bodleian, and laid before the eminent scholar, since placed at the head of that great library, certain Greek manuscripts which he seemed willing to sell. After exhibiting two or three not at all remarkable for age or character, and assenting to the judgment of the Librarian as he referred them severally to the eleventh century, or later, M. Simonides proceeded to unroll, with a great show of care and anxiety, some fragments of vellum, redolent of high antiquity, and covered with uncial writing of the most venerable form and appearance. The cautious Oxonian narrowly inspected the crumbling leaves, and quietly handed them back to their owner, with the simple comment, that these, he thought, might date from about the middle of the *nineteenth* century. The stranger withdrew forthwith with his unsold treasures, and made the best of his way to the railway station. Some of his manuscripts passed into the possession of collectors more fortunate or less wary than Bodley's librarian; and we have been privileged to examine them with much interest and curiosity. As mere specimens of calligraphy, they are worth any moderate sum they may have cost. We have Anacreon in a nut-shell, portions of Hesiod written *βουστροφῆδον* like the famous Sigeian inscription, and seven most primitive-looking leaves, containing the gnomonic poem attributed to Phocylides of Miletus (respecting which we may have more to say presently), whose faded uncial letters have been skilfully revived by some chemical preparation.

And now for a while we lost sight of our accomplished and ingenious Greek. We heard, indeed, an amusing rumour about

a palimpsest imputed to Uranius of Alexandria, son of Anaximenes, comprising the history of the kings of Egypt from the remotest times to the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, offered by him some time before to Professor Lepsius, and eventually rejected as spurious by the wilful and ignorant Germans. Sir F. Madden, too, was reasonably suspected of defrauding our longing eyes of other literary relics, purchased from the self-same M. Simonides, by obstinately refusing to insert them in the Museum Catalogue:¹ but for aught we knew about him, he might have retired to his little Syme, resolved that if nature had forbidden his being the fairest hero of his generation,² as was his fellow-countryman Nireus, he would verify the proverb, 'handsome is that handsome does,' by becoming the fairest writer, the *καλλιγράφος κατ' ἐξοχήν*, of the present day. But the learned world had not yet lost the benefit of Simonides' labours in its behalf. 'I have 'been,' he says, 'a worshipper of science from my youth upward. . . . For so did my parents teach me to do from a child; and 'so did the chief of Churches, the Greek, of which I am a genuine 'son, educate me' (*Facsimiles*, p. 34). Whatever we may think of him in other respects, the diligence and perseverance of the man would do honour to the best of causes. In two different Lancashire newspapers of May 3, 1860, we were informed that 'the learned Dr. Simonides, so well known throughout Europe 'for his great proficiency in deciphering ancient writings,' was engaged in unrolling certain papyri, recently brought from Egypt, and then in the possession of Mr. Mayer, a liberal, intelligent, and much-respected jeweller at Liverpool. Although in the 'Introduction' to his *Facsimiles* (p. 5), Dr. Simonides speaks only of his daily visits to Mr. Mayer's museum, it appears, from his own admission, that he was subsequently permitted to take some portions of the papyri to the house of M. Nicolaides, a Greek priest, with whom he lodged at Liverpool, for the purpose of deciphering them at leisure.' At first we hear of 'three leaves 'of a papyrus scroll, [one] containing the 19th chapter of the 'Gospel according to S. Matthew . . . the reading of which will

¹ The keepers of the MSS. at the British Museum are very properly rebuked for this wilfulness by M. Simonides, and reminded that 'the day will come when the public, their only master, will call them to account for their ill-advisedness, and we shall hear how they will endeavour to justify their wholly unjustifiable proceedings. For the public appointed them to be the . . . custodians of its wealth, and not to be its masters,' &c. &c. (*Facsimiles*, p. 34.) It is only fair that we should see MSS. they must have thought genuine when they bought them.

² 'Some say . . . I have a countenance very beautiful, and like the fabulous Narcissus.'—*Simonides to the 'Guardian'*, Jan. 21, 1863.

³ 'Report of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature on some of the Mayer Papyri and the Palimpsest MS. of Uranius belonging to M. Simonides.' (Read Feb. 11th, 1863.) London, 1863, p. 5.

'cause a great sensation amongst Biblioplists, as it sets at rest 'the long-misunderstood part of the 24th verse, relating to the 'passing of a camel through the eye of a needle, which arose from 'the wrong reading of the Greek text.'¹ But this was a trifle compared with the discovery of two other fragments, one of which ought to have created a greater sensation still, not only among the *Biblioplists*, but throughout the whole Christian world. Here, in the recesses of Mr. Mayer's museum, drawn from the obscurity of an Egyptian tomb, and 'brought to England from Thebes, in 1856, by the Rev. Henry Stobart, whose 'name is universally known' (*Facsimiles*, Introd. p. 9), *but who strangely denies that he sold to Mr. Mayer any Greek papyri in the least resembling these*, is the very original copy of S. Matthew's Gospel, 'dictated by the Evangelist himself to the deacon Nicolas ' (Acts vi. 5), in the fifteenth year after the Lord's Ascension, for 'the use of the faithful in Palestine, whether Jews or Greeks' (see *Fragm. v. infra*). Once trust ourselves to the guidance of M. Simonides, and we have lighted upon the most wonderful discovery of the age, the most important in its present results; the most pregnant with happy consequences for the future. We have bridged over that dreary gulf of nearly three centuries which divides the composition of the sacred autographs from the probable date of our earliest extant copies of the New Testament. We need no more the faint and doubtful light shed upon the inspired text during that dark period by primitive versions, or the loose citations of the Fathers. So far as we possess S. Matthew's own copy of his Gospel, the science of Biblical criticism has no place. We have already, and need not seek by wearisome collation of scattered authorities, the exact words used by the blessed Evangelist. Several dubious and open questions, which have perplexed theologians, may now be disposed of for ever. S. Matthew wrote his Gospel very early; wrote for the use of Greek as well as Jewish converts; wrote in Greek, not in Syriac or Hebrew—a fact which, 'from the days of the Apostles ' themselves down to the fourth century, every writer who has ' had occasion to refer to the matter has testified. Papias, Ireneus, Pantænus, Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Athanasius, Epiphanius, and Jerome, all with one consent affirm ' this,' as Dr. Cureton strongly puts the case he had to maintain.² We have presented to our eyes the genuine title-deeds of our holy faith.

¹ The Mayer papyrus (*Fragm. III.*) reads *καλων* for *καμηλον* in Matt. xix. 24. Hence Dr. Tregelles was misinformed when he learnt from a private communication (*Additions to Horne's Introduction*, p. 760, note,) that the various reading meant was the old conjecture *καμιλον*.

² Remains of a very antient recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, edited by Wm. Cureton, D.D. Preface, p. lxxiv.

The later discovery of three other papyrus leaves, containing portions of S. James' and S. Jude's General Epistles, completed the materials published in the book whose title stands at the head of our article; but since, in his dedication of the work to Mr. Mayer, the editor 'ventures to express his ardent hope and firm belief that they will prove but the first-fruits of an abundant 'harvest,'¹ and since he regards them 'as an important evidence 'of Christianity,' . . . 'sufficient to shut the mouths of such 'cavillers as assert that there exists no MS. written in the age 'of the Apostles, of any part of the New Testament,' it seems incumbent upon us to inquire, with as little prejudice and partiality as may be, into the real character of documents thus suspiciously introduced to our notice; and which, if they be not the most sacred literary reliques in existence, are impudent, wicked, and blasphemous forgeries. We will try to discuss their authenticity so fairly and temperately as not to put our publisher in the place of those enemies of Dr. Simonides, against whom, as he tells us, he has his right of action, and will exercise it in due time.'

An investigation into the value of these papyri leads us to examine both their *external* appearance and the *internal* character of the text which they present: on the former head we can do little more than report the opinion of others.

I. On the 9th and 10th of January, 1863, a collection of papyri from Mr. Mayer's museum was placed on the table of the Royal Society of Literature, for the examination of such gentlemen as might be desirous of seeing them. Several well-known persons connected with the British Museum were among those who availed themselves of the opportunity, and M. Simonides was voluntarily present the whole time to answer such questions as might be put to him. Ultimately the Council reported their proceedings at a meeting of the Society, held February 11, 1863, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson being in the chair; and from this report, afterwards published, the following abridged description is taken:—

¹ We have heard some whispers that the Heavenly Witnesses of 1 John v. 7 may yet be found in an early papyrus.

² He is speaking of the troubles into which his palimpsest of Uranius brought him in Germany: 'I was recommended by the judges to prosecute the lying calumniators and plunderers of my property, which, as I still possess the right of action, I shall do in due time; for it is not well to overlook the misdeeds of liars and slanderers. "He teacheth the unruly," says S. Paul, "that they be not lifted up." [!] 'Likewise those in England who, during my absence, published a variety of charges against me in the English press, are advised to be prepared to prove their accusations against a man who is ever striving for the cause of knowledge; since otherwise they shall, as do the hogs, "return in kind more than they took," as the proverb has it.'—*Facsimiles, Introduction*, p. 85, note.

'No formal decision was come to on either of those days with regard to the documents in question, that, indeed, being scarcely within the scope of the exhibition; the judgment, however, of nearly all who saw them was decidedly adverse to the genuineness of any of the MSS. so exhibited.' (Report, p. 4).

The attention of our *savans* was first directed to peculiarities which, so far as we can see, must refer to other fragments than those containing portions of the New Testament, such as the general similarity in the handwriting of the whole, although they professed to be of various epochs differing by centuries, and the suspicious resemblance the presumed ancient letters bore to the character of the modern Greek inscriptions placed over the head of each MS., 'suggesting the idea that one and the same hand might possibly have written both' (p. 4). What follows seems more important to us:—

'Again, it was noticed that the colour of the papyri was, with two or three exceptions, wholly different from that invariably found on genuine documents of the same professed age and character, offering the strong probability that the papyri had been purposely discoloured before the present writing was put upon them. Lastly, it was observed *that portions of papyri of different textures had been joined together so as to make up one piece*; while it was asserted by more than one observer, that papyri differing in date by more than a thousand years had been pasted side by side.' (p. 5).

It is obvious to remark, that, if the assertion we have indicated by italics is once established by adequate proofs, there is an end of M. Simonides' case. We have been told that in the separate fragments of what ought to have formed a single page, the fibres of the papyrus will sometimes run in opposite directions, so as to render it impossible that they could ever have been portions of the same leaf. Here, however, we lack that personal knowledge of the fact, for which, to our mind, the best testimony will not entirely compensate. We notice one or two other points on which the report of the Council lays some stress:—

'In many places where there were rents, natural or accidental, in the substance of the papyri, the writing on them was bent in such a manner as to fit the existing crack or hole; and occasionally, as in fragment No. 7, the writing has been written round a rent previously made.' (p. 5).

But this only proves that the holes were already in the papyrus when it was first written on; and the same might be said of many MSS. on vellum, whose genuine character no one has doubted, *e.g.* Cod. Bezae; yet much will depend on the frequency of such cases, and a cheap material like a leaf of papyrus, when found to be damaged, would be much sooner cast aside by the scribe as useless than so precious an article as vellum.

'Attention was also called to the breadth of these pieces of papyrus, or

rather to the unusual length of the lines of writing on the majority of them, a fact which would lead to much suspicion as to their genuineness on the part of those best versed in palæographical studies.' (p. 5).

To this objection the fragments of the New Testament are especially open. Like other papyri, they are arranged in columns, the written portion of each line varying from 5 inches (Fragm. vi.) to 4 (Fragm. vii), and for the most part being $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad, whereas Mr. Babington's papyri of Hyperides vary from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which last measurement will suit the Herculean rolls, though these, no doubt, are a little shrivelled from the action of fire.

'Attention was called to the fact that the papyri exhibited were all fastened down (with one exception) on linen, in such a manner that it was impossible to see what had been on their reverse sides; and that, thus, no opinion could be formed as to the state of the papyrus when first unrolled, or whether there had been any hieratic or other writing on it, as is usually found in genuine documents. Although many questions were put to M. Simonides on this subject, the answers were evasive.' (p. 5).

The single papyrus, however, which was not so fastened down, was subjected to *minute* examination by a competent scholar, Mr. C. W. Goodwin, who convinced himself that a portion of the genuine hieratic inscription of a funereal nature remained on the papyrus, but that 'the upper portions of the 'hieratic text had been removed by pressing on them damp 'blotting-paper, so as to admit of the subsequent insertion of the 'explanatory lines in Greek' (p. 6). But the loose papyrus was not Biblical. Let us examine the *subject matter* of the latter, which could not be so closely scrutinized, to see whether they promise better things than Hermippus' letter to Horus, thus rudely handled by Mr. Goodwin.

II. That the reader may the more readily perceive the drift of our observations on the internal character of the fragments published in *facsimile* by Simonides, and be the better able to appreciate their critical value, we subjoin an exact collation of all the eight fragments with Stephens' modification of the received text (1550), as reprinted by Scrivener (New Testament, Cambridge, 1862), and by way of contrast a similar collation of the same passages as found in the Codex Sinaiticus. We do not think that any competent critic will hesitate in deciding which of the two is a genuine ancient text, and which the spurious modern imitation.

Fragment I. PAPHYRUS: Matth. I. portions of vv. 1—5; 11—13; 16—17; 20.

v. 1. δαυιδ. 16. + της (ante μαριαμ).
v. 20. δαυιδ. φοβηθησ.

Corresponding portions of COD.
SINAITICUS.

v. 1 — δαδ. 2. εγεννησεν τον ισακ δια
p. m. — δε primum. 5. εγεννησεν δια.
βοαθ δια. 11. ιωρεαμ. 11, 16. εγεννησεν.

Fragm. II. Matth. II. portions of vv.
6—12; 14—20.

v. 8. ἦδη (πρὸ ακριβῶς). + το γεν-
νηεν (ἀπὲ ἀπαγγειλᾶτε). αὐτῶι. 9. +
ἀποτηρῶς (πρὸς ἐπορευθῆσαν). τῇ ανα-
τολῇ. 11. εἶδον (πρὸ εὐρον). + οἱ (ὥστε
καὶ πεποντες). αὐτῶι. 15. πληρωθῇ.
19.—του (ἀπὲ πρῶδου). + του βασιλεὺς
(πρὸς πρῶδου). τῶι. Αἰγυπτῶι.

Fragm. III. Matth. xix. 22—29; por-
tions of xx. 4—14.

v. 22. + [του]τον εἰσῆλθε καὶ (ἀπὲ
ἀπῆλθε). 23. + ο (ἀπὲ πλουσιος). 24.
καλῶν (πρὸ καμῆλων). ἦν. εἰσελθὲν εἰς
τὴν βασιλειαν του θεου. 25. οἱ του ἰησοῦ
μαθηταί. ταῦτα (πρὸ αὐτου). 26. ἀδυ-
νατον τουτο. θεῶι. + καὶ οὐδεν ἀδυνατον
(ἀπὲ ἐστὶ secund.). 27. αὐτῶι. 28. τῇ
παλιγγενεσίᾳ. xx. 6.—ἀργουσ.

Fragm. IV. Matth. xxvii. portions of
3—7; 12—20.

v. 12. τῶι. 15. + τὴν (ἀπὲ εορτὴν).
τῶι οὐλῶι. + ἐπισήμων (ἀπὲ οὐ). 16.
[ἐκίστη]μον ληϊστὴν ἰησοῦν βαρ[α]ββαν
καλο[υ]μενον]. 17. + ἦδη (πρὸς θέλετε).
18. ἡδιδε. αἶα (πρὸ δια). + αὐτῶι (ἀπὲ
αὐτον). 19. + πεμπελῇ (ἀπὲ ἡ γυνῇ).
τῶι δικαίῳ ἀνδρὶ ἐκείνῳ.—σημερον. ἦν.
+ ἐν τῇ νυκτὶ τῆς παρελθούσης καὶ
πολλὰ καθ' ὑπάρ εἶδον σημερον ὑπὲρ αὐτου
ἐκείνου. 20. + αὐτων (πρὸς οὐλῶς).

Fragm. V. Matth. xxviii. 5—9;
18—20.

v. 6. καθάγε προεῖπε (πρὸ καθὼς εἶπε).
κυριεὺν του θανατου (πρὸ κυριος). 8.
ἀπελθουσαι (πρὸ ἐξελθουσαι). + καὶ ἐξελ-
θουσαι του κηπου ἐν ῶι το μνημειον ἐστὶ
(ἀπὲ μετα). 9. ἰπὶ, καὶ ἰδου ἐν τῶι
πορευεῖσθαι αὐτὰς ἀπηγγήσεν. . . 18.
οὐρανῶι. 19. + νυνὶ (πρὸς οὐν). 20.
—ἀμην.

COD. SINAIT.

v. 7. ἡκριβῶσαν. 8. ἐξετασατε ακριβῶς.
πεδιον. ἀπαγγιλατε. 9. ἐσταθῇ. 10.
ἀστεραν p. m. 11. ἰδον. 14. ἐκ. 16.
ἐνεπεχθῇ. λειαν. ἡκριβῶσαν. 17. δια
(πρὸ υπο). 18.— θρηγος καὶ ἡθελαν. 19.
φαίνεται κατ' οὐαρ. 20. τεθνηκασιν.

v. 22. ἀπῆλθεν. 23. εἶπεν. πλουσιος
δυσκολῶς. εἰσελευσете. βασιλιαν. 24.
+ οτι (πρὸς ὕμιν). ἐστιν. τρηματος.
εἰσελθὲν (πρὸ διελθὲν). βασιλιαν. ἦν.
εἰσελθὲν. 25.—δε—αὐτου. δυνατε σωθῆτε.
26.—παρα ἀνθρωποις. ἐστιν p. m. δυνατα
πάντα ἐστὶν secund. 27. ἡμῖς. 28.
ὕμῖς. παλιγγενεσία. καθήσεσθε αὐτοὶ (πρὸ
ὕμῖς secund.). 29.—οικίας ἡ. xx. 4. +
μου (πρὸς ἀμπελωνᾶ). 5. + δε (πρὸς
παλιν). 6.—ἄραν.—ἀργουσ. 7.—ἡμᾶς.
ἡμῖς.—καὶ ο εαν ad ἦν. veta. 10. το
ἀνα θηναριον καὶ αὐτοὶ.

v. 3. λ. 12. κατηγορισθε.—των secund.
13. καταμαρτυροῦσιν. 15. παρηγορητο
(πρὸ ἡθελαν). 16. τουτε p. m. (πρὸ τοτε).
18. ἡδὶ. 19. ἐκινῶ. 20. ἀρχιερίσ. ἐπισαν.

v. 5. εἶπεν.—ταῖς γυναιξὶ p. m. φοβη-
θηται. ὕμῖς. 6. εἶπεν. εἰδετε.—ο κυριος.
7. πορευθῆσαι. οφείσθαι. εἶπα. 8. ἀπελθου-
σαι (πρὸ ἐξελθουσαι). μνημιου. ἀπαγγιλαί.
9. ἰπὶ, καὶ ἰδου ἰσ' ὑπηγγήσεν (p. m.)
αὐταῖς. 19.—οὐν. 20. τρηπν. ἐνετιλαμῆν.
εἰμι μεθ' ὑμῶν.—ἀμην.

In Cod. Sinaiticus we do not here find even the brief sub-
scription usual in this copy at the end of the sacred books. In
the papyrus, immediately after αἰωνος v. 20, in the same line,
and without any break, is written the marvellous note to which
we called attention above (p. 177). Η γραφή τῇ χειρὶ νικολαου
διακονου καθ' ὑπαγορευσιν ματθαίου αποστολου ἰησοῦ χριστου
εγενετο δε τῶι πεντεκαιδεκατῶι τῆς του κυριου ἀναλήψεως ετεῖ
καὶ τοῖς ἐν παλαιστίνῃ πιστοῖς ἰουδαίοις τε καὶ ἑλλῆσι
διεδοθῇ.

These are all the portions of the Gospels contained in Mr. Mayer's papyri as published by Simonides; the other three fragments belong to the Catholic Epistles.

Fragm. VI. James I. 1—11.

ν. 1. + του ισραηλ (ἀπὲ φυλαίσ). τῇ διασπορᾷ. 2. + δεινοῖς καὶ (ἀπὲ ποι- κίλοις). 3. ἡ τῆς πίστεως ὑμῶν καλὴ δοκιμότης (πρὸ το δοκ. τῆς π. υ.) + τὴν (πρὸ κατεργάζεται). 5 + αὐτὴν (πρὸ δίδοντος). αὐταῖ. 6. + ο αὐτῶν (πρὸ πίστει)-ομένω δις. 8. ἤ. + αἰε¹. 9. τῶ. 10. τῇ. 11. τῶ.

COD. SINAIT.

ν. 2. ἡγησασθαι. πειρασμοὶς περιπεσέσθαι. 3. δοκιμειὼν. 4. τελίον. τελίοι. 5. αἰτίτω. ονιδίζοντος. 6. πιστὶ. εἰκεν. 7.—τι. 9. ταπίνος. 10. ταπινώσει.

Fragm. VII. James II. portions of 5—15; 23.

ν. 5. [κοσμ]ῶι τούτῳ. 13. ἀνῆλεσ. τῶ.—καί.

ν. 5. τῷ κόσμῳ (—εν εἰ τούτου). 7. βλασφημοῦσιν. 8. τελίται. ποιεῖται. 9. ἐργάζεσθαι. 10. τηρήσῃ. πταισῃ. 11. οὐτως *prim. ianum.* 13. ἀνελεός.—καί. 15. υπαρχουσιν.

Fragm. VIII. Jude 16—23.

ν. 16. εαυτῶν ἐπιθυμίας. + αἰε (ἀπὲ πορευόμενοι). 17. προειρημένων *transfert ad finem versūs.* 18. ἐσχάτοις τοῖς χρόνοις. γενήθουσιν (πρὸ εἶναι). 19. + εαυτοῦς τοῖς σχίσμασι (πρὸ ἀποδιόρι- ζοντες). + ὁλῶς (πρὸ ψυχικοῖ). 20. εὐκοδομουντες εαυτοῦς (εἰς) *surgra lineam, litteris minutis.* ἀγίῳ. + ἀδια- λειπτῶς (ἀπὲ προσευχεμένοι εἰς) . . . 21. [α]γαπῇ τηρήσατε θεοῦ. 22. τῇ ἐλεγχῇ διακρινόμενος (πρὸ διακρινόμενοι). 23.—εν φοβῶ. + τῇ διδασκαλίᾳ (πρὸ σωζετε). + οὐς δε αὐ ἐν φοβῇ ἐλέειτε κυρίῳ[ν] (ἀπὲ [μ]ισουν [τες]).

ν. 16. εἰσιν. μεμψιμυροῖ. 18.—οἱ *secund.* ἐκ ἐσχάτου τοῦ χρόνου. ἐμπεκταί. ἐπι- θυμίας αὐτῶν. 20. εὐκοδομουντες εαυτοῦς τῇ ἀγίῳ τῇ ὑμῶν πιστὶ. 22. ἐλεάτε διακρινόμενος. 23. ἐν φοβῶ.—του. + οὐς δε ἐλεάτε ἐν φοβῇ (ἀπὲ μισούντες).

These papyrus fragments and the Codex Sinaiticus differ widely from each other, both in regard to the grammatical forms which they exhibit, and to the general style and tone of their various readings, properly so called. Let us see which of the two the more nearly coincides with other ancient copies, and the better agrees with what from reason and the nature of things we should look for, in a manuscript of the highest antiquity. Since neither M. Simonides points out, nor would the *facsimiles* lead us to suspect, any material difference in point of age between one fragment and the others, we must assign them all (if genuine) to about the same period as Fragment V. *i.e. the first century of our æra.*

I. In point of orthographical and grammatical peculiarities we see (1.) *ι ascript*, or annexed to the long vowels *η* and *ω*, throughout the papyri, in every instance where *ι subscript*

¹ So the *facsimile*, though *αἰε* is omitted in Simonides' copy in common type. This differs in many other places from the reading of the papyrus, which, of course, we follow in preference.

would be found in modern Greek type, both with nouns and verbs. In this respect these fragments resemble those also on papyrus, published by Mr. Churchill Babington, of whose edition of the 'Funeral Panegyric' by Hyperides, Dr. Simonides has availed himself (*Facsimiles*, p. 9): indeed it is the only work of Western scholarship with which he displays much acquaintance. Codex Sinaiticus, on the other hand, so far as we have yet noticed, never employs *ι ascript* in the New Testament, on this head resembling all other biblical manuscripts of first-rate importance; although it is found once Cod. Bezae (ἡδίσσαν Mark i. 34), now and then in Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, a portion of Cod. Sinaiticus itself, and pretty often in the palimpsest fragments of Homer, of about the sixth century, edited by Canon Cureton. Yet, although *ι ascript* may have gone much out of use in the fourth and fifth centuries, it is no valid objection to Mr. Mayer's papyri, which claim a date so much earlier, that they perpetually employ it. In the Herculean Philodemus, which could not have been written later than A.D. 79, it is more frequently retained than dropped.

(2.) On some other matters of the same kind, Dr. Simonides has been less fortunate, or (shall we say) less skilful. We have enumerated above, for the portions of the Greek text contained in Mr. Mayer's fragments, no less than 123 various readings of every sort occurring in Cod. Sinaiticus. But of these, only forty-nine in any way affect the sense or even the order of the words; six represent grammatical forms commonly referred to the Alexandrian dialect (of which more hereafter), twenty-one are examples of the appended *ν* (ἐφέλκυστικόν as it is technically called) added to the final *ε* of verbs before a consonant; no less than forty-seven are instances of *itacism*, or the interchange of consonants or diphthongs with each other, especially *ι* with *ει*, *ε* with *αι*. Now we frankly admit that itacisms of this type are more numerous in Cod. Sinaiticus, than in most other very old copies, so much so as greatly to increase the labour of a complete collation; but all the chief manuscripts of the New Testament abound in them. The more we come to know of the Cod. Vaticanus, the more we find there; in Cod. Alexandrinus and Ephraem, Cod. Purpureus (N. Tischendorf), and yet more in Cod. Bezae they are very thick. *Dr. Simonides' fragments alone contain not one single example*; the spelling is perfectly correct, according to the fashion of modern printed books, although such itacisms occur in all other monuments of undoubted antiquity; in inscriptions, in Mr. Babington's papyri, even in the Herculean rolls, where we might especially look for severe accuracy. The same observations apply to the similar case of *ν ἐφέλκυστικόν*: it is never inserted in Simonides' papyri, scarcely ever

omitted in Mr. Babington's and the Cod. Sinaiticus, seldom in other documents of undoubted antiquity, such as Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Ephraemi, Bezae. Of all copies which lay claim to a date at all approaching that alleged for the Mayer papyri, we know of none which resemble them in this particular of the itacisms, except certain leaves to which we have alluded at the beginning of the present article (p. 175), procured from Dr. Simonides by their present owner, who kindly allowed us to copy them some years ago. They contain a didactic poem, which, though certainly not composed by Phocylides (B.C. 560), may be as old as the third or fourth century of our æra. We subjoin the first page to illustrate our meaning, and as a specimen of the reliques with which M. Simonides has enriched some of the libraries of Europe. The original leaves are long and narrow, thirty-eight short lines of uncial letters being comprised on each page, without capitals, stops, breathings, accents, or divisions between the words; in all these respects also exactly resembling the Mayer papyri:—

φωκυλίδου ευρυσθε ως του μιλήσιου πο ιημα νουθετικον μητε γαμοκλοπειν μητ αρσενικυπριν ο ρινειν μητε δολουσ ρ απειν μηδ αιματι χ ειρα μιαινειν μη πλ ουτειν υδικωσ αλλ ε ξ οσιων βιοτευειν α ρκεισθαι παρουςι κ αι αλλοτριων απεχε σθαι ψευδεα μη βα	ζειν τα δετητυμα π αυτ αγορευειν πρωτ α θεον τιμα μετεπει τα δε σειο γονησ πασ ι δικαία νεμειν μηδε κ ρισιν εσ χαριν ελκειν μη ριψησ πενιην αδικ ωσ μη κρινε προσωπο ν ην συ κακωσ δικαση σ σε θεος μετeweita δι κασσει μαρτυριην ψε υδη φευγειν τα δικαι α γορευειν παρθενην τ	15 20 25	ηρειν πιστιν δεν πασι φυλασσειν μετρα νεμ ειν τα δικαία καλον δε πι μετρον απασι στα θμον μη κρουειν ετερ οζυγον αλλ ισον ελκει ν μητ επιορκησησ μητ αγνωσ μητ εκον τι ψευδορκον στυγει θεος αβροτος οστις ο μοσσει σπερματα μη κ λεπτειν επαρισμος ο	30 35
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Those who please to consult the *Editio princeps* of the *Poetæ Heroici* (1606), will probably think with us that the above is a mere transcript of the poem as there printed,¹ typographical errors included. The manner in which the words are divided between the lines has no parallel that we know of; certainly not in Cod. Sinaiticus, which, on the whole, resembles it most in regard to the number of letters written in each line.² The point to which we direct attention is, that here, as in the Biblical papyri, we find no itacism whatever. The case is that of two suspected writings corresponding with each other, and with

¹ Between vv. 112, 113, of the printed edition, Simonides inserts a characteristic gnome: *καιρω λατρευειν μηδ αντιπνεειν ανεμοισι*.

² See *Journal of Sacred Literature*, No. V. for April, 1863, p. 8, where it is laid down as a rule that only a vowel, or λ μ ν ρ σ, or rarely κ, or the last letter of an indeclinable Hebrew word, can end a line. This canon (which we believe to be quite true) is violated in lines 7, 14, 15, 26, and thrice for κ. Moreover, almost any genuine copy would have put — for ν over the last letter of lines 21, 32, instead of placing ν at the beginning of the next line.

no other extant documents, on a point which even a shrewd forger might very well overlook. The *iascript* does occur twice in these lines (though omitted once) just as it would in a genuine manuscript. The gnomonic poem being in Hexameter verse, the metre would of course rule the insertion or omission of *ν ἐφελκυστικόν*, respecting which, consequently, no comparison can be instituted between Phocylides and the Mayer papyri.¹

(3.) The grammatical forms also exhibited in these papyri are not consonant with what appears the settled opinion among scholars as to the influence of the Septuagint version on the diction of the New Testament. Confining ourselves to manuscripts of the remotest antiquity, we meet in them with many inflections commonly called Alexandrian, which have gradually disappeared from later codices, whose scribes have naturally preferred forms more familiar to themselves. Now, in this respect, Cod. Sinaiticus corresponds with Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and others of the highest consideration; Simonides' fragments with recent manuscripts and printed editions. Thus, in Matt. ii. 10, Cod. Sin. reads *αστεραν*, p.m., the papyrus *αστερα*: xix. 28, Cod. Sin. *παλιγγενεσια*, the papyrus *παλιγγενεσαι*: xxviii. 7, Cod. Sin. *ειπα*, the papyrus *ειπον*: in James ii. 11, Cod. Sin. *ουτως* once (but *ουτω* also once), the papyrus *ουτω* twice; Jude 22, 23, Cod. Sin. *ελεατε*, but the papyrus the common form *ελεειτε*.

On the other hand, as if by way of compensation, the papyrus twice admits the form *αιει* (James i. 8, Jude 16), which no manuscript of respectable character ever did or could receive into the prose of the Attic, or common dialect. The adverb *ἀει* occurs eight times in the New Testament, and in no one of these passages can we discover a single copy of any kind which reads the Ionic or poetic form *αιει*. On consulting a Modern Greek Testament (Athens, 1844), we find *πάντοτε* instead of *ἀει* in every place, even in the Hexameter verse (which it spoils). Titus i. 12, and thence conclude that *ἀει* has fallen entirely out of the present vernacular use. Hence, we presume, this palpable slip in M. Simonides' scholarship.

II. Nor have we cause to think better of Dr. Simonides' fragments, when we come to consider the changes his various readings produce in the sense of the sacred text. But before we can properly examine this branch of our subject, the reader's attention must be directed to a circumstance which no one, who has even glanced at his volume of *Facsimiles*, can fail to have

¹ It is well worth notice that the *facsimile* of Codex Hermodori (Plate I. 8) exhibits the same peculiarities in respect of itacisms, *ν* appended and *iascript* as his other codices. We note, however, *μαλλον* in Uranius, p. 1, as given by Dindorf: *Report of Council*, p. 28.

observed. We have spoken before of the editor's entire ignorance of the productions of Western scholars (p. 183). Excepting Mr. Babington's 'Hyperides' of 1858, which he has evidently studied closely, all his acquaintance with modern Biblical scholarship seems comprised in a solitary reference to Cod. Bezaë, in his note on S. Matthew ii. 21 (*Facsimiles*, p. 44). For anything that appears in his book of *Facsimiles*, the laborious men who have gladly devoted their lives to the criticism of the New Testament, Mill and Wetstein, Birch and Griesbach, Tischendorf and Tregelles, are unknown to him even by name; the great reprints of Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Ephraem, and others, from which we have derived so much information on every point relating to the sacred writings, are never once employed by him for the illustration of the text. In the room of such real and solid knowledge as these sources would supply ready to his hands, his notes are filled with frivolous extracts from local newspapers, and voluntary exhibitions of an ignorance on common matters almost too gross for belief.¹

To compensate for the lack of all we have hitherto learnt about textual criticism, M. Simonides' pages introduce to us a mass of authorities which we are not ashamed to say we never heard of before. The fragments of S. Matthew and the Catholic Epistles, which his good fortune, his patience, and sagacity led him to detect among Mr. Mayer's papyri, 'lying pell-mell together, and offering neither connexion nor continuity' (*Facsimiles*, p. 5), form but a very small portion of the discoveries which have rewarded his persevering researches. We purposely refrain from dwelling on his palimpsest of Uranius, so ungratefully scorned by the German Professors; we have no space to give so much as a meagre list of the works on hieroglyphics and archæology, history and *heliotype*, yet remaining unpublished on his hands; but we shall do him scanty justice unless we present a catalogue of those wonderful accessions to our store of critical materials for settling the text of the New Testament, now for the first time rendered available to Biblical students.

(1.) M. Simonides has seen (*Facsimiles*, p. 16) in the Monastery of Mount Sinai, the Gospel of S. Matthew on papyrus, 'with the inscription of the date of publication extremely clear,' purporting to be one out of fourteen copies written by Hermodorus, a disciple of our Lord (*ἡσίου χριστοῦ τοῦ κυρίου καὶ*

¹ We will pick up two or three instances quite at random. Eusebius the historian is the son of Pamphilus (*Facsimiles*, p. 19); *βηθλεεμ* signifies *oikos ἁγίου* (*ἄγιος*, 'The house of living bread' (*Ibid.* p. 43, note); 'the Hebrews of S. Matthew's time did not understand the Hebrew language,' because they wilfully mistook our Lord's words, 'Eli, Eli,' as if he was calling for Elias (*Ibid.* p. 21).

θεου ἡμῶν) sixty-five years after the Ascension, and fifteen after the Evangelist's death. This codex M. Simonides purposes to publish entire, in *facsimile* (p. 42, note).

(2.) The Gospel of S. Matthew in the Monastery of S. Saba [near the Dead Sea], in which is found a note, stating that it was written by Stachys, deacon of the church at Alexandria, in the year 5707 [of the Greek æra, A.D. 199], Indiction 7, from the eleventh copy of Hermodorus, one of the seventy disciples of our Lord (*Facsimiles*, p. 17).

Here we may remark in passing, that, by a happy anticipation, the deacon Stachys, writing at the end of the second century, employs the æra of Constantinople, which did not come into general use till the middle of the seventh, and the indiction of Constantine, which was instituted A.D. 312 (Nicolas, 'Chronology of History,' pp. 6, 8). As Stachys is so obliging as to vouch for Hermodorus, one of the seventy, and his fourteen copies of S. Matthew, so we 'venture to express our ardent hope and firm belief' (*Facsimiles*, Dedication) that M. Simonides' future researches will bring to light some document that may do the same service for Stachys in his time of need.

(3.) The same difficulty about æra and indiction attaches to the next copy in order of date, that deposited in the Monastery of S. Dionysius in Mount Athos, being also the Gospel of S. Matthew, written in the year 5743 [A.D. 255 according to Simonides, A.D. 235 by our reckoning], Indiction 13, by one Nectarius, for the use of the Church at Myra (*Facsimiles*, p. 17).

(4.) Gibbon ('Decline and Fall,' c. xxxii.) tells us, respecting that feeble shadow of a Roman Emperor, the younger Theodosius, 'that the elegance with which he transcribed religious 'books entitled him to the singular epithet of *Calligraphes*, or, 'a fair writer.' Dr. Simonides has been so lucky as to find at S. Saba a copy of S. Matthew, written by the hand of this imperial scribe, in the thirteenth year of his reign [A.D. 421], Indiction 4 (*Facsimiles*, p. 17). The next two copies are of rather less interest.

(5.) S. Matthew's Gospel, now in the monastery of Pantocrator, Mount Athos, written in the year 6047 [A.D. 539], by Menas, Patriarch of Constantinople, and by him presented to the Emperor Justinian (*Facsimiles*, p. 17); and lastly (*Facsimiles*, p. 18.)

(6.) The whole New Testament, now at S. Dionysius, in Mount Athos, written by Christophanes, Metropolitan of Rhodes, in the year 6340 [A.D. 832], Indiction 10.

How it happens that Hermodorus' papyrus was withheld from Tischendorf, when at Mount Sinai, at least on the occasion of

his third visit, or the codices of Stachys and Theodosius, at Mar Saba, eluded the curiosity of Scholz, of Mr. Curzon, of Mr. Coxe, and others, who have visited the monastery, for the express purpose of searching its library, Dr. Simonides affords us no explanation whatever. But as to the literary treasures of Mount Athos, he gives us clearly to understand, that they are not open to every one, and affords us small encouragement to undertake a pilgrimage to Pantocrator, or S. Dionysius, on such an errand. If, however, that liberal paymaster, the Bible Society, will but put the task in proper hands, something important may perhaps be done. The following extract is very suggestive :—

‘It is much to be desired that the Bible Society would undertake the comparison of all the copies of the New Testament extant in Europe, Asia, and Egypt, by means of men really competent in Greek palæography, and not superficial pretenders. Many such are in existence, especially of the earliest centuries after Christ, and many of the Old Testament as well. This I well know : and those who assert the contrary do not know what they are saying ; for they know nothing of the royal libraries in Mount Athos, &c., nor will they ever see one of them, for reasons which I am well acquainted with, but omit, so as not to give rise to scandal.’—*Facsimiles*, p. 42, note.

Thus then we are enabled, by the zeal and diligence of their editor, to approach the examination of these precious fragments, furnished with a critical apparatus more complete and powerful than Tischendorf himself, in his brightest day-dreams, ever deemed within our reach. Let us now look to their influence on the New Testament text.

And, that we may not seem to disregard any branch of the inquiry, we will not leave unnoticed a few places in which his papyri agree with other documents in departing from the common text.

Matthew ii. 11.—*ειδον* for *εὑρον* of the received text. But *εὑρον* is found in no extant Greek manuscript, having been inserted for *ειδον* in the first edition of Erasmus, from the Vulgate version. Simonides professes to have used Bohn’s edition of the Greek New Testament, which we have not at hand. Probably this edition reads *ειδον*, the rather that Simonides notes no departure from its text.

Matthew xx. 6.—Mayer’s papyrus omits *ἀργούς* with Codd. *ℵ*, (*i.e.* Sinaiticus), B, D, L, 33, some Latin versions, Cureton’s Syriac, the Memphitic, Thebaic, and Æthiopic versions, and Nectarius, *teste Simonide*. It is fair also to state, that Simonides notes the omission of *ἄραν* in this verse, the reading *το ἀναθηναριον* v. 10, as also the forms *παλιγγενεσία* and *καθησεσθε*, xix. 28, as being written ‘in some’ or ‘in other copies.’ *All these variations occur in Cod. Sinaiticus*, but since they are

recorded in the ordinary critical editions, as supported by many other authorities, too much stress must not be laid on that fact.

Matthew xxviii. 8.—Mayer's papyrus has *απελθουσαι* for *εξελθουσαι* of the received text, for which change Simonides appeals to the Codex of Nectarius. Less apocryphal witnesses are Codd. N, B, C, L, 33, 69, 124, and possibly some versions.

James ii. 5.—For *κοσμον τουτου* Mayer's papyrus has [*τωι κοσμ*]*ωι τουτωι*, adding, 'thus in the copies of Nectarius' and Menas. In the common versions,¹ . . . *τους πτωχοὺς τοῦ κόσμου*, so that the text he used must have omitted *τούτου*. Codd. N, A p.m. B, C p.m. have only *τω κοσμω*.

Ibid. c. 13.—Mayer's papyrus omits *και*, which again must be wanting in Bohn's text, as Simonides takes no notice of it. Codd. N, A, B, C, and almost every existing cursive copy omit *και*, which, like *ειδον* in Matthew ii. 11, is due to Erasmus' first edition. Simonides notes that Nectarius reads *κατακαυχεται δε*, and *δε* actually follows the verb in Cod. A and a few others.

Jude 19.—Mayer's papyrus inserts *εαυτους* after *αποδιοριζοντες*. The pronoun is omitted in the Complutensian, Erasmus', and Stephens' text, but read in Beza's and the Elzevir editions. It is rejected, and no doubt rightly, by Codd. N, A, B, G, K and the best cursives, against C and a few others.

Ibid. 22, 23.—For *διακρινόμενοι κ. τ. λ.* Mayer's papyrus (besides other variations peculiar to itself), agrees with nearly all good MSS. against the received text in reading *διακρινόμενους*, omitting *εν φοβω* before *σωζετε*, and inserting *ουσ δε . . . εν φοβω ελεετε . . .* before *μισουντες*. This variation is, in substance, supported by Codd. N, A, B, C, and not a few cursives and versions.

We have thought it right to detail the preceding instances of agreement between the Mayer fragments and the most approved codices previously known, because, so far as they go, they tend to support the genuineness of the papyri under review. We say deliberately, *so far as they go*, for there is nothing in them which a person far less shrewd than Simonides might not have gathered from the use of the commonest critical edition of the New Testament, such as Tischendorf's seventh edition, which he can hardly be supposed not to have consulted, though he never once refers to it.

The great bulk of the variations are of a widely different character, supported, so far we can ascertain, *by no other authority*, and recommended by no internal excellence, or even pro-

¹ By this absurd term Dr. Simonides, or his translator, 'G. Picton Silke, E.-q. formerly of Queen's College, Oxon.' always indicates the *received text*.

bability. Of these, a few relate to the insertion or omission of the Greek article. Such are—

Matthew i. 16, *της* set before *Μαριας*, very unlikely to be correct, as the Blessed Virgin is here named for the first time. ii. 19, *του* omitted before *ηρωδου*. xix. 23, *ο* set before *πλουσιος*, to the detriment of the sense. So too the MSS. of Hermodorus and Nectarius. xxvii. 15, *την* set before *εορτην*; this variation, however, is countenanced by Cod. Bezae, whose Latin scribe would not understand the licence allowed after a preposition.

James i. 3—*την* put before *υπομονην*, very needlessly, *η δε υπομονη* v. 4, being of course a case of *renewed mention*.

No document extant, not even the loosest and most paraphrastic version of the New Testament, affords so plentiful a harvest of insipid glosses as we find, in rank abundance, throughout these few fragments, *e.g.*—

Matthew ii. 8.—*το γεννηθεν* added to *ευρητε*; thus, too, Hermodorus. 11, *οι* precedes *και πεσοντες*. 19, *του βασιλεως* added to *ηρωδου*. This scholium is supported by the Peshito and Cureton's Syriac versions. 'So in the codex of Hermodorus, and the copies made from it,' says Simonides. xix. 22, *τουτου εσιωπησε και* precede *απηλθε*. Here *τουτου* is found in B. Evst. 5, and three versions (the two Syriac and Thebaic); the wretched gloss *εσιωπησε και* in Mayer alone, 'in the copy of Hermodorus, and those transcribed from it.' 25, Here again, for *οι μαθηται αυτου* of the received text, Simonides cites the copies of Hermodorus and Nectarius, in support of the variation in his papyrus, *οι του ιησου μαθηται ταυτα*. Other countenance it has none, for the best MSS. reject even *αυτου*. The reader will admire the classical arrangement of *οι του ιησου μαθηται*,¹ so suitable to the style of the New Testament writers.

We are utterly weary of this unprofitable work, which the reader may take up if he pleases, and will find the result much the same, whatever portion of the fragments he selects for examination. Where all others fail, Hermodorus and Stachys, Nectarius and his fellows, are ever ready to vouch for the Mayer papyri (*vid.* Matthew xix. 26; xxvii. 16; xxviii. 6; 8; James i. 2; Jude, 19). The unhappy adverbs, more especially, are pressed into the service without stint or mercy. Such are *απονηρωσ*, 'without guile,' before *επορευθησαν*, Matthew ii. 9, which we conceive to be a *ἄπαξ λεγόμενον* of S. Matthew;

¹ We have not dwelt on the fact that Mayer's papyri stand alone among Greek manuscripts in representing such words as *ιησουσ*, *χριστουσ*, *κυριοσ*, *θεουσ*, *πνευμα*, &c. at full length; for in the first century scribes may not have yet formed the habit of abridging them.

the unlucky *αιει* of which we have before spoken, James i. 8; Jude 16; *ολωσ* before *ψυχικοι*, Jude 19; *αδιαλειπτως* (from 1 Thess. v. 17) before *προσευχόμενοι*, *ibid.* 20. Now and then the copyist's fancy takes a higher flight, and produces such a passage as the following, which we cite as an instructive and amply sufficient specimen of the spirit and execution of the whole.

Matthew xxvii. 19, is thus given in Mayer's papyrus:—*κ[αθήμενου δε του πι]λα[του] επ[ι του βηματος απεστειλε προς αυτον] πεμπελη η γυνη αυτου λεγουσα μηδεν σοι και τωι δικαιωι ανδρι εκεινιωι πολλα γαρ επαθον κατ οναρ δι αυτον εν τη νυκτι της παρελθουσης και πολλα καθ υπαρ ειδον σημερον υπερ αυτου εκεινου.* What shall we say of the writer who could dilute the clear and simple language of the Evangelist into miserable verbiage like this? No one possessed of one grain, we say not of critical judgment, but of common sense, can fail to trace the handiwork of as tasteless and bungling a sciolist as ever insulted the understanding of honest men by his fraud and folly. Where the whole performance is so far beneath notice, comment seems merely thrown away. We shall, therefore, pass by the *poetic* *υπαρ*, with the single remark that it is a word of everyday use in *modern* Greek, and notice briefly the discovery of which Simonides is so proud, the *name* of Pilate's wife. 'It occurs,' he tells us truly, 'in none of the copies in Europe of S. Matthew's Gospel' (*Facsimiles*, Intro. p. 29). But what then? Hermodorus and Stachys, if we understand him aright (p. 49, note 16), most certainly Nectarius, call her Pempele. Yet more, that Pempele is a Greek name is evidenced by no less than *five* several inscriptions, all dug up in the year 1852—two at Gaza, three at Apollonia, in Palestine (*Facsimiles*, p. 29), elaborately represented by Simonides in his eleventh plate of *Facsimiles*, and now deposited in some place best known to him. They all serve to show that 'the name Pempele was common in Palestine, *ὁ καὶ ἡ πεμπελος* and *ἡ πεμπελη*. . . that the word is decidedly 'Greek, signifying 'extremely old,'² and [on that account, shall 'we say?'] especially an epithet of the goddess Aphrodite, being 'indicative of *maturity*.' (p. 30).

'Brevior lectio,' writes the acute and judicious Griesbach, 'nisi testium vetustorum et gravium auctoritate penitus destituatur, præferenda est verbosiori. Librarii enim multò præniores ad addendum fuerunt, quam ad omittendum' (*N. T. Proleg.* vol. I. p. lxiv.). If ever a case can be imagined for

¹ The letters within brackets are lost in the papyrus.

² *πέμπελος*, *ον*, an obscure epithet of very old persons, Lyc. 682, 826. *Biddell and Scott, Lexicon.* We subjoin one of these valuable inscriptions: *πεμπελωι αφροδιτηι τη θειω μεγιστηι το ιερον η ιερεια αυτης πεμπελος εκ των ιδιων ανασκευασα καθιερι αμα δε και τον λειμωνα τον περιξ τον πατρικον.* Plate XI. No. 5.

applying this fundamental canon of criticism it is the present, when the course of the narrative is impeded, and its graceful simplicity utterly marred, by expletives and accretions at variance with correct taste and perspicuous expression alike.

But one more passage, and we have done. The happy chance which brought to light five several inscriptions in a single year to settle the name of Pilate's wife would have been enough, we might think, for one life-time. But it is not so; stranger things remain untold. And here we will borrow the forcible language of one who loves our hero too well to part with him easily, or just at present:—

'Coincidences like these,' says Mr. W. A. Wright,¹ 'have fallen to the lot of Simonides more than to that of any living man. Does he want confirmation of a statement? he has the authority of MSS. and inscriptions, to which he can appeal at will. I recommend any of your readers who desire an illustration of this, to refer to his discussion of the disputed reading in *Matth. xix. 24* (*Facsimiles*, p. 45, &c.) He brings forward inscriptions from monuments in Lycia, Cilicia, and at Gaza; and gives not only the readings of some eight or nine MSS. which are preserved at Mount Sinai, at Mount Athos, or the monastery of St. Saba in Palestine; but what is most remarkable, and to my mind most instructive, he gives the verse, and, in some instances, the context, in *facsimile*. Surely no man was ever so fortunate as Simonides. He finds whatever he looks for. . . .'—*Letter to the Guardian*, Dec. 10, 1862.

Even so. We mark in M. Simonides an absolute waste of untruth and deception. For the purpose of maintaining his lection ΚΑΛΩΝ in the place of *καμηλον*, we are favoured with two inscriptions (*Facsimiles*, Plate xii. 7, 8), and a book of proverbs from Mount Athos (Plate vi. 5), to show that *καμηλον* signifies *cable*. *Facsimiles* of the MSS. of Theodosius and Menas (Plate vi. 6, 9) vouch for *καμιλον*; while in behalf of *καλων* he presents us with a rich array of valuable authorities, a most edifying proverb he has heard from the islanders of Megiste, on the coast of Lycia, extracts from a codex of the ninth century at S. Saba (Plate vi. 3), and also from that of Stachys, dated in the second century, in characters which marvellously resemble the writing of the eighth (notice the forms of Δ, Ε, Θ, Τ, on Plate vi. 1). Add to these *Matt. xix. 21—27*, from the papyrus of Hermodorus (Plate i. 8), the Lord's disciple, as a foretaste of his promised edition of the whole MS.

Whether, therefore, we consider these papyrus fragments of the New Testament (1) in regard to the *manner* of their introduction to the world, which must always be a point of some

¹ Not quite the same person, be it observed, as the Mr. Thomas Wright, 'whose admirable discourse on the remains of the ancient Roman city just discovered in (Wroxeter) England,' [sic] (*Facsimiles*, p. 6,) prefaced the introduction of Nicolas the Deacon and his codex to the Liverpool public.

importance when we come to examine the genuineness of writings hitherto unknown; or (2) listen to the evidence of competent scholars—men who have characters to maintain, and no sinister interest to tempt them to deceive us—as to the *external* marks of spuriousness patent on the documents themselves; or (3) note for our own satisfaction the numerous internal symptoms of fraud and interpolation they exhibit, the halting scholarship, and unsupported statements of the editor, the empty verbiage and feeble interpolations of the text; we feel ourselves entitled to draw the conclusion broadly stated by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature in reference to Hermippus' letter to Horus (Report, p. 7), that there are absolute grounds for believing these Biblical papyri to be '*rank forgeries, probably of very recent date.*'

We hope our readers will not think that we ought to have arrived at this result long ago, without the tiresomeness and delay of a long discussion. Dr. Simonides has a *right* to demand that we treat him as honest and truthful till we see cause for the contrary; and it did seem worth our while to show—in an age when the cabinets of the curious are full of medals and antique relics which are reasonably suspected, yet can hardly be demonstrated to be, in a large proportion, the products of modern fraud and cupidity—that in the far more important matter of written documents, on which it has pleased God that the very purity of our Christian faith should rest, the tests and tokens whereby the genuine can be discerned from the false are so many and varied—so minute in their nature, yet so unequivocal in the decisions which they lead to, that there probably exists not at this moment, in all the public libraries of Europe, a single manuscript, extending beyond the length of twenty lines, respecting whose date and real character there is much difference of opinion among those who have had an opportunity of examining it for themselves, and by experience or sagacious tact are competent to form a judgment on its pretensions.

It is only because the means of scrutinizing it minutely have hitherto been enjoyed by only two or three eminent palæographers, that any shade of reasonable doubt yet hangs over the origin and date of the Codex Sinaiticus, with the authorship of which it has pleased M. Simonides to connect his own name. We shall not be tempted by the recent appearance of the cheap and popular edition of the New Testament, as represented in that MS., to retrace the steps of the writer of the article on the larger or imperial edition in the April number of the *Christian Remembrancer* (pp. 374—402); we will only thank Dr. Tischendorf for this additional proof of his long-tried care and diligence in placing the New Testament within the reach of poorer students so

soon after the publication of the more luxurious and costly volumes. For all practical purposes, this reprint in common Greek type leaves little to be desired, save that we could have wished for a few more pages in *facsimile* (only that containing Heb. xii. 27—xiii. 25 is repeated in the smaller work), that we might the better discriminate between the handwriting, whether of the original scribes (if, indeed, there be more than one, which seems rather doubtful), or of the various correctors employed at different times in improving or corrupting the primitive text.

It is with Codex Sinaiticus, as the alleged work of M. Simonides 'of the golden pen,' and only as such, that we are concerned in the present article; and it is impossible to form a fair judgment respecting the validity of his claim without first reminding the reader of the leading circumstances in the history of its discovery, as detailed by Tischendorf himself, in the *Notitia Editionis Cod. Sinait.*, in the *Prolegomena* to his two editions of the MS, and more fully in his *Aus dem heiligen Lande* (Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus, 1862).

It was when travelling in 1844, under the patronage of his own sovereign, King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, that Tischendorf picked out of a basket full of *papers*, destined to light the stove of the convent of S. Catherine on Mount Sinai, the forty-three *vellum* leaves of the Septuagint version, which he published in 1846 as the Codex Friderico-Augustanus. These, of course, he easily got for asking, but, finding that further portions of the same MS. (such as Isaiah and 1, 4 Maccabees) yet remained, he rescued them from their probable fate by giving the monks some hint of their value.¹ One leaf, containing the last page of Isaiah and the first of Jeremiah, he copied, and subsequently published in the first volume of his *Monumenta Sacra Inedita*, in 1855. On his second visit to S. Catherine's, in 1853, he could gain no tidings of the leaves he had left behind, and concluded that they had been carried away by some richer or more favoured collector. In February 1859 he became a guest at the convent for the third time, being on this occasion under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia—the great protector of the Eastern Church. On the evening of Feb. 4th, while he was talking with the steward (*οικονόμος*) of the convent, in his cell, on their return from a walk, during which the conversation had turned on the Greek text of the Old Testament, the steward produced from a corner of the chamber a MS., written on loose leaves and wrapped in a red cloth, such as the Orientals com-

¹ Yet we have just been assured by Callinicos of Sinai, whose important letter to Mr. Davies appeared in the *Guardian* of May 27 (*vid. infra*, p. 206), that this MS., which had long been in the library, *σσημειωμένον ἢ εἰς τοὺς ἀρχαίους καταλόγους αὐτῆς*. How a portion of it got into the kitchen is not so easily understood.

monly employ for that purpose. To Tischendorf's great joy and astonishment, he had now before him the precious treasure he had so long been searching for; and that night there was no sleep for him. The manuscript was found to contain more than he had hoped or thought: a large portion of the Septuagint translation, the New Testament complete, the Epistle of Barnabas, and a fragment of the Shepherd of Hermas—works publicly read in very early times as portions of canonical Scripture. With the consent of the Prior, who was at Cairo, the MS. was removed to the sister convent of S. Catherine, near that city, where Tischendorf was not very readily allowed to copy it by quaternions (or four sheets, i.e. eight leaves) at a time. The Codex was afterwards presented by the brethren—a truly royal gift—to the Emperor Alexander II., to whose munificence we are indebted for the larger edition, and who probably aided to defray the cost of the smaller one, the price of which is unusually low.

We must confess that we can see nothing in this interesting and almost romantic tale which strikes us as at all improbable,¹ and it is not to be lightly presumed that one who, by his untiring and life-long labours, has earned for himself a great and enviable name, would deliberately bring on his own head the scorn of the Christian world by a lie, whose ultimate detection must have been certain from the first. Tischendorf cannot help knowing that he has enemies and detractors in abundance—some of that class which ever dog the footsteps of successful merit; others whom he has made for himself by words and actions, long since regretted; and a wise man, who has enemies, is on his guard, that they gain not the advantage of him unawares. It is *a priori* of all things the least likely that the poor vanity of having made an accidental discovery would have tempted such a man to palm a rank imposture on the scholars of Europe.

Then come certain confirmations to his story, not very weighty, but good so far as they go, and from sources perfectly independent. In 1845, or 1846, the Russian Archimandrite Porphyrius saw this MS. at Mount Sinai, and observed that the New Testament formed a part of it, and published the account of it (noting the character of the text) at St. Petersburg, in 1856. A little later, Major Macdonald inspected, at Mount Sinai, what seems to have been the same copy; it was kept wrapped up in a cloth; there were several columns in a page (three, at

¹ 'Whatever there be in it of romance,' Mr. W. A. Wright pointedly remarks, 'is fully equalled by Canon Cureton's discovery of the missing leaf of the famous Syriac MS. [of the Gospels] containing, among other things, the Theophania of Eusebius, which he has so graphically described in the Preface to his edition of the Festal Letters of Eusebius.'

least, perhaps *four*), and it was affirmed by the monks that this MS., which was opened in some part of the New Testament, was of the fourth century.

It is reasonable enough to conclude that the brethren assigned so early a date to a document they had once regarded with indifference and neglect, in consequence of what Tischendorf had told them in 1844; and, after a far more intimate acquaintance with it than he could have then made, he abides by the judgment his first impressions led him to form. The peculiarly fine quality of the vellum—the fact that this is the only known manuscript containing four columns on the page, or eight columns on the open leaf, as if it were designed to imitate the older *rolled* books, whose several skins or leaves were fastened together lengthwise—the very simple yet graceful shapes of the letters, which resemble so closely those of the Herculanean papyri—the lack of capital letters, and the rare occurrence of a single point for a stop, as in the Herculanean rolls—the brevity of the titles and subscriptions, and these, too, mostly, by a later hand—the unusual order of the books, S. Paul's Epistles preceding the Acts, and that to the Hebrews following the Second to the Thessalonians—the presence, as part of the canonical Scripture, of the works of Barnabas and Hermas—the peculiar character of the text, which is of the most ancient type, sometimes supported only by Cod. Vaticanus or Codex Bezae, sometimes by a very old version, or by a Greek or Latin Father, such as Eusebius or Basil or Jerome; sometimes standing quite alone, or in company with two or three later or cursive MSS.—the various corrections the primitive text has received from different hands, with inks of many various shades, and at different times, *yet even the latest before breathings and accents came into use*—all these facts, taken together, with nothing considerable to set in the opposite scale, concur in persuading Tischendorf that the middle of the fourth century is, for this venerable Codex, a date, if not certain, yet far from improbable, and, at any rate, neither futile nor glaringly extravagant. Or do we think that the discoverer of such a prize must, of course, be over-sanguine respecting its value? Dr. Tregelles has too much magnanimity, to say nothing of higher principle, to bear ill-will to any one, yet, for some things that he has done for Biblical criticism, *tulit alter honores*, and that with no blame to Tischendorf: prepossession in his rival's favour Tregelles can have none. Here, then, is his testimony, delivered in June, 1862, after three days'¹ study of its contents:—

¹ Of this visit Simonides writes, 'Dr. Tregelles, in the *Guardian* of August 13, says that in three days only he went through the MS.' &c. (*Guardian*, Jan. 21, 1863), and draws just the inference any one may draw who misstates his opponent's language. Tregelles tells us that he 'inspected the MS., compared

‘I know no reason for judging it to be more recent than the fourth century. The corrections from different hands are numerous and of various ages; one corrector went over the MS. before the running titles of the books were placed at the head of the pages; this is shown by the circumstance that the corrector has made an addition in the upper margin in such a place as has prevented the head-line from occupying its usual position. The very black ink shows the work of the more recent correctors very plainly; but as to the ancient hands, I rely very little on the colour of the ink alone; for its varying shades of blackish, brownish, and reddish seem to depend on other circumstances . . .’

Chiefly, we may add, on the side of the vellum which is employed, whether it be the rougher and exterior face or the smooth and inner one, which, in copies of such high antiquity, will preserve the writing fresh when, on the other side, it is barely legible. Again, in July, 1862, the Codex Sinaiticus was seen at Leipsic by one of the most skilful and experienced palæographers now living—Mr. Bradshaw, Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge, and keeper of MSS. in the University Library. He, too, in a letter to the *Guardian*, declares himself as certain of its genuineness and antiquity as of his own existence.

These investigations were made, this decision pronounced, in the full knowledge that M. Simonides, the editor of the *Mayer Papyri*, and the projector of many similar books, had claimed the Codex Sinaiticus as his own handiwork. In fact, Tregelles says bluntly enough, ‘I believe I need hardly say that the story of Simonides, that he wrote the MS., is as false and absurd as possible. A man might as well pretend that the Alexandrian or the Vatican MS. is a modern work’ (*Guardian*, Aug. 13).

Thus fairly driven either to vindicate or to withdraw what he appears to have been declaring in private for some time past, Simonides addressed a letter to the *Guardian*, which was inserted in the impression of Sept. 3, confidently proclaiming that he wrote the ‘Codex Simoneidos, which Professor Tischendorf ‘when at Sinai, contrived, I know not how, to carry away, and, going to St. Petersburg, published his discovery there, ‘under the name of the *Codex Sinaiticus*.’ ‘When, about two ‘years ago,’ he adds, ‘I saw the first facsimiles of Tischendorf [he must mean the portion of Luke xxiv. appended to the *Notitia Edit. Cod. Sin.*, 1860], ‘which were put into my hand at ‘Liverpool, by Mr. Newton, a friend of Dr. Tregelles, I at ‘once recognised my own work, as I immediately told him.’ This last statement, *valeat quantum*, has never been contradicted, so far as we are aware.

several parts with the facsimile edition, and made a collation of the Catholic Epistles,’ for which three days would have been ample. As to Dr. Tregelles ‘possessing a very superficial knowledge of such matters,’ the assertion may stand by the side of that respecting Tischendorf, that ‘he only chatters mechanically the Scriptures, and understands their meaning by Latin versions, and not at sight’ (*Callinicos to Simonides*, Nov. 9, 1861).

Simonides' first account of the origin of the MS. is, in substance, as follows:—About the end of the year 1839, when he was residing with his uncle Benedict, spiritual head of the monastery of the holy martyr Panteleemon, in Mount Athos, that venerable dignitary was anxious to send to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia a gift from the sacred mountain, in grateful acknowledgment of the presents which he had offered, from time to time, to the brotherhood there. Not possessing anything which he deemed acceptable, Benedict resolved to provide a copy of the Old and New Testaments, written on parchment, in capital or uncial letters of the ancient form. As Dionysius, the professed calligrapher of the monastery, was afraid to undertake so laborious a task, Simonides commenced it at his uncle's request, 'beginning to practise the principles of calligraphy' for that purpose, by the study of the principal Biblical MSS. at Athos. Benedict provided him with a copy of the Moscow edition of the Greek Bible, published at the cost of the wealthy Russian merchants the brothers Zosimas,¹ which the good abbot had 'collated with the ancient ones, and by this means cleared it of 'many errors, . . . the old spelling, however, remaining unaltered.' As vellum ran short, Simonides took from the monastic library a very bulky volume, almost entirely blank, the parchment of which was remarkably clean and beautifully finished. On this material he copied out both Testaments, the Epistle of Barnabas, and the first part of Hermas, 'in capital 'letters (or uncial characters), in the style known in calligraphy 'as ἀμφιδέξιος.' He broke off at this point, instead of copying all 'the remains of the seven apostolic fathers—Barnabas, Hermas, Clement, Bishop of Rome, Ignatius, Polycarp, Papias, and 'Dionysius the Areopagite,' because the supply of parchment ran short, and Benedict was now dead.

The transcript was now no longer designed for the Emperor of Russia. After he had had it re-bound, Simonides showed the volume to the Patriarch Anthimus and the ex-Patriarch Constantius at Constantinople, and to 'John Prodromos, who 'kept a coffee-house at Galata, and probably does so still.' At the request of Constantius, he consented to present it to the Library of Sinai, of which see the ex-Patriarch was 'Perpetual 'Bishop.' For this purpose he left the MS. with Constantius,

¹ Thus Simonides' words are explained by Mr. Field, in a letter to the *Literary Churchman*, Dec. 23, 1862.

² Cod. Sinaiticus is full of itacisms, as Simonides might easily have seen from the specimen pages previously given in Tischendorf's *Notitia*. He would have us believe, therefore, that Benedict deliberately and systematically altered the true spelling of the Moscow Bible into the blundering itacisms of the old MSS. However unlikely this may seem, no supposition short of it will suit the necessity of his case.

in the island of Antigonus, in 1841, (he produces a letter from the Patriarch, acknowledging its safe receipt, brought to him with 25,000 piastres, as a benediction, by the deacon Hilarion), and was told by him, in 1846, 'that he had sent it some time 'previously to Mount Sinai, by the hands of the monk Ger-manus.' In 1852, Simonides saw it at Sinai, and on inquiring of the librarian, discovered that he knew nothing of its history. On examination, he found 'the MS. much altered, having an 'older appearance than it ought to have. The dedication to the 'Emperor Nicholas, placed at the beginning of the book, had 'been removed.' His attention, however, was soon called off from his own book to S. Mathew's Gospel, on papyrus, of the first century (the Codex Hermodori, which we described above, p. 186), and other like treasures, which (as we learn from him) adorn the library of that great monastery.

In conclusion, Simonides declares himself able to point out on his codex certain marks and corrections made by his uncle Benedict and Dionysius the scribe; also various initials, referring to other MSS., which he had himself set in the margin. 'Lastly,' he adds, 'I declare my ability to point to two distinct pages in 'the MS., though I have not seen it for years, in which is con-tained the most unquestionable proof of its being my writing.'

Of the witness here cited, the Patriarch Anthimus and the ex-Patriarch Constantius, whose benediction to a poor scholar was worth 25,000 piastres[!], are but too certainly in the number of the blessed. Neither Dionysius the scribe, nor Germanus the monk, nor Hilarion the deacon, nor even John Prodromos, of the coffee-house, have hitherto given any sign; but M. Simonides' last statement was felt to be worth something, and is thus met by a gentleman of whom we shall very shortly have more to say:—

'I challenge him to place in your hands a statement of those marks of recognition in a sealed envelope, which shall be opened in the presence of impartial and competent witnesses, and compared with the fac-simile reprint of the Codex Sinaiticus which Tischendorf has just completed [*but had not as yet published*]. Unless this is done at once it will be valueless. If it is not done, but one conclusion can be drawn from it. If it is done, and the comparison prove satisfactory, *it will only show that Simonides has seen the MS. at Mount Sinai*, as he professes to have done.'—*Mr. W. A. Wright to the Editor of the Guardian*, Dec. 5, 1852.

Keen, close reasoning this; but, as far as we know, it elicited no reply whatever from M. Simonides. The only challenge he is willing to accept, is addressed to those who have raised a subordinate question, in which we confess to take very slight interest, whether he could have written 1,206 pages in eight months, or twenty thousand uncial letters every day. His reply is characteristic and amusing enough:—

'If you doubt this, "Lo, here is Rhodes; here is the leap," according to

the proverb. Deposit 10,000*l.* sterling in my name in the Bank of England, and I will write again this same work in your presence, and in the presence of your friends, in the same space of time. Then take the manuscript, and let me take the money; but if I fail, which is impossible, I will give you such an ancient MS. as you choose from those which I possess.'—*Simonides to the Guardian*, Jan. 1863.

This is excellent; you shall have my Uranius, or anything of the kind you like, if you win; if you do not—and I tell you fairly that it is impossible you should—you shall reward me for the second copy even more handsomely than Constantius did for the first, in 10,000*l.* of sterling money paid before-hand into the Bank of England *in my name*.

To return to the letter of Sept. 3. M. Simonides professes to have therein given a true statement of 'the origin and history of the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, which Professor Tischendorf has 'foisted on the learned world as a MS. of the fourth century.' He knows well what the assertion will cost him, but he has been so long accustomed to calumny that he has grown indifferent to it. His only motive for publishing this letter is 'to advance the 'cause of truth, and protect sacred letters from imposition.' It has been said that Simonides, in the first instance, did not impute fraud to Tischendorf, but merely crass, shameful, and incredible ignorance. With the foregoing expressions before us, we can hardly think so.

'In conclusion,' he goes on to say, 'you must permit me to express my sincere regret that, whilst the many valuable remains of antiquity in my possession are frequently attributed to my own hands, the one poor work of my youth is set down by a gentleman who enjoys a great reputation for learning, as the earliest copy of the Sacred Scripture.'

Here, we believe, we come to the root of the matter. 'Fair sirs, you have set me down as a rogue and a cheat: you have 'spurned my Uranius, and hardly deigned to look at the Mayer 'Papyri when you learnt that I unrolled them. What if "your 'famous Tischendorf" is no better than you hold me to be? 'What if "that master and pupil of all guile and all wickedness 'hath unexpectedly rushed into the net. Alas for the palæo- 'graphical knowledge of such as he! If the sages of Western 'Europe take knowledge of and criticise matters in the same 'fashion as Tischendorf, the shallow leader of Leipsic, I must 'say that no true criticism or sound judgment in antiquarian 'matters remains there.'"'¹ We hope it is not uncharitable to hold, that motives mean and poor as these prompted M. Simonides in first asserting to Mr. Newton a claim he would now be glad enough never to have made.

We noticed at the time no very satisfactory reply in the

¹ We quote the letter addressed by Callinicos the Hieromonk to Simonides, dated Alexandria, Nov. 21, 1861 (*Guardian*, Jan. 14, 1863).

public papers to M. Simonides' statement of Sept. 3. All marvelled, few were convinced; certainly no real scholar wavered in his judgment respecting Cod. Sinaiticus. One point was very observable. Simonides made no mention of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, which had been published for sixteen years, and which, being an integral part of the larger MS., must have been written by his hands if the other was. It seemed, at first sight, difficult to imagine that he was not aware of the existence of a volume which had made a great impression on Biblical students, the rather as he might have seen the original leaves when at Leipsic, in 1856; yet nothing but such complete ignorance (not so very surprising, we may remark in passing, to any one that had read the Introduction and Notes to his *Facsimiles* of the Mayer Papyri) could account for his absolute silence. His case *required* him to state, clearly and explicitly, why between 1846 and 1862 he had not denounced Cod. Friderico-Augustanus as a modern work, in the same terms as he was now denouncing Cod. Sinaiticus. This, however, he had never done down to the date of his letter to the *Guardian*.

Thus stood the affair when in October 1862, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Archæological Association, M. Simonides visited Cambridge, in company with his interpreter and Mr. J. E. Hodgkin, of Liverpool. The latter gentleman 'did not wish to be understood as taking any part in the controversy,' or as possessing any special knowledge of palæography, but he saw that Simonides was weak and single-handed, he believed that he was upright, and like a true Englishman, had come to see fair play.¹ The Mayer Papyri, and the Palimpsest of Uranius, were there submitted by M. Simonides to general inspection, and on October 7th he paid to the University Library a visit he is not likely to forget. The *facsimile* edition of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus was there laid before him, and his manner conveyed to more than one bystander the notion that he had never looked at it before: this impression we now know to have been mistaken; for Mr. Hodgkin, an unimpeachable witness, assures us 'that Simonides had seen and studied the Codex twenty 'months before at his house' (*Letter to Guardian*, Jan. 3, 1863). It is clear, however, that the Greek had not previously appreciated the intimate bearing of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus on

¹ It is grievous enough when straightforward and intelligent men become the victims of impostures to which their unavoidable inexperience in special studies almost of necessity exposes them. Look, for instance, at 'the amiable and truly evangelical family of N. B. Esq.' (*Facsimiles*, Introd. p. 7.) 'and particularly the brother of Mrs. B. a genuine servant of our Lord, who took for his text at evening devotions the 28th of S. Matthew, and offered up prayer and thanksgiving for the discovery of these sacred fragments of the oldest version of the New Testament,'—i. e. the copy by the hand of Nicolas the Deacon.

his claim of being the scribe of Cod. Sinaiticus. 'You wrote 'with your own hands the MS. from which these *facsimiles* were 'taken?' he was asked, and assented. 'And the various subscriptions appended to the books?' This, too, was granted. 'And whatever you may have stated in them was true?' True; most undoubtedly. His attention was thereupon directed to that remarkable subscription on the first page of the 13th leaf, which closes the Book of Ezra—'Compared with a very 'old copy corrected by the hand of the holy martyr Pamphilus,' &c. &c.—the martyr Pamphilus, the friend, or, as Dr. Simonides calls him, the *father* of Eusebius (see above, p. 186, note), having suffered A.D. 308. 'So you had before you at Mount Athos a 'copy of Scripture, corrected by Pamphilus himself?' was the reasonable inquiry next urged. But here the interpreter found a strange difficulty in making the learned Greek comprehend the question put to him, so that no answer was got till the next day, when the interrogators were informed that it was not Pamphilus' own copy, but a *transcript of that copy*, which was still at Mount Athos.

On the 27th of the same month of October, 1862, Mr. W. A. Wright, formerly Scholar, and now Librarian, of Trinity College, Cambridge, addressed his first letter to the *Guardian* respecting M. Simonides. Grounding his inferences on 'A Biographical Memoir of Constantine Simonides,' &c., by Charles Stewart—published in 1859, and circulated among his friends by Simonides himself—he shows (1) that scarcely ten months elapsed before the arrival of our hero at Mount Athos, in November, 1839, and the death of his uncle Benedict, 29th of August, 1840, and (2) that he could have been but fifteen years old at the time, having been born November 11th, 1824, about the hour of sunrise. Thus a boy of fifteen must have executed in a few months so stupendous a work, comprising *four millions* of uncial letters, and in such a fashion that, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION TO DECEIVE (for that is a great point in the argument) he has utterly misled the most experienced judges.

To this letter of October 27th Simonides eventually replied in the *Guardian* of the 21st of January, 1863, long after the controversy had entered on another stage. His having presented to some of his friends copies of Mr. Stewart's biography of himself, was, he says, no proof of its correctness, and that, in point of fact, he was born four years earlier than Mr. Stewart states, viz. on Sunday, November 5, 1820, the sixth hour before noon; as can be testified by his revered parents, by the priest who baptized him, and by his certificate countersigned by the senators of the island of Syme; he was consequently in his twentieth year when he executed the great Codex. Nor had he then to

'begin to practise the principles of calligraphy,' (see above, p. 198), as his first letter had seemed to aver. His friend the translator had mistaken his meaning here, just as Mr. Stewart had gone wrong about his age. He had, in fact, been devoted to these studies from his childhood. At twelve years old he had been styled by his tutor 'stelocopes'—'the young stonecutter'; then chalkenteros, chrysographer, Dædalus, the living enigma, the Gordian knot. For the conviction of those who had pressed the objection, that such a text as that of the Codex Sinaiticus, so independent, so unique, so replete with marks of extreme antiquity, could never have been produced in the way that he had described in his letter, published Sep. 3, by simply comparing a Moscow Bible with some ancient copies, he is now ready with information as interesting as it is new. The text he transcribed had been long preparing by his uncle Benedict, a professed theologian, versed in ten languages. To form it had been almost the labour of his life. 'While at Athos he gave himself up particularly to the study of the Sacred Scriptures. He collected the most ancient MSS. of both Testaments, and of their commentators, and, at considerable expense, prepared his work for the press.' Hence the text of Cod. Sinaiticus and its array of corrections and various readings most triumphantly accounted for.

It was obvious, of course, to every impartial reader that these counter statements and explanations came some months too late. They would have been soon passed over for lame after-thoughts and poor excuses had not M. Simonides found an ally in a quarter we should have least expected, in the person of a Greek monk of Alexandria.

Callinicos to the rescue! for never was aid more wanted. In the *Literary Churchman* of Dec. 16 last, and in the *Guardian* of a somewhat earlier date, appeared two communications, differing but little from each other, and both translated from original Greek letters, signed Callinikos the Hieromonk, dated Alexandria, Oct. 15, 1862, and bearing the proper postmark. No testimony could be more seasonable or more explicit. The holy man, 'old and awaiting death daily,' deems it his duty to the cause of truth and charity to bear witness to the integrity of Simonides the wise, the much-enduring (πολυπαθής.) He can tell us all about this Codex abstracted from Sinai. He had seen the unwearied Simonides writing it at Athos, in February 1840. He knows for certain [and this, be it observed, is more than Simonides knew on Sept. 3] that the venerable patriarch Constantius had sent it to Sinai, to be compared there with other MSS. of the Holy Scriptures, then to be transcribed again by the same Simonides, and presented to the Emperor Nicholas, no longer as a gift from the Monastery of Panteleemon, but from

the patriarch himself. The holy monk Callistratus¹ compared the Codex in part with Sinai copies, and left the rest against Simonides' return [when had he been there before?]. Meanwhile, about May 1844, Tischendorf visited the monastery, and, being allowed to peruse and re-peruse it frequently, 'abstracted 'secretly a small portion of it,' and, coming again, at length obtained the rest, through the Russian Consul, by extravagant promises, never likely to be fulfilled. That Tischendorf obtained the identical codex written by Simonides, Callinicos is quite sure, for he saw it in the hands of Tischendorf, recognised the work, and first informed Simonides thereof [was this in 1844 or 1859? Probably the latter, for] originally he had read on it the hemistich *Σιμωνίδου τὸ ὅλον ἔργον*; but, two days afterwards, this line had disappeared. The MS. had also been cleaned with lemon-juice, professedly for the purpose of washing the vellum, but, in reality, to weaken the freshness of the letters.

Ω ΚΑΛΛΙΝΙΚΕ! Seldom has a letter created so much sensation in the learned world. Others were simply silent, stunned and amazed. Our worthy friend the *Literary Churchman* was half convinced, mainly, it should seem, by a logic of his own. Tischendorf is a Lutheran, Tregelles a teacher of the sect of Plymouth Brethren, Mr. Newton but little better, Callinicos a cleric and Simonides a pious layman of the Orthodox Eastern Church. Alas! dear *Literary Churchman*, are you so happy as never yet to have learned by bitter trial that the purest faith is no guarantee for innocence of life; that they who talk the loudest about awaiting the hour of death are seldom the most watchful in making ready for it? M. Simonides a little damaged the effect of his friend's epistle by writing to the *Guardian*, on the 3rd of December, that he knew of some such letter being on its way, 'and I must inform 'you,' he adds, 'that the above-mentioned Callinicos is a perfectly upright and honourable man, well known for truth and 'probity, so that his simplest word may be relied on,' forgetting that Callinicos had written to bear witness to Simonides, not *vice versa*, Simonides to Callinicos. Mr. Wright, too, nothing daunted, soon rallies and renews the assault. He perceives clearly enough that, whatever might be the *design* of the holy monk's letter, its effect was to supply, as well as could be at this late period, the slight gap in Simonides' case relating to Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, which the conversation at Cambridge, on the 7th of October, had brought to his mind. Pursuing this hint, Mr. Wright calculates that a letter might have left London

¹ Of this Callistratus Simonides speaks nothing, unless he be the same as 'Callistratus my spiritual father, at Alexandria' (*Guardian*, Sept. 3).

for Alexandria, *vid* Marseilles, on October 10th, and reached on the 20th or 21st. A return letter from Alexandria, written on the 27th (Callinicos's date, Oct. 15, is, of course, old style). might be sent either on the 28th or on Nov. 4th, in full time to get to London when those of Callinicos did. Hence he rather intimates than states his opinion (more fully in a letter to the *Guardian* dated Dec. 26 than on Dec. 3), that from this and other circumstances he presses on us, Callinicos can hardly have a real existence; that letters written in England may easily be posted at Alexandria; that, to speak profanely, Callinicos is Simonides' Mrs. Harris (*Guardian*, Jan. 17th).

We presume that Mr. Wright was not unprepared for the storm of indignation that lighted on his head as the reward of his courage and resolution; he had published boldly what others thought and whispered. Mr. Hodgkin, with a disinterested zeal which, though misjudged, can hardly be commended too highly, returns to the charge (*Guardian*, Jan. 14) by producing four several letters from this selfsame Callinicos to Simonides, of various dates, 'three of them bearing postmarks corresponding with the MS. dates; the fourth has been transmitted in an envelope.' Of these letters two are dated respectively Nov. 17 and 18, 1862, or *subsequently* to the letter to the *Guardian* of Oct. 27, and so prove nothing. We venture to conjecture that the long and foolish tirade against 'the guileful Tischendorf' (Nov. 21, 1861) is the letter 'transmitted in an envelope,' and that the envelope is lost. There will then remain the earliest of the four, dated *Smyrna*, August 17, 1858. It professes to be only an extract, but it is full of matter, most important if genuine, about our old friend 'the deacon Hilarion and Nicander and Niphon, who lent thee the book of Esdras (see above, p. 202), at the time thou wast preparing in Athos, at the exhortation of thy uncle, the present to the glorious Emperor Nicholas.' It tells, too, how that the writer, Callinicos, was at Sinai in July 1845, handled it with his own hands, and heard from Gabriel, the keeper of the treasures, about Tischendorf's theft in 1844, when the librarian lay ill of a fever. This most weighty document, as well as the other three, Mr. Hodgkin, in perfect good faith and confidence in their authenticity, has offered 'for the inspection of any gentlemen who may be inclined to examine them' (*Guardian*, Jan. 14.) The offer has been accepted, and for the result we rest on information supplied by Mr. Wright.

The only important letter or extract, dated *Smyrna* (no longer Alexandria), August 17, 1858, is (as was shrewdly guessed before it was seen) a fragment written on the fly-leaf of some real letter, the genuine post-mark being at the back. 'The letter of Callinicos has evidently been written since the

'paper was folded, for in the creases there are splashes made by 'the pen catching in them.' *This leaf*, we are sorry to be obliged to add, Mr. Hodgkin at first declined to exhibit.

One word more about the letters to the *Guardian*, and our unwelcome task is finished. Mr. Wright obtained possession of Callinicos' epistle dated October 27, and of one professedly by Simonides himself, which he shewed together at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on February 11. Those of Callinicos and Simonides were written on the same kind of paper; the English writing in the address of the letter of Callinicos was identical with the English handwriting in *another* letter written by Simonides: the Greek of Callinicos' letter was identical with certain Greek writing known to be Simonides'. May we not conclude that Simonides and Callinicos are one?

In his latest letter to Simonides, dated Alexandria, November 18, 1862, Callinicos had announced his purpose to 'go to Jerusalem, and thence to Damascus, because the Roman Catholics 'and the followers of Mohammed have some evil schemes 'against us.' Anxious to trace the pilgrim's footsteps, Mr. Wright recently made inquiries, through the British Chaplain at Alexandria, into the character and position of the Hieromonk Callinicos, so 'well-known for truth and probity.' The Chaplain sought information from a Greek gentleman of high standing who would be sure to know such a person, and from a Greek priest attached to the [Orthodox] Greek cathedral. The simple answer is that there is no cleric of that name at Alexandria, but that a Callinicos Hieromonachos is known to be resident at Sinai. To this, the real Callinicos, application was then made, and his reply is short, pointed, and unmistakable.¹

First: That he knows no Simonides at all.

Secondly: That Simonides never was at Mount Sinai. All the old brethren—including the person who held the office of Librarian from 1841 to 1858—state decidedly *ὅτι δηλονότι οὐδέποτε Σιμωνίδης τις ἐφάνη εἰς τὸ Μοναστήριον τοῦτο*. Alas, for the Codex Hermodori!

Thirdly:—But his third head is less a fact than an inference, which our reader has long since drawn for himself.

And now we would fain offer one parting word of counsel to M. Simonides, though it is all too likely he will receive it as advice—especially when unasked for—is usually received. Fraud and deceit are thought to be the reigning vices of the Greek

¹ The letter of Callinicos of Sinai, dated April 13, in reply to a communication from Mr. J. Silv. Davies, late British Consular Chaplain at Alexandria, dated Feb. 25, 1863, and forwarded through his successor, Mr. Edwin J. Davis, appeared in the *Guardian* for May 27. The Greek style of the *true* Callinicos is far less classical than that of the *false*.

nation, cruel effects indeed of ages of infidel oppression upon feeble and degenerate minds. So far as the evasions, the prevarication, the absolute falsehood we have been driven to expose admit of palliation, it must be found in the moral tone of society in his native land. But, whether he is now thirty-nine or forty-three years old, he must have learnt long since that systematic untruth is but weary and unprofitable work. We can tell nothing about the skill he vaunts of in 'Carian, Lycian, 'Persian, &c.' (*Guardian*, January 21, 1863); we are sure that the language he knows best he knows less exactly and critically than many a third-class man at Oxford or Cambridge: but we discern in him quickness of invention, shrewdness of judgment, unwearied diligence which, exerted in a good cause, would be most praiseworthy. We heartily wish him a better career and a better reputation. Some who have gone as far as he, have yet found grace and time to repent. Did he ever hear of George Psalmanazar? In the last century, that person appeared among us as a foreigner, and proved as clever and rather more successful than Constantine Simonides. The poor man pretended to be a native of the Chinese island of Formosa, and published a most plausible description of the country, its religion, customs, and manners: he even devised a new language and a new alphabet, and translated the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, &c. into Formosan. Very few doubted his integrity, and to those few he replied in the Preface to a second edition, 'answering everything that has been objected against the author 'and the book.' At length came remorse, then contrition, and reparation as its meet fruit. Who and whence he was has never been clearly ascertained, nor need we be curious about what he had a right to conceal, if he chose. But his fraud was publicly recanted; henceforth he earned his bread by the honest labours of his pen (a portion of the *Ancient Universal History* is of his compiling), and the meek and simple piety of his later years edified even Dr. Johnson, who hated a lie as he hated the father of lies. We dare speak nothing here, while addressing the writer of that letter to the *Guardian*, dated January, 1863,¹ of what course it is that shall 'bring a man peace at the last;' but regarded merely as a matter of prudence and worldly interest, it must be better, far better, to stoop, if needs be, for mere subsistence to the humblest of callings, than to be spoken of,

¹ 'It behoves me to speak, because my conscience itself, and education, which even Mr. Tischendorf admires, as shown above, and the Church to which I belong,—viz. the Greek, occupying the first rank among the Churches from which the grace of truth issued and spread abroad—do not permit me to conceal the truth in any manner; for I will answer as I should to the All-seeing God in the Day of Judgment. Therefore I said I have spoken, I have no sin.' *Sad, very sad.*

throughout the length and breadth of Europe, as 'the well-known,' 'the famous,' or (as his friend Mr. Hodgkin puts it) 'the notorious Simonides,'—*οὐ Κεῖος ἀλλὰ Χῖος*.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Ecce iterum Crispinus*. Since our Article has been in type, M. Simonides reappears in the *Guardian* of June 17, bold and jubilant as ever. The points dwelt on in his long letter, dated June 6, are mainly three.

1. Mr. Davies' Callinicos of Sinai (*see* p. 206, and note) is quite a different person from his own correspondent, the Hieromonk, Callinicus of Athos, born in 1802, distinguished by the surname of *Keraunos*, for his bravery in the Greek Revolution, and since engaged in semi-political missions throughout the East. *Where he now is does not appear*. So that the 'old man, awaiting death daily' (p. 203) is only sixty, and though so eminent, is utterly unknown to his brethren at Alexandria (p. 206), from which city he wrote in November, 1861, in October and November, 1862 (p. 205).

2. It is not surprising that Callinicos of Sinai could hear nothing of his visits (now said to be *three*) to Mount Sinai, as the residents at the convent are perpetually changing, and because 'I was at Athos for political reasons, and was habited 'as a monk, and was known as Sophronius, and not as 'Simonides.' He would have us infer, *but will not actually assert*, that he was known at Sinai also under the name of Sophronius; and claims no acquaintance with *the Librarian*, who (however others might change) held that office continuously from 1841 to 1858, and yet knows nothing about him (p. 206).

3. The letter of Callinicos published by Mr. Davies bears marks of not having come from a Greek monastery at all. Of his five reasons for this suspicion, four admit of easy and obvious answers; the last, on which he dwells with great zest, is much the most cogent. The Sinai epistle is dated April 13, New Style: this is April 1, Old Style, or *the Greek April fools' day*.

M. Simonides will find that such letters as this can avail nothing for his desperate case. In Greece he may still be known as 'the living enigma, the Gordian knot' (p. 203). In the West the enigma is solved, the knot is cut. The day has gone by when we can any longer echo Wordsworth's curiously apposite prayer:—

'O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll,
Of pure Simonides,
That were, indeed, a genuine birth.'

- ART. VII.—1. *Lost and Saved.* By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.
Hurst and Blackett.
2. *East Lynne.* By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Bentley.
3. *Verner's Pride.* By the Author of 'East Lynne,' &c.
Bentley.
4. *Aurora Floyd.* By Miss BRADDON. Tinsley Brothers.
5. *Lady Audley's Secret.* By the Author of 'Aurora Floyd.'
Tinsley Brothers.

WE have been counselled not to ask why the former times were better than these, and are thus instructed to beware of enhancing the past in peevish depreciation of the present, the scene of our labours and trials. The check is constantly needed by those whose past is long enough ago to melt into harmonious, golden, defect-concealing distance; but we are disposed to think that such check is never more required than when a comparison is forced upon us of the popular ideal of charming womanhood in the times we remember, and what seems to constitute the modern ideal of the same thing. This ideal may be gathered from the poetry, the romance, and the satire of both periods, as well as from closer experience. There was a time when the charge against young ladies was a morbid love of sermons and a too exclusive devotion to the persons that preached them; then they were the subjects of tender ridicule for a fantastic refinement; then they doted upon Fouqué and his Sintram, and were prone to sacrifice solid advantages and worldly good things to a dream of romance; then it was interesting and an attraction, at least to seem to live in ignorance of evil; then they felt it good taste to shrink from publicity, and submitted to the rules of punctilio and decorum as if they liked them. Those were the days when the red coat was not unreasonably jealous of the academic gown, when dash was not the fashion, when the ordinary gaieties of life were entered into not without a disclaimer, and an anxiety to assert an inner preference for something higher and better, fuller of heart and sentiment, satisfying deeper instincts. Those were the days before *Punch's* generation of 'fast young ladies' were born; while it would still have been a wild impossibility for the *Times* to announce beforehand that an Earl's daughter would, on such an occasion and in such a theatre, dance an Irish jig, and a still wilder impossibility for the lady to keep her engagement, and for the illustrated papers afterwards to represent the feat in the moment of execution.

We are not saying that the generation of which this is a feature is really a falling off from that other generation which furnishes us with such pleasant memories. Each has its developments for good or evil, sense or nonsense. The one is composed of the daughters of the other. The history of society is a series of reactions from faults it has become alive to. We know all this; but the popular literature of the day, which undertakes to represent the thought and impulses of its own time, almost forces us into a frame of disparaging comparison. The novels of twenty and thirty years ago, which told us a good deal we did not like of the society of the period, have passed into oblivion; the notions and tendencies of to-day find their exponents in novels in everybody's hands. They are peopled with characters which, if they go beyond our observation, and exceed anything we have seen, yet indicate plainly enough the direction manners have taken, and are accepted as a portrait of life by the general reader, through his very act of taking them into favour.

The 'sensation novel' of our time, however extravagant and unnatural, yet is a sign of the times—the evidence of a certain turn of thought and action, of an impatience of old restraints, and a craving for some fundamental change in the working of society. We use the popular and very expressive term, and yet one much more easy to adopt than to define. Sensation writing is an appeal to the nerves rather than to the heart; but all exciting fiction works upon the nerves, and Shakspeare can make 'every particular hair to stand on end' with anybody. We suppose that the true sensation novel feels the popular pulse with this view alone—considers any close fidelity to nature a slavish subservience injurious to effect, and willingly and designedly draws a picture of life which shall make reality insipid and the routine of ordinary existence intolerable to the imagination. To use *Punch's* definition in the prospectus of the *Sensation Times*, 'It devotes itself to harrowing the mind, making the flesh creep, causing the hair to stand on end, giving shocks to the nervous system, destroying conventional moralities, and generally unfitting the public for the prosaic avocations of life.' And sensationalism does this by drugging thought and reason, and stimulating the attention through the lower and more animal instincts, rather than by a lively and quickened imagination; and especially by tampering with things evil, and infringing more or less on the confines of wrong. Crime is inseparable from the sensation novel, and so is sympathy with crime, however carefully the author professes, and may even suppose himself, to guard against this danger by periodical disclaimers and protests.

The one indispensable point in the sensation novel is, that it should contain something abnormal and unnatural; something that induces, in the simple idea, a sort of thrill. Thus, 'Transformation,' where a race of human beings inherit the peculiarities of the Faun, and in whom a certain conformation of ear characteristic of the Greek myth crops out at intervals, is sensational. The very clever story 'Elsie Venner' is sensational in the same way, where the heroine is part rattlesnake, and makes us shudder by her occasional affinities in look and nature with the serpent race. All ghost-stories, of course, have the same feature. In one and all there is appeal to the imagination, through the active agency of the nerves, excited by the unnatural or supernatural. But the abnormal quality need not outrage physical laws; exceptional outrages of morality and custom may startle much in the same way. Bigamy, or the suspicion of bigamy, is sensational as fully, though in a lower field, as are ghosts and portents; it disturbs in the same way the reader's sense of the stability of things, and opens a new, untried vista of what may be. All crime that seems especially incongruous with the perpetrator's state and circumstances is of this nature, and offers a very ready and easy mode of exciting that surprise and sense of novelty which is the one indispensable necessity. Of course no fiction can be absolutely commonplace and natural in all its scenes and incidents; some extraordinary conditions seem unavoidable in its machinery. Thus, story-writers of every age and style seem, by one consent, to ignore for their heroines the most universal and inevitable of all relationships. The heroines of fiction have no mothers. Every rule has its exception, of course; but the exception in this case proves the rule. Thus, the only mother we can think of in Sir Walter Scott's series of novels is Lady Ashton, a monstrous and unnatural mother, performing the very opposite of the maternal part. In the same way, Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* has as good as none. Harriet Byron and her friends are motherless. Dickens has very few. None of Miss Brontë's or George Eliot's heroines have mothers, nor have Miss Ferrier's. Miss Edgeworth has one or two model mothers, but most of her heroines are without. Miss Yonge, it must be granted, has one charming mother, who performs a mother's work, in the 'Heir of Redclyffe;' but the majority of her young people make all their mistakes for the want of one, and show their goodness by overcoming the evil consequences of that supreme deprivation. Those who write for children find it easier to devise probable and excusable scrapes without the maternal guardian of discipline and order. The moral story-teller can somehow inculcate principles, and supply examples more to his mind without. The mere novelist finds the mother a dull

and unmanageable feature, except, indeed, where the scheming or tyrannical mother of the fashionable novel brings about the necessary tragic element, drives her daughter to despair by enforcing good matches, or oppresses her for mere envy of her youth and virgin graces. Miss Austin, who looked on life as it *is*, and shut her eyes to none of its ordinary conditions, *has* some mothers—Mrs. Bennet, the silly mother, who would drive any sensitive child wild with shame, and Mrs. Dashwood, who encouraged her daughter in sentimentalism—but her essential heroines are without. Mr. Thackeray's mothers merge into mothers-in-law. It is quite a feature of Mr. Trollope's course of fiction that he now and then gives us a real mother and does not feel embarrassed by the relation. However, we need not further pursue the inquiry.

This exceptional condition of early life—freedom from restraint, and untimely liberty of choice and action—then, belongs to the youth of all fiction. Of course, in sensational novels, this liberty is exaggerated indefinitely. There is nothing more violently opposed to our moral sense, in all the contradictions to custom which they present to us, than the utter unrestraint in which the heroines of this order are allowed to expatiate and develop their impulsive, stormy, passionate characters. We believe, it is one chief among their many dangers to youthful readers that they open out a picture of life free from all the perhaps irksome checks that confine their own existence, and treat all such checks as real hindrances, solid impediments, to the development of power, feeling, and the whole array of fascinating and attractive qualities. The heroine of this class of novel is charming because she is undisciplined, and the victim of impulse; because she has never known restraint or has cast it aside, because in all these respects she is below the thoroughly trained and tried woman. This lower level, this drop from the empire of reason and self-control, is to be traced throughout this class of literature, which is a consistent appeal to the animal part of our nature, and avows a preference for its manifestation, as though power and intensity came through it. The very language of the school shows this. A whole set of new words has come into use, and they are caught up and slipped into, as a matter of course, to express a certain degradation of the human into the animal or brutal, on the call of strong emotion. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says the poet; the whole world of this school includes things that Shakspeare never dreamed of. Thus the victim of feeling or passion sinks at once into the inspired or possessed animal, and is always supposed to be past articulate speech; and we have the *cry*, the *smothered cry of rage*, the *wail*,

the *low wailing cry*, the *wail of despair*, with which, if our readers are not familiar, *ad nauseam*, we can only say we *are*. The curious thing is, that probably no writer ever heard a woman utter this accepted token of extreme emotion, which would indeed be a very intolerable habit in domestic life; but it is evidently accepted by a very large circle as *the* exponent of true, thorough-going passion. It is the same with motion. It is man's privilege to walk; in novels men, or at any rate the women, *creep*. In love, in helplessness, in pity, in tenderness, this abject, fawning, cat-like movement is found the most expressive sign of a mental posture. Again, these people *writhe* and twist and coil themselves. 'This self-sustained and resolute woman writhed in anguish.' They have 'serpentine arms,' and 'snake-like, Medusa locks.' On occasion they will stand rampant, erect, with glittering serpent eyes. They are prone to blows. It is one of the privileges of reason and cultivation that men can be angry through their minds and tongues alone, but the people in all sensation writing rush to blows at once. Whatever training they may have had, it all drops from them on provocation, and the wild animal proclaims itself. Most readers are familiar with Aurora Floyd's castigation of her stable-boy; indeed, this fascinating lady is so ready with her natural weapons, that we find her on one occasion in the presence of two men, on whom she has inflicted stripes and scratches, the scars of which they will carry to their graves. And the writer of 'East Lynne' is not behind her more impetuous sister authoress in her belief in the possibility of blows in civilized circles, for she makes a countess strike her heroine furiously on each cheek, while that interesting young lady was her guest, stimulated solely by the jealousy of one pretty woman for another. But what will not Mrs. Wood's countesses do?—though, indeed, Mrs. Norton, who should know what grand ladies are made of, brings her marchioness to very much the same pass of animal *abandon*. Blows imply passion, so perhaps it is needless to speak of the previous uncontrolled passion, which is another characteristic of the sensational heroine in common with brute nature; but Miss Braddon enlarges on it, as a feature of the temper that most interests her, in terms which we prefer to **OUR OWN**:—

'Have you ever seen this kind of woman in a passion?—impulsive, nervous, sensitive, sanguine. With such a one passion is a madness—brief, thank Heaven!—and expending itself in sharp, cruel words, and convulsive rendings of lace and ribbon, or coroner's juries might have to sit even oftener than they do.'—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 264.

And the scene in 'East Lynne,' where Barbara, with vehement hysterical passion, upbraids the innocent and unconscious Carlyle

for having married somebody else, is another example of the disgraceful unrestraint which some writers think a feature of the ideal woman. Another characteristic is the possession by one idea—an idea so fixed and dominant that the mind impregnated by it has no choice but to obey. The faithful or the vicious animal is so influenced, but a man thus out of his own control is on the high road to madness. However, it is thought sublime, and the reader is expected to be awed by the strength of a character led by some immovable and absorbing notion, amenable neither to time nor place nor manners, nor to any of the influences that turn our thoughts from one thing to another, and multiply and divide our interests. And it is certain that a good many people think this a very grand form of nature; and an index of power in a writer even to conceive such a thing, whether natural or not, as something colossal, overshadowing their imagination. It is a refreshing change, for instance, from the monotony of easy reasonable social life to follow the moods, or rather the mood—for she has but one—of a woman of this type, who is for ever apostrophising herself ‘with a smothered cry of rage,’ ‘Is there no cure for this disease? is there no relief except madness or death?’ In a current story by the same hand (‘Eleanor’s Victory’), we have a girl of sixteen devoting her life to vengeance in the following strain; and we know Miss Braddon’s style too well to doubt she will keep her word:—

“I don’t know this man’s name (with whom her father had played his last game at *carté*); I never even saw his face; I don’t know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father’s cruel death.”

“Eleanor, Eleanor!” cried the Signora, “is this womanly? is this Christian-like?”

“I don’t know whether it is womanly or Christian-like,” she said, “but I know that it is henceforth the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself.”—*Once a Week*, April, p. 415.

In like manner, instinct is a favourite attribute: reason may be mistaken, but instinct never. In one story we have two girls, within a page or two of one another, who read characters like a book, and see villany at a glance in persons who have passed for respectable all their lives. ‘When I look at people,’ says one, ‘I always seem to know what they are;’ while the other, with inane simplicity, apologises for her insight, ‘I cannot help seeing things.’ Another characteristic closely allied to all these is fatality. It is no use trying to be good; they do try; but Elsie Venner can no more eradicate the rattlesnake-malice out of her nature than can these less avowedly fated women their evil propensities. Thus, in ‘East Lynne,’ Lady Isabel is impelled to the worst wrong against her will:—

'She (the wife of Carlyle) was aware that a sensation all too warm, a feeling of attraction towards Francis Levison, was waking within her; not a voluntary one. She could no more repress it than she could her own sense of being; and mixed with it was the stern voice of conscience, overwhelming her with the most lively terror. She would have given all she possessed to be able to overcome it, &c. &c.'—*East Lynne*, vol. ii. p. 2.

And again, we are bid not to doubt the principles of a lady whose practice was undoubtedly open to question:—

'Oh! reader, never doubt the principles of poor Lady Isabel; her rectitude of mind, her wish and endeavour to do right, her abhorrence of wrong; and her spirit was earnest and true, her intentions were pure.'

She did not, in fact, encourage the temptation which overcame her:—

'She did not encourage these reflections—from what you know of her you may be sure of that—but they thrust themselves continually forward.'

'On what a slight thread do the events of life turn,' is the favourite language of this school, which, as they interpret it, means, or seems to mean, that there are temptations that are irresistible. Thus, 'Olivia Marchmont' might have made a saint but for unluckily falling in love with a good-natured cousin, provokingly unconscious of his conquest. As it was she was a fiend; but she had not succumbed without many struggles to her sin and despair. 'Again and again she had abandoned herself to the devils at watch to destroy her, and again and again she had tried to extricate her soul from their dreadful power; but her most passionate endeavours were in vain. 'Perhaps it was that she did not strive aright; it was for this reason, surely, that she failed so utterly to arise superior to her despair; for otherwise that terrible belief attributed to the Calvinists, that some souls are foredoomed to damnation, would be exemplified by this woman's experience. She could not forget. She could not put away the vengeful hatred that raged like an all-devouring fire in her breast, and she cried in her agony, "There is no cure for this disease!"'

We have placed 'East Lynne' at the head of our series not as the most marked example of the school, but as first in time. This story was brought into notice—and, indeed, extensive notoriety, by a puff in the *Times*, which represented it as a work of extraordinary power, dealing with the depths of our nature in a master's spirit. This imprimatur might not have told as it did, but for the authoress's real power of telling a story; but it unquestionably invested it with a credit and reputation which must have cost the docile reader some trouble to reconcile with his own impressions, and which strike us as grossly beyond the actual merits of the work. When we say that a writer's style is

vulgar, there may, unquestionably, be the excuse of a pardonable and inevitable ignorance. A person may have many of the qualities of a novelist, and yet neither have the *habits* of the circle it pleases him to describe, nor be familiar with pure English as it is spoken and written. Still, genius is a keen, quick-witted power; it possesses the principle of selection, and instinctively perceives and holds by the best. Mrs. Wood's persistent use of certain vulgarisms, such as the uniform substitution of *like* for *as*—'Like I did;' 'He was deep in the business of packing, *like* his unfortunate brother had been;' and, above all, her unconscious use of the word 'party' for a single person, are telling facts; as where the stately hero, in some crisis of fate, alludes to the '*party*' who is working mischief and ruin; or where a ghost alarms a neighbourhood, and the clergyman has to mention with reluctance a family name: 'the—the *party* that appears to be personating Frederick Massingberd;' and again another, in great perplexity, 'I cannot say if it be the *party* I suspect;' and so on. We maintain that observation, that first requirement in those who are to picture human nature, as well as ear, must be wanting where such habits as these can be persisted in. It is of a piece with those descriptions of spring which bring the fragrant violet, and the fresh green of the oak together, and with those pictures of manners which represent the town clerk as asking the bench of magistrates to pipes and ale, announcing his attention in these dignified terms, 'I entertain the bench of justices to-night, Barbara, to pipes and ale;' and carrying it out to the fortunate recipients of these favours with "'I have been considering that you had better all five come and smoke your pipes at my house this evening, when we shall have time to discuss what must be done. Come at seven, not later, and you will find my father's old jar replenished with the best broad-cut, and half a dozen churchwarden pipes. Shall it be so?" The whole five accepted the invitation eagerly.'—(*East Lynne*, vol. i. p. 68). With manners which make it natural in a courtly earl to ask as his first question, after introducing his daughter to this same young attorney, 'Is she not handsome?'

We do not know what to say of the courage which shall plunge boldly into the manners of a society of which the writer has not the remotest experience. Success must be the only test of the right to do so. Shakspeare made kings talk, and kings are willing to be so drawn by him; they know, at any rate, that they are not more kingly than he represents them. Whether earls and earls' daughters will be content with the figure they make in Mrs. Wood's pages is another question. At any rate, Mrs. Wood is very much at her ease when she sets fine ladies and gentlemen talking, and thinks

nothing of making a Lady Mary not only accept a lout of an apothecary, who is for ever pounding drugs on a counter, but eagerly jump at him, and express a wish he had asked her years before. There are no misgivings, no timidity in her portraiture; the fashionable flirt breaks into vituperation as fluently as Lady Carolina Wilhelmina might have done, and is jealous in five minutes' time of the looks of admiration cast at the younger beauty. The fatally fascinating Captain, a scion of the aristocracy, makes quick work of it, and before the end of the first evening, by dint of profuse compliments, pointed by glances from 'eyes of the deepest tenderness,' 'draws vivid blushes' from the delicate, sensitive heroine, not of offended maiden pride, but from a heart touched by an indelible impression. This is the sort of writing we might very well expect from the preliminary training of a temperance novel ('Danesbury House'), in which, by unflinching, conscientious adherence through every page to the subject of strong drinks and different forms and degrees of drunkenness, Mrs. Wood won the hundred pound prize, but it materially detracts from her right to any high stand in our literature. It is perhaps inevitable that the self-taught and guess-work novelist should jumble ranks and utterly confuse our notion of the social standing of the *dramatis personæ*; and this is especially the case in all Mrs. Wood's writings. Barbara, the second wife, who succeeds Lady Isabel, with her flippancy, her vulgar finery, her outspoken declaration of love, might be supposed to be some milliner's apprentice, but we believe is really intended to be an English lady. We observe an appreciation of out-of-door successes, an expectation from chance and irregular introductions, which marks a certain class. If the hero gets into a train in an anxious preoccupied state of mind, it is supposed that his silence, indifference, and failure in *petits soins*, will be felt an injury by any young and handsome woman in the same carriage, who, it is taken for granted, regards every public place a scene of conquest.

When this lady gives herself up to the odd and eccentric, we still less know where we are. Each of her novels has a humorist. In 'East Lynne' it is a Miss Corny, a sister of the heroic attorney, a violent woman, who assaults her suitors, shakes the breath out of her brother's clerk on the slightest provocation, and dresses like a madwoman, but who is still treated with marked respect as well as awe by her neighbours, and allowed by the attorney to force herself upon his wife and be virtual mistress of his household. This low and wild virago is the companion to the Lady Isabel, and it strikes the refined and devoted husband as a good arrangement on the whole. Humour is not a common

feminine gift, so that we ought to be indulgent of mere failure ; but, unfortunately, this lady fails not only in execution, but in the first idea of a fit subject for jest. The ordinary routine of the toilet, for instance, seems to be regarded as an inexhaustible field for mirth. We might say, she is most particularly amiss when she dwells on the details of masculine attire ; except that the betrayal of her own sex, and all the little expedients by which the inroads of age may be warded off, is, perhaps, still more unpleasing, and is especially unfair upon the single ladies she holds up to ridicule—first, for being single ; next, for being no longer young ; next, for losing with youth itself some of the charms of youth ; and last, for having recourse to any means of arresting Time's ravages. These are all such common characteristics of third-class novels, sensational or otherwise, that we should not notice them but that more than one leader of opinion has committed itself to a wholesale approval of ' East Lynne,' and one has gratuitously pronounced it *not* vulgar.

The acknowledged new element of this order of fiction is the insecurity given to the marriage relation. Unless we go with the bride and bridegroom to church, and know every antecedent on each side, we cannot be at all sure that there is not some husband or wife lurking in the distance ready to burst upon us. When once the idea enters the novel-writer's mind, it is embraced as a ready source of excitement, and capable of a hundred developments. Except that the circumstances are actually impossible, and would, we think, be very revolting if they were possible, the predicament is invested with real interest in ' East Lynne.' The moral fault of the book is, that the heroine has imputed to her a delicacy and purity of mind in utter variance with her whole course. None but a thoroughly bad woman could have done what Lady Isabel did. She had not the ordinary temptation to wrong ; and as for those fine distinctions between affection and love which some ladies are prone to refine upon, we count them among the most mischievous of sentimental speculations. Lady Isabel, for example, marries the attorney, has a great *affection* for him, is exacting of his attention and devotion to herself, is capable of passionate jealousy, and all the while, we are ashamed to say, *loves* somebody else. At last she runs off with the Captain—then behold ! instantly, in five minutes, she finds out her mistake, and begins to *love* the attorney and hate the other ; and finally, on this connexion breaking in the usual way, she disguises herself, being supposed by the outraged and re-married husband to be dead, engages herself as governess to her own children, and dies, we may almost say, of jealousy of the new wife who succeeds to her old privileges ; for the first time being thoroughly in love with

him who had been her husband. Her first conception of this scheme is thought an occasion for some religious sentiment, and so we read—

‘She had a battle to do with herself that day—now resolving to go, and risk it; now shrinking from the attempt. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence must have placed this in her way, that she might see her children in her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, dangerous temptation flung across her path—one which it was her duty to resist and flee from. Then came another phase of the picture—How should she bear to see Mr. Carlyle the husband of another?—to live in the same house with them, and witness his attentions, possibly his caresses? It might be difficult; but she could force and school her heart to endurance. Had she not resolved in her first bitter repentance to *take up her cross daily*, and bear it? No; her own feelings, let them be wrung as they would, should act as the obstacle.’

She had not been long in her new post when we read—

‘When Lady Isabel was Mr. Carlyle’s wife, she had never wholly loved him. The very utmost homage that esteem, admiration, affection, could give was his; but that mysterious passion called by the name of love (and which, as I truly and heartily believe, cannot in its refined etherialism be known to many of us) had not been given to him. It was now, I told you some chapters back, that the world goes round by the rule of contrary—conter-rary, mind you, the children have it in their game—and we go round with it. We despise what we have, and covet that which we cannot get. From the very night she had come back to East Lynne, her love for Mr. Carlyle had burst forth with an intensity never before felt. It had been smouldering almost ever since she quitted him. “Reprehensible!” groans a moralist. Very. Everybody knows that, as Aby would say. But her heart, you see, had *not* done with human passions, and they work ill and contrariness (let the word stand, critic, if you please), and precisely everything they should not.’—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. 252.

The predicament is undoubtedly one fruitful of singular situations. Mr. Carlyle, to do him justice, is faithful to each obligation as it arises, and the same scenes that interested the reader when Lady Isabel was his wife are repeated to the letter when Barbara succeeds to that place which had been the object of such outspoken solicitude. In old times Barbara had peeped and listened in torture to Lady Isabel’s singing of Mr. Carlyle’s favourite songs, he standing by her chair and turning her leaves, with many tender interruptions. Now the process is reversed. It is Lady Isabel who peeps and listens, and Barbara sings the very same song, which must, we should say, be of very commanding merit to continue a favourite under such an awkward weight of unpleasant association. The thing is degrading to all parties, more so than the writer has any thought of; and her heroine is sunk still lower by the contempt that is thrown on her betrayer, to whom we are first introduced as a fascinating lady-killer, but who develops into a pitiful, abject, blundering wretch, talking the lowest slang, and finally dragged through a horsepond, in the very sight of Lady Isabel, who, we are so often

told, had been endowed with a sensitively refined delicacy. This, no doubt, is all done for the moral; but what must the woman have been to sacrifice heart and soul to so poor a creature?

Some scenes there are of interest and of such power as belongs to thoroughly realizing a conception. The authoress is best in tragedy. She has a vivid picture before her, though of the sentimental sort. There are indeed no close touches as far as we see; nor anything of which we can say, 'This is true to nature,' but the situation is well sustained. At the close of the story the erring wife watches the deathbed of her boy, whom she dare not claim as her own child:—

'William (her dying child) slept on silently. *She* thought of the past. The dreadful reflection, "If I had not—done—as I did, how different would it have been now!" had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night as she knelt there, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead—Barbara exalted to her place—Mr. Carlyle's wife—her child's step-mother! She recalled the day when her mind, excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara! "How could he marry her," he had replied in soothing pity. "She!—Isabel was his wife; who was Barbara? Nothing to them." But it had all come to pass. *She* had brought it forth; not Mr. Carlyle—not Barbara; she alone. Oh! the dreadful memory of the retrospect. Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who is this coming into the room? Joyce.

'She hastily rose up, and, as Joyce advanced with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. "Master says he has been wanting me," she observed. "Why—oh!"

'It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side looking also. The pale, young face lay calm in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had come, indeed, and taken the fleeting spirit.

'Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death; that she could part with him without too much emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon. She had deemed that some hours more would at least be given him; and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disguising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might say farewell—to her, his mother—her darling child—her lost William.

'Joyce was terrified, terrified for consequences. With her full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider, to be still. "Do not, do not, for the love of Heaven! *My lady! my lady!*"

'It was the old familiar tile that struck upon her fears, and induced calmness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated backwards, after the manner of one retreating from a hideous vision.

"*My lady*, let me take you into your room. Mr. Carlyle is coming; he is

but bringing up his wife. Only think if you should give way before him ! Pray come away !”

“How did you know me ?” she asked in a hollow voice.

“My lady, it was that night when there was an alarm of fire. I went close up to you to take Master Archibald from your arms ; and as sure as I am now standing here, I believe that for the moment my senses left me. I thought I saw a spectre, the spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the present, I forgot that all were standing round me ; that you, Madame Vine, were alive before me. Your face was not disguised then ; the moonlight shone full upon it, and I knew it, after the first few moments of terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the *living one* of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away ; we shall have Mr. Carlyle here.”

“Poor thing, she sank upon her knees in her humility, her dread. “Oh ! Joyce, have pity upon me ! don’t betray me. I will leave the house, indeed I will. Don’t betray me while I am in it.”

“My lady, you have nothing to fear from me. I have kept the secret buried within my heart since then—last April ! It has nearly been too much for me. By night and by day I have had no peace, dreading what might come out. Think of the awful confusion, the consequences, should it come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. Indeed, my lady, you ought never to have come.”

“Joyce,” she said, hollowly, lifting her haggard face, “I could not keep away from my unhappy children. Is it no punishment to *me*, think you, the being here ?” she added vehemently. “To see him—my husband—the husband of another ! It is killing me.”

“Oh, my lady, come away ! I hear him ! I hear him !”

Partly coaxing, partly dragging, Joyce took her into her own room, and left her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang forward. Her face, in emotion and fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she shook, as William had shaken, poor child, in the afternoon. It was only too apparent in the well-lighted corridor.

“Joyce,” he exclaimed in amazement, “what ails you ?”

“Sir ! master !” she panted, “be prepared ; Master William—Master William—”

“Joyce ; not *dead* ?”

“Alas ! yes, sir.”—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. p. 250.

When Lady Isabel is about to die, and it becomes necessary to inform Carlyle who has been his inmate all this while, the effect the news takes upon him shows a realization of the usual position : ‘The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was, that he must be a man of two wives.’ Happily, the embarrassment does not last long, and the lady dies after an interview of penitence and explanation.

The same perplexity forms one main point in the hero’s trials in the authoress’s next work, ‘Verner’s Pride.’ In this there is an estate of which we never know who is the master, and a lady of whom we cannot tell who is the husband, and, indeed, Lionel is put in about as delicate a dilemma, and his conscience as oddly tried, as we remember to have known it. He is represented as a person of peculiarly scrupulous honour, yet we find him making two offers in one day—the one to the woman he likes, the other to an old love who had jilted him for some

one else, for no reason at all that we can see, except that it occurred to him as the most convenient thing to do at the moment. Of course it is a fatal mistake, and he gets punished for his temporary hallucination. The lady is by no means ill drawn, only she is not worth drawing with the elaboration bestowed upon her. Sibylla is silly and vain, a vulgar flirt, and ruinously extravagant, and a woman thus endowed, we all know, can say and do things called incredible. She tests her husband's heroic virtue and forbearance to the uttermost, and the moment comes when there seems a road of escape for him. A ghost appears on the scene who drives the rustics out of their wits, and presently convinces wiser observers that the lady's first husband (for Sibylla was a widow) was in life. The news reaches Lionel, and also the lady, who manifests very little concern at the reappearance, when she ascertains that whoever is her husband, she still remains mistress of *Verner's Pride*. Some persons of scrupulous mind recommend the withdrawal of the lady into retirement until the mystery is solved; but it seems considered a noble generosity in the hero that he stands by his wife, who, whenever she is in a pet, declares her preference for her first choice; though the whole point of the merit lies in the fact that he really likes the ill-used Lucy best, and, in fact, tells her so whenever they are together.

We have innumerable passages like the following:—

'He crossed over to her and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head as he moved to the door. "May God forgive me, Lucy," broke from his white trembling lips. "My own punishment is heavier than yours."—*Verner's Pride*, vol. ii. p. 127.

After such scenes we find him indeed making the amende to his wife, 'My little wife, if you cared for me as I care for you, &c. &c.,' with the explanation—'And there was no sophistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife; but he did care for Sibylla very much.' The above fatherly and benedictory caress we observe to be coming very much into fashion upon paper, as a sort of disinfectant of questionable scenes, rendering harmless a good deal of flirtation which might otherwise be deemed of very doubtful propriety. In the matter of the ghost Lionel proved to be right, as the apparition turned out not to be the first husband, but his elder brother, also supposed to be dead, assuming his likeness. So Sibylla loses *Verner's Pride* after all, and tries her husband's indomitable patience, till she conveniently kills herself by going to a ball in a critical state of health. The story of course ends in the union of Lucy and Lionel, who agree that they have had long to wait for their present happiness, an ill-chosen word surely where a living wife has been a hindrance.

There is much in Verner's *Pride* entirely beneath criticism—irrelevant matter, awkwardly brought in and awkwardly expressed. Indeed, both in grace of style and aptitude to embrace the variety and poetry of any scene she describes, this writer in her best efforts falls greatly short of the two ladies we have classed with her, as illustrating a certain literary phase of our day—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Miss Braddon—though the moral tone, in profession, and as entertaining the idea of duty when opposed to feeling, is superior to either.

Mrs. Norton's best friends are obliged to admit that her story, '*Lost and Saved*,' is unfit for the drawing-room table, and ought to be kept out of the way of young ladies. In fact, in urging a great wrong upon the world, she is supposed to be compelled to disregard minor proprieties. The alleged purpose of the book is to show, that while the faults of women are visited as sins, the sins of men are not even visited as faults. She fights the battle of her sex by showing the injustice of the world, in its severity towards a certain class of errors, if committed by the helpless and the weak, and the tolerance of the same and much worse when perpetrated by the powerful and strong. Its highest morality as we see it is, that to sin with feeling is better than to sin without. There is the artifice of making a certain class of errors look light, by contrasting them with extremes of egotism, malignity, and positive crime; and the exigencies of the argument require society to be painted in the strongest and harshest colours. We observe that her admirers assume the leading characters to be, if not actual portraits, at least very intimate studies; and it is certainly more charitable to suppose that certain individuals are indicated by these 'studies' than that they represent to the writer's mind the prevailing characteristics of noble and fashionable society in our own day. Mrs. H. Wood writes about great people in artless and transparent ignorance of the gay world she describes. Mrs. Norton cannot be ignorant, but something else may make her pictures as little trustworthy. When a writer has opportunities of knowing that he is writing about superiors, perhaps, to his reader, that reader is apt to put on a deferential state of mind; but the deference may be wholly misplaced. If Sir Bulwer Lytton, though familiar with statesmen, may present to us the expansive exuberant prime minister we meet with in his novels, and nowhere else; if a college fellow draw a picture of university life absolutely at variance with his experience; and if a schoolmaster delineate impossible boys, then may a fine lady paint society such as she has never seen it, knowing better all the while, but doing it simply for amusement, or because there is wanting the power to see things as they are, or because a

theory demands it, or the plot of a story must have it, or because it would be pleasant if it were so, or from disappointment, or temper, or malice. Any of these causes are, we see, sufficient to make an author reverse, and utterly defy his knowledge. In Mrs. Norton's case, it need only be that some bitter and angry soreness has tempted her to extreme limits of exaggeration and caricature. Her peeresses have certainly a body and a tone about them very different from the dressed-up milliners of courageous inexperience; but she shows them through distorted glass, and in blue and lurid lights. Hence a veritable glimpse of Pandemonium. While page after page denounces the ill nature, scandal, and harsh judgment of the world, what is technically called society is shown us in an aspect which might lead us to suppose we had opened a cynical French novel in mistake. There are the same horrors of profligacy attributed to a class, and the same shameless intrigue as the habitual practice of persons receiving the respect and homage of the world.

All vice seems to culminate in a certain Milly Nesdale. Milly is the wife of Lord Nesdale, and the mother of lovely children, whom she professes to foster and care for. She maintains the faint externals of duty and respectability and religion, but is in fact more of an atheist than M. About's hero who believed in *Fridays*, and has no more faith in Christianity than in Vishnu. Under a thin cloak of propriety she is a serpent, a witch, a fiend, betraying her trusting husband with malignant triumph, and doing and saying things which it is better to glance at than repeat. This lady is a universal favourite, courted by the hero's friends, as keeping him out of what their worldliness fears more, and sustaining her credit and fascinations undisturbed to the end.

'And how the world loved Milly.'

* * * *

'For there is a little society in a corner called "The Society for the Suppression of Vice," but there is a much larger society for its protection; and in that larger society Right and Wrong do not signify, but Success and Non-Success.'—*Lost and Saved*, vol. ii. 86.

And Milly is loved by the world in no ignorance of her real qualities. All her friends would have recognised her in the description—

'Her body was lithe as the liana, and her soul was the soul of the snake—rampant, watchful, cautious—till a safe noiseless spring and a sudden coil gave her her prey.'—P. 88.

While to her lover, who listens to her treacherous and base words, lightened by

'The wily Hindoo smile which still lingered in Milly's features; it seemed that he had sold his soul to a species of charming water-witch rather than given his heart to a woman.'

The heroine, in contrast to this complicated wickedness, is a sweet, impulsive, highly-gifted, unsophisticated girl, who is the victim of a mock marriage, which the world will not believe her to have been the dupe of. There is an air of this mock marriage being in deference to English prejudice. We cannot help thinking, had the story been written for French readers, it would have been dispensed with, for the whole tone of the book points to another state of things, and certainly pleads for those, unhappy and betrayed, who can pretend to no such extenuation. Otherwise, why hits, in the tone of the author of 'No Name,' at our 'cruel laws,' involving illegitimate children in 'intolerable misfortune,' for the ordinary victims of these laws have nothing to do with even the pretence of marriage. Moreover, when Beatrice learns that the so-called marriage was not legal, it makes no difference in her course of action; she waits where she is till the real marriage shall be performed. Mrs. Norton can draw a graceful picture of innocent, happy simplicity. Her heroine, though conventional, as are her father, her saintly sister, her midshipman brother, is often interesting. But she identifies her too closely with *some one else* for the simplicity to be genuine; her language, when moved and excited, is that of a passionate woman of the world. There are curious experiences given to her, true we dare say, but which really come at a much later date than the heroine stage. We must own to some surprise, how any cultivated mind, refined by poetry, and even genius, can possibly reduce a heroine to such extremities of degradation as are brought about in Beatrice's search for a living, after she is abandoned by Treherne. The belief in intrinsic purity ought to preserve any favourite conception of the imagination from such contacts, such base suspicions; but, we believe, wherever there is unrestraint, whether the undisciplined element is found in a writer who talks of earls and marchionesses in blindest ignorance, or absolute knowledge, there is vulgarity: the vulgarity of recklessness as to exact truth, or its consequences; a resolution to say your say, to produce its effect, to prove your point, and to secure readers at all hazards. In this unrestrained spirit is executed the portrait of the Marchioness of Updown, with all the details of her 'corpulence,' her 'snorting,' and coarsely-selfish *abandon*. It has the air of a caricature of some person unfortunate enough to have incurred a lively authoress's ill will, and, as it stands, seems as little likely to be a correct likeness of an individual as it is of a class. However, the Marchioness forms the life of some

spirited scenes; and though she is one of the respectable people who sanction the disreputable Nelly, her own errors are so far in a presentable form, that we need not scruple to lay them before our readers. This great lady is aunt of the wicked hero, Montague Treherne, and had known Beatrice in her happier days. Now, through a humble companion and amiable dependant, who had helped Beatrice in her sorest need, she comes again, though unknowingly, in contact with her as the purchaser of some valuable lace. Some slight error of the much-bullied companion had flurried the great lady's temper. Beatrice, who is now a lace-cleaner, had not returned the precious fabric as soon as expected. The Marchioness of Updown, flustered and furbelowed, and accompanied by the policeman she had summoned, makes her way to the heroine's poor lodgings.

'The Marchioness breasted the narrow staircase as though she were about to scale the battlements of a surrendering fortress. "Go before me into this den," she said to Parkes, "and show me where my lace is! I'm not going to be put off with false excuses any longer, I can tell you. Get me my lace. Mr. Sergeant, you are to follow me; you, John, stand at the door. We'll soon see if people are to be kept out of their property this way." She pushed the door wide open as Parkes crept in before her; and Parkes had only time to murmur that she hoped Beatrice would not feel frightened; and to hear the word "frightened" in proudest contempt, before the bulky and bulkily-dressed Marchioness stood in the small room.'

Beatrice refuses to give back the lace, and returns the money which had been sent for it.

"Ho!" almost screamed the Marchioness; "you dare, you bad, bad girl. Policeman, this is a bad girl who knew my nephew abroad, and tried to give me the plague. Take, the lace from her. It's my lace; I bought it; I gave a hundred and seventy guineas for it. Take it from her: take her into custody. Take Parkes into custody; they are both accomplices."

'Beatrice struck her open palm on the packet of bank-notes that lay on the table. "Here," she said, "is the money you paid for that lace. I refuse to sell it to you. It is mine. This room is mine. Leave it."

"You wicked girl; you bold bad hussy! I insist on my lace. You want to sell it to somebody else, because you're found out now. It was worth a great deal more than I gave for it! Oh! you cheat, you; but it won't do. I'll have my rights. Policeman, I bought the lace; get me the lace. Search the place; take this young woman into custody. Why don't you take her when I order you?"

'The sergeant of police half smiled. He said in a deprecatory sort of manner: "You see, my lady, if the young woman declines to receive the money, and won't part with the lace, I really don't know how I can act."

"She *did* receive the money; and the lace was mine, and I *will* have it! She's a cheat; her father was a cheat before her, and her brother fired at the Queen; and I will have my lace!"

'Beatrice looked scornfully up at her: "You selfish, prosperous, cruel woman," she said. "Tyrannize over your own household! this room is mine, humble as it is; it is no place for you. Go away and leave me in peace. Thé

lace will never be yours. I sent it away this morning, and I will never let you have it again."

"Where? where? Policeman, make her say *where* she has sent it! You wicked toad, I don't believe you! I don't believe it's sent away. You want to wear it, I suppose. You want to dress yourself up in frippery and finery to seduce more young men of good family, and try to get them to admire you, as you did my fool of a nephew. You seem to have had a pretty come down since then! Give me my lace," shouted she, her rage apparently increasing in the dead silence, with which she was permitted to rise; and she made a sort of angry movement in advance, pushing the table at which Beatrice was seated.

"Come, come, my lady, there really must be none of this! Now do pray compose yourself. Your ladyship had better come away;"—and the sergeant of police actually laid his hand on the angust and obese arm, whose bracelets quivered with the wearer's passion.

"How dare you touch me, MAN!" gasped the Marchioness. "If you can't do your duty, and take people into custody when you're told to take them, at least don't dare meddle with ME, you impudent stupid."

"Policeman," said Beatrice, "I take you and the lady who is here present to witness, that I return to the Marchioness of Updown the money she sent for the lace she desires to buy, and which I refuse to sell. I can bear no more of this: I have been ill for some time." And so saying, Beatrice vanished into a little bed-closet, from which a tiny staircase led to M. Dumont's workroom below.

The Marchioness positively shook with rage at her disappearance. She stood for a moment, her eyes glaring with amazement and anger. Then seizing the bank-notes in the envelope, and turning suddenly on little Miss Parkes, she said, "I discharge you, you vile, you wicked minx! I discharge you. You are discharged! I hope you will starve. I shan't recommend you, I promise you. It's a pity you can't do like your beauty there, and wear lace and coral to make gentlemen fall in love with you. I discharge you, mind! I forbid you to come back. I'll have the doors shut upon you. Any rags you may have left in my house can be packed up and sent to you by Benson; and you don't deserve even that much kindness; nor—only your salary was paid yesterday—you would not get that, you cunning thief, you!"

"Come, come, milady," remonstrated the sergeant. "Really such words are actionable. I'm here to keep the peace, you know. Your ladyship musn't forget yourself this way."

"You go away, man! I ordered you here—now I order you to go away. I order you away. You've done no good: you haven't got my lace; you let all these low people have the best of it; you won't take people into custody, though you're told ever so; and I don't want you any more. Go away. John! call the carriage. John, do you hear me, or not?"

The Marchioness returns to her splendid carriage, which had attracted a London mob.

'Into that carriage the baffled tyrant got, and was driven rapidly away, the sergeant of police saying quietly to a brother-constable—after giving vent to his feelings in a low whistle of contempt—"Curious now, ain't it, Brown, how like females are one to t'other? This one's a real marchioness, with a real sort of a marquis, dining with the Queen, and all that, and here she's been a behaving for all the world like Betsy Blane, the fishwoman, as I had in the lock-up last night. She's as like her—as like as one oyster-shell is to another!" and the brother-constable gave a smiling grunt of assent.'—*Lost and Saved*, vol iii. p. 20.

Nor does Mrs. Norton fail to make good her place in the modern sensational school, by conceiving scenes in its extremest development. Not only does she give us one peeress, a fish-wife, and another carrying on correspondences which would sink her into lowest infamy, through the medium of advertisements in the *Times'* second column; but what has been called our Arsenical Literature has been enriched by a very thorough-going scene from her pen. The wicked peeress has, if possible, a more wicked aunt who has mated herself, not without a sense of degradation, to an honest attorney, superciliously indicated by his titled employers as 'that fellow Grey.' Mrs. Myra Grey shares some of that Hindoo blood, fruitful of intrigue, which gives a wild charm to her niece, and possesses an ivory jewel-hafted dagger with which she opens her husband's letters, and becomes possessed of his client's secrets. On one occasion she betrays knowledge thus surreptitiously obtained, and the consequences threatening to be disagreeable to herself, she proceeds, as though the means were at hand any moment, to poison an inconvenient witness. This is Maurice Lewellyn, the good genius of the story: he sits at her luncheon-table previous to an interview with her husband, but refuses to eat.

"Take at least a glass of wine—let me mix you some sherry and seltzer-water."

He bowed and stretched out his hand for the tumbler, struggling for at least some outward courtesy to this cunning and corrupt woman. She filled it and moved slowly away.

Mr. Grey's youngest boy burst merrily into the room—"I say, papa—where's papa? ain't he coming out this fine Sunday?"

Then seeing the guest, he came up smilingly, and said, "Give me some of your wine for a treat."

"May you?" said Maurice.

"Oh! yes, papa gave me some last Sunday for a treat."

Maurice held the glass to the child's lips. Mrs. Myra Grey was settling some flowers on the mantel-piece: she heard the boy's last words.

"Gave you what?" she said, turning towards them. Then she darted forward, and exclaiming, "Oh my God!" she vehemently seized the child by both arms and drew him back from Lewellyn.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a strange smile, "but my children never taste wine."

"Oh mamma—last Sunday."

"Come away, you are a naughty riotous boy, and must go upstairs." She led the child away. As she opened the door, Lewellyn heard her say, "Did you swallow any of it? Spit! spit out upon the door-rug;" and the child said, "La! mamma, I had not even got my lips to the glass when you pulled me away."

Lewellyn, who is an acute lawyer, has his suspicions, and in her absence takes out of his pocket an empty flask, and pours into it half the contents of the tumbler. When he gets home he administers the mixture to a dog, which after some hours, dies.

of convulsions. In the meanwhile, a second guest, Montague Treherne, the betrayer of Beatrice, arrives at the same luncheon-table, and, after angry words with Mrs. Myra, drinks off the remaining contents of the tumbler—a curious thing, by the way, for a very fastidious fine gentleman to do. The lady witnesses the act.

‘Her eyes were riveted upon the glass in his hand. Her countenance assumed a strange expression of mingled defiance and terror. As he turned angrily from her, and ran down the stairs with the light quick step that was habitual to him, she passed her handkerchief, dipped in water, over her own forehead with a slight shudder.

“‘Both!’” she said, in a sort of frightened whisper. “Both! what shall I do?”

‘Then rising once more, with a ghastly face, she proceeded carefully to rinse the goblet out of which he had drunk, the glass Maurice had used, and the small decanter that stood by them.’—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 249.

Montague Treherne sails next day in his yacht, is seized with spasms, procures the assistance of a doctor who pronounces it poison, not cholera as the sailors had supposed, and dies. The doctor brings the body to England, and informs Lewellyn of his opinion. Lewellyn has his strong suspicions, which might in fact be certainties, but—

‘What end, indeed, could it have served to bring to doubtful trial, and probable acquittal, the wife of the family solicitor? . . . to disturb with an immense scandal the society in which Montague and his relatives moved; and to receive no guerdon, when all was done, but resentment and reproach from his family?’—Vol. iii. p. 296.

The murderess, therefore, is let alone, learns caution, and along with all the other bad people of the book, is taken leave of by the reader in unabated prosperity and confirmed social credit and standing. ‘The Marchioness is still the person who ‘occupies most attention (and most space) at all the balls given ‘by royalty and by the subjects of royalty.’ And Nelly, in spite of a letter to her angry and malignant aunt, which sounds like an imprudence, is in greater favour with her husband and the world than ever. Beatrice is taken up and restored to society by kind friends, marries an Italian count, not handsome, but with a voice, ‘unutterably sad, unutterably sweet,’ who has been forsaken by his wife, and the curtain closes on the young mother hanging over the cradle of her baby. For calm, serene, domestic felicity, the very last thing these heroines of many stormy adventures are fit for, is always the haven assigned to them. It is easier, in fact, to turn nun, hospital nurse, or sister of mercy, to take up and carry through the professed vocation of a saint, than to work out the English ideal of wife, mother, and presiding spirit of the house, after any wide departure from custom and decorum; and it is one

of the most mischievous points of a bad moral that leads the young and inexperienced reader to suppose otherwise.

If Mrs. Norton attacks apparent and recognised respectability, professes to unmask false pretences, and shows that the worst people are those most in the world's good graces, Miss Braddon, the first and, at present, pre-eminent sensation writer, sets herself to defy and expose the real thing. Her bad people don't pretend only to be good: they *are* respectable; they really work, nay slave, in the performance of domestic duties and the most accredited of all good works. The moral proper of her stories may be good or bad; as thus,—Lady Audley is wicked, and comes to a bad end; Aurora Floyd does a hundred bad things and prospers in spite of them, both in her own fate and in the reader's favour; but the real influence of everything this lady writes is to depreciate custom, and steady work of any kind whatever; every action, however creditable, that is not the immediate result of generous impulse. She disbelieves in systematic formal habitual goodness. She owns to a hatred of monotonous habit even in doing right. She declares for what she calls a Bohemian existence. She likes people to be influenced by anything rather than principle and cold duty; in fact, nerves, feeling, excitement, will, and inclination are the sole motive powers of every character she cares for. The person who goes on day after day doing stated duty-work because it is duty, not because she likes it, is a monster to her, a something hardly human. She regards such an one (that is in her books) as a painful, oppressive phenomenon. Not believing in the pleasures of habit of any sort, she can no more understand that there may be alleviations, hopes, nay positive joys, in a life of conscientious observances than could Timothy's Bess, in 'Adam Bede,' conceive it possible for life to have a single satisfaction to a person who wore such a cap as Dinah's. The recoil from dullness is evidently too strong, and all regularity, all day by day uniform occupation is dull to her; and she has such a way of putting it that we confess there is danger of its seeming dull to the reader also.

In a story now coming out, this feeling is shown in the portrait of a clergyman's daughter working her father's parish. Olivia is a model visitor of the poor—a sort of typical and transcendent district-visitor—who never lets a day pass unimproved, who allows no impediments, still less her own ease, to interfere with the work and duty before her. Most people learn to like such occupations even if not congenial; habit and the sense of usefulness make them more than tolerable. Olivia hates them with an ever-growing hatred, and they turn her into a fiend. Of course there is a good deal about the work not

being done in a right spirit, being done as duty, not in love; but this is a conspicuous salve, a necessary reservation, which does not seem to us to mean much. Any woman plodding in good works as Olivia does, would produce a shudder and revulsion in such a mind, be she ever so earnest and sincere in her task. And to those outside we grant this sort of life does seem a dull one. Miss Braddon, no doubt, finds abundance of young readers to echo her sentiment, though habit coming upon a sense of usefulness makes such lives more than tolerable, the happiest of all lives to those that live them. In fact, Olivia represents the 'moral man' as familiar to us under the handling of a certain class of preachers, saying prayers, reading the Bible, going three times a day to church:—

'Mrs. Marchmont made an effort to take up her old life, with its dull round of ceaseless duty, its perpetual self-denial. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have gone to the nearest convent, and prayed to be permitted to take such vows as might soonest set a barrier between herself and the world; she would have spent the long weary days in perpetual ceaseless prayer; she would have worn deeper indentations upon the stones already hollowed by faithful knees. As it was she made a routine of penance for herself, after her fashion; going long distances on foot to visit her poor when she ought to have ridden in her carriage; courting exposure to rain and foul weather; wearing herself out with unnecessary fatigue, and returning footsore to her desolate home, to fall fainting in the strong arms of her grim attendant Barbara. But this self-appointed penance could not shut Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont from the widow's mind. Walking through a fiery furnace, their images would have haunted her still, vivid and palpable, even in the agony of death. . . . No good whatever seemed to come of her endeavours, and the devils, who rejoiced at her weakness and her failure, claimed her as their own. They claimed her as their own.'—*Temple Bar*, February, 1863, p. 157.

Olivia Marchmont to be sure was impeded not only by a wild indomitable passion, but by a fund of unused energy and genius. She is one of Miss Braddon's favourites, possessing—

'The ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth.'

She was—

'Devoured by a slow-consuming and perpetual fire. Her mind was like one vast roll of parchment whereon half the wisdom of the world might have been inscribed, but on which was only written, over and over again, to maddening iteration, the name of Edward Arundel. . . .

'Olivia Marchmont might have been a good and great woman. She had all the elements of greatness. She had genius, resolution, an indomitable courage, an iron will, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity. But against all these qualities was set a fatal and foolish love for a boy's handsome face and frank, genial manner. If she could have gone to America, and entered herself amongst the feminine professors of law and medicine—if she could have set up a printing-press in Bloomsbury, or even written a novel—I think she might have been saved.'—P. 477, April, 1863.

But even where there is not this disproportionate greatness of soul, where the task is in exact measure with the worker,

Miss Braddon shows an equal repugnance to the humdrum and to the ordinary feminine ideal. Her odious females are all remarkable for conformity to the respectable type, whether as 'religious women doing their duty in a hard uncompromising way,' or writing a 'neat' letter, or cutting their husband's bread and butter, or 'excelling in that elaborate 'and terrible science which woman paradoxically calls plain 'needlework.'

Three things seem to have aided in this war against steady unexcited well-doing, a familiarity at some time or the other with the drudgery of learning, and an equal familiarity with horses and with theatricals, not simply play-going, but life behind the scenes. Her heroines have all been disgusted by a routine education, some in their own person, some inflicting it on others. It is an excuse for Aurora's flight from school with her father's groom, that she was kept strictly to her lessons. Lady Audley was teacher in a school; Olivia Marchmont imposes an intolerable amount of dates, Roman history, and all the rest, on her hapless charge; and Eleanor, in 'Eleanor's Victory,' on one happy holiday—

'Looked back wondering at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton schoolroom hearing the little ones, the obstinate incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conqueror and Buenos Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech.'—*Once a Week*, p. 335, March 1863.

The ordinary well-educated young lady, the flower and triumph of civilization, who has mastered her lessons, the languages, the history, the difficult passages in the sonata in C flat, and liked them all, is alternately an object of amusement and contempt. In contrast with the glowing Aurora, we have a good-natured portrait of the model heroine of another school, learned in geography and astronomy and botany and chronology, and reading one of the novels that *may* lie on a drawing-room table. 'How tame, how cold, how weak, beside that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen, with her flashing eyes and the serpentine coils of purple-black hair.'

'The long arcades of beech and elm had reminded him, from the first, of the solemn aisles of a cathedral; and coming suddenly to a spot where a new arcade branches off abruptly on his right hand, he saw, in one of the sylvan niches, as fair a saint as had ever been modelled by the hand of artist and believer—the same golden-haired angel he had seen in the long drawing-room at Feldon Woods—Lucy Floyd, with the pale aureola about her head, her large straw-hat in her lap, filled with anemones and violets, and the third volume of a novel in her hand. A High Church novel, "it is explained," in which the heroine rejected the clerical hero because he did not perform the service according to the Rubric.'—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 16.

How different from this serene inanity the unrestrained 'expansive natures,' unchecked by system of any sort, whose youth has been suffered to run wild, do what they like, form their own opinions, get into scrapes, and compromise themselves while still in their teens, which charm this writer's fancy! Nothing is so purely conventional an idea as that young girls untaught or ill-taught can be graceful or attractive, however favourite a notion it is with writers of fiction. But this clever, bright writer can describe an unattached, vagrant, slipshod existence with touches of truth, with admissions of the necessary condition of such an existence, which give a greater air of reality to her pictures than we often see. Thus, her Eleanor, whose childhood has been passed with a disreputable, self-indulgent spendthrift of a father, with whom she had lived in occasional luxury and habitual destitution, whose companion has been a good-natured, slovenly scene-painter and theatrical supernumerary, who is now, at fifteen, a teacher in a third-rate boarding-school, shows in the following pretty picture nothing at variance with her bringing up. The health and spirits of the solitary girl are exciting the spleen of the sea-sick passengers of the Dieppe steamer:—

'Eyes dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness had looked almost spitefully towards this happy radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean-breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips blue with suffering had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young school-girl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, the hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs, which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag. She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet-work whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases, bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; and they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby faded flowers, sheltered by a great fan-like shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling bottle which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea-breezes themselves.'

It is in the existence of the real with the impossible that this writer's power lies. This tart-loving child of fifteen is the girl who, three days later, devotes herself to vengeance, and lives for years in the unchanging hope of seeing the sharper who got her father's money hanged through her instrumentality. People are apt to think, though it is no such thing, that the knowledge of ordinary custom-loving human nature is a much easier thing than knowledge of the waifs and strays of humanity, and this lady's experiences are ostentatiously of this exceptional kind. She would have us think that she views human nature generally in a scrape. Thus, she will ask, as if familiar with detectives and their mode of noting down their pencil memoranda, When they begin their pencils? and

assimilation attributed to Aurora, 'who was such a brilliant creature, that every little smattering of knowledge she possessed appeared to such good account, as to make her seem an adept in any subject of which she spoke.' This is no doubt a power of the feminine nature, to take in at a glance, and to make apparently her own, what has cost hard labour to slower, though original, thinkers. Probably nobody could read Mr. Fullom's book; we do not pretend to have heard of it, but he makes out an excellent case, which just proves Miss Braddon's dramatic power. Playwrights take anybody's story—it belongs to them to make it fit for the stage; and the world is essentially a *stage* to Miss Braddon, and all the men and women, the wives, the lovers, the villains, the sea-captains, the victims, the tragically jealous, the haters, the avengers, merely players. We could extract pages, fit, as they stand, for the different actors in a melodrama, vehemently and outrageously unnatural, but with a certain harmony which prevents one part exposing the other.

We ought possibly to apologize to the readers of a theological review for intruding on their notice scenes with certainly no direct bearing on the subjects to which its columns are as a rule devoted. But we have thought it well to enter our protest against the form of fiction most popular in the present day, because we conceive it to fail both positively and negatively in the legitimate uses of fiction. Negatively, because it asks least from the sense, feeling, and thought of the reader; and positively, because instead of quickening the imagination it stimulates a vulgar curiosity, weakens the established rules of right and wrong, touches, to say the least, upon things illicit, raises false and vain expectations, and draws a wholly false picture of life. Every true and honest observer of human nature adds something to the common experience, but if anything new is to be learnt from the sensational novel, as far as our observation goes, it is in that field of knowledge which emphatically is not wisdom.

ART. VIII.—*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England, and in the University of Oxford.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker. 1863.

CANON STANLEY has brought before us in this pamphlet one of the most profound and difficult, as well as one of the most delicate, questions that can possibly be agitated in the bosom of any religious community. We fear that the amount of agreement between us, though not absolutely null, can be but small. Even where we admit the correctness of the premises (which we cannot do in every case), there seem to be counter-considerations which tend, at least, to modify, if not to subvert, the conclusions to which the author would fain conduct us. But for this very reason, we are all the more anxious at the outset to bear our willing testimony to the excellency of the spirit in which he has approached the subject. He has written in a manner worthy of his best self—a standard which even he, like other writers, seems to us at times to fail in reaching. And the matter is one which he has a peculiar right to make his own. To a far greater extent than is generally thought possible, Dr. Stanley has been consistent in his views and conduct respecting subscription. In the case of Dr. Hampden, in the case of Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward, in the case of Mr. Gorham, in the case of Archdeacon Denison, in the case of the ‘Essayists and Reviewers,’ he has preserved one uniform, bold, and, on the whole, very lofty and generous attitude. Such conduct gives a man a very special claim to be heard, even apart from the weight of the facts and inferences which he may adduce.

In speaking thus, however, we by no means desire to make an idol of consistency. Any divine who may, at some period of his life, have taught or acted respecting subscription in a spirit opposed to that of Canon Stanley, has, undoubtedly, a perfect right to reconsider the matter and to change his side. One eminent writer has lately announced such a change, and that in a manner most frank and creditable. Mr. Maurice, who first gained public attention by a very able pamphlet in favour of subscription to the Articles, now, ‘after an experience of thirty years,’ is convinced that his opinion is untenable.¹ But some

¹ Letter in the *Spectator* newspaper, of May 2, 1863.

such announcement does seem to us almost indispensable, if those who make the change are to exercise any moral weight. If men, who have won credit and favour by the keenness with which they have urged decidedly strict views of the meaning of subscription in some one direction, are now found to be claiming, either for themselves or for their friends, the utmost possible latitude of interpretation, we really must claim the privilege of asking for a clear and distinct avowal of this alteration in their sentiments. We have a right to ask—Do you, who in former years protested against a certain licence, regret the line of action which you then adopted or not? If you do regret it, let the change be fairly made known. If you do not, let us hear your explanation of what must, to ordinary minds, appear to be a startling amount of inconsistency.

But our business lies far less with individuals than with principles. We believe that we shall be best able to make our own meaning clear by starting from the very foundation. And accordingly we begin as follows:—

It is no mere recondite teaching of Aristotle and the schoolmen, but the common conviction of all thinking persons, that everything on earth bears about it something that constitutes its essence. An island may be bare or fertile, a rectilinear triangle may be isosceles or scalene, a telescope may have two joints or five; but the island must be surrounded by water, the rectilinear triangle must have its three angles equal to two right angles, the telescope must have such a combination of convex and concave glasses as to make distant objects seem near to the eye of him who looks through it. Apart from such conditions, these things severally cease to be.

We then turn to any case of a society organized for the attainment of some special purpose. One example will serve as well as another. We therefore take one that happens lately to have been brought under our notice. About the middle of May we were privileged to witness a sight of great beauty, almost peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland—the opening cruise of a yacht club. The members elected into such a club have a large margin left to their own discretion in the choice of the vessels on which they found their claims to the rights of membership. They may have craft of iron or of wood, cutters or schooners, sailing vessels or steamers; but one thing they must not do, they must not employ their yachts for purposes of trade. The object of the club is the promotion of amateur seamanship, not of commerce. Some years since, a member of one of these clubs brought back in his yacht a cargo of oranges from Seville, and sold them. He was instantly and ignominiously expelled from

the club. It was not that he was punished for commercial dealings; for these were not merely legitimate, but, probably, the source whence half the yachts of the squadron had been purchased; but he was punished for breaking the implied, if not expressed, engagement entered into by every man who joins such a society, in respect of one particular vessel.

What the essence of a thing is, as distinguished from its accidents—what the binding rule of a club, as distinguished from matters less to individual choice—that, in a rough and general way, we may pronounce to be in religion a dogma, as distinguished from an open question.

But at this point we must be prepared to have it said, Why waste argument and illustration upon what is perfectly obvious, upon the proof of principles which every one must be ready to admit? We answer, that these positions, though granted in quiet times by all ordinary reasoners, are constantly overlooked, even by thoughtful persons, under the momentary sway of passion and prejudice. We have seen, indeed, an able statement of *one* side of the case, not long since, in a provincial newspaper; but it was put forth on the avowed ground that the press at large was ignoring these obvious truths. Lest, however, we should seem to indulge in a vague and general accusation, it will be better to take a specific instance of such oversight.

There is at this moment lying upon our table a book which is attracting considerable attention, and that very deservedly. It is full of valuable information, it displays great courage and independence of thought, and it is couched in a very finished and vigorous style. We refer to the series of letters reprinted from the *Daily News*, and now entitled 'The Empire,' by Professor Goldwin Smith. However, as of old, *aliquando bonus dormitat*; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, the Professor does not really nod, but is capable, on some points, of being carried away by fanaticism as extreme as any form of opinion that he opposes. To us, at least, perhaps prejudiced on the other side, this gifted writer appears really fanatical in his intense admiration for Cromwell and for the Pilgrim Fathers, his intense detestation of the first Napoleon, and of all religious establishments. Now, at pages 97, 98, of 'The Empire,' he comes across this last-named *bête noire* of his perceptive powers, and is consequently induced to write as follows:—

'Again, the Canadians possess what is essential in our religion. Do they or any of them wish to import our ecclesiastical institutions, with Bishops sitting in Parliament, and with ecclesiastical courts to enforce Church authority in matters of opinion, and to bring men to trial for writing what they believe to be the truth?'

Not all the high gifts of the author, nor the great merits of this particular volume, must prevent us from pronouncing the

last clause of the above sentence to be what it is, namely, absolute and unmitigated nonsense. No man in England of the present day is 'brought to trial for writing what he believes to be the truth,' any more than a man is expelled from a yacht club because he pursues commerce as a means of livelihood. In each case alike the men are liable to punishment, because they are believed to have broken engagements into which they voluntarily entered. No one is forced to take Holy Orders, nor to join a club; but if he resolves to do either one or the other, he must purchase the advantages by entering into some definite compact. If he is supposed to have broken that compact, this is surely a legitimate subject for trial. Even the Duke of Argyll, assuredly no supporter of the undue exercise of authority over the rights of individual conscience, mentions, as a thing acknowledged on all hands, 'the power possessed by every club, whether in the religious, the political, or the social world, that of excluding from its own body such members as transgress its laws.'¹

In one respect we may, indeed, allow that Mr. Goldwin Smith may have spoken correctly enough. He seems to think it hard that clergy of the Church established in the mother country should be brought to trial. Well, they may become Wesleyan ministers, and if, in that position, they publish anything akin to the writings of Bishop Colenso, we may promise them, on the authority of that body they have joined, that they need not fear being brought to regular trial before anything like an Ecclesiastical Court. No, indeed; by the next mail, say the Wesleyans, would a sentence of deposition go forth.² The case would be considered a prejudged one.

Thus much is admitted even by those who lavish praise upon the Wesleyans—and far be it from us to cavil at that praise—for their really noble efforts to evangelize the colonies. 'Wesleyanism,' writes Mr. Wakefield, 'selects its missionaries with as much care as the Propaganda of Rome. *It rules them with an authority that is always in full operation, with a far-reaching arm and a hand of steel.*' It might be thought, perhaps, that the Oxford Professor was ignorant of such facts. But, unfortunately, he cites the actual passage in which these words occur, as a note, by way of illustration to his very first letter. Whether he thinks the 'hand of steel' a blessing, so long as it does not operate by way of Ecclesiastical Courts, we cannot pretend to form an opinion. Can Mr. Goldwin Smith seriously adduce, with apparent sympathy, this eulogy for the Wesleyans, and

¹ Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland (2d edit.)

² The Wesleyan document which made this special announcement was duly quoted in the *Guardian* some weeks since.

yet desire that episcopally-ordained clergy should publish, each man for himself, without let or hindrance, whatever he believes to be the truth.

We have spoken of Wesleyanism; but the principle holds good with respect to any *ism* whatever, whether it acknowledge or not the Name that is above every name. Mahometanism, Mormonism, Confucianism—each has its limits that it will not suffer to be overpassed. The Moslem may bring himself to believe that Mahomet has no just claim to that superiority which he claims over Him whom the Koran does at least recognise as a true prophet; but such a one will be slow in venturing to proclaim what he believes to be the truth in a mosque, unless he be prepared to face the trial of martyrdom. The Mormonist, who shall convince himself that polygamy is a retrograde step in the path of civilization, will hardly announce his conviction to Brigham Young; nor will the disciple of Confucius, in China, safely denounce the work of that philosopher to be (as it is) 'of the earth, earthy,' when contrasted with the religion of the Lord of Heaven. And if it be said that religions without the pale of Christianity cannot be appealed to with propriety in such a controversy, we are perfectly ready to drop such exemplifications of our meaning, and to confine ourselves, during the remainder of our argument, to Christendom alone.

Now, we cannot but imagine that, to some extent at least, we have Canon Stanley thus far upon our side; for, in his sermons upon 'Labour and Rest,' he distinctly implied that there must be some limit to licence of thought. But if this *principle* be once granted, the issue is thereby greatly narrowed. There is no longer a dispute respecting the real existence of dogmas, but only an inquiry where the line is to be drawn, and how, when drawn, it may be best guarded. Still we must admit, even then, that such an inquiry does present very real and serious difficulties. Border lines are confessedly often hard to trace. We may believe in the distinct existence of an animal and a vegetable kingdom, but where are we to place the zoophytes?

Nevertheless, these difficulties must be faced; and we see no reason to retract our old definition of a dogma—namely, 'a fundamental article of saving truth, asserted or implied in Holy Scripture, taught by the Church universal, and consonant to sound reason.'¹ Such are the true Godhead and the true Manhood of our Lord and Saviour, the forgiveness of sins through His merits, the final Judgment of the last great day, the Personality of the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, there undoubtedly exist, in Dr. Stanley's own words, 'opinions which

¹ *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1855.

ought to be tolerated as lawful, if not accepted as true.' Such are, for example, the opinion that the numbers of the redeemed will equal, or will exceed, the numbers of the rebel angels—the opinion that such and such a Messianic prophecy may have had some degree of prior fulfilment in an earthly deliverer, such as Judas Maccabæus; that such and such an incident was a type of something more weighty, as, for example, Gideon's fleece of the past and the present state of the race of Israel. These are, of course, given as mere exemplifications of our meaning.

But when Dr. Stanley speaks of 'opinions which ought to be tolerated,' such language implies, we presume, the existence of opinions which ought *not* to be tolerated—opinions which must be considered to exclude those who advocate them from fellowship with the English Church, and, therefore, much more from the ranks of its ministry. It was the opinion, so to term it, of Socinus, that our Redeemer is a mere man like ourselves; it was the opinion of Spinoza that God is the only *substance*, of which all other things are *modes*. These are, no doubt, extreme cases of deadly heresy; but, for that very reason, they serve as a crucial test for the purposes of our present inquiry. Supposing that any commissioned teachers in our communion openly avowed such doctrines, to what influences would Canon Stanley trust if the Subscription, and the existing laws respecting it, were to be repealed?

If we understand him rightly, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History would trust to the effect (1) of individual conscience, (2) of censures, (3) of public opinion. Let us look separately at each one of these checks.

(1) Individual conscience. That in all communions there do occur most self-sacrificing examples of men who give up all, under such influence, is, of course, most true. But it will constantly be found that side by side with him who makes the sacrifice stands another, who, though holding substantially the same views, sees the matter in quite a different light, and is determined to resign his post. And as few men can claim to be unexceptionable judges in their own case, it may well be questioned whether a good man ought to complain of a judicial inquiry into the question whether he has or has not kept with fidelity certain engagements into which he voluntarily entered, unless he really believes (which we fully admit to be a possible case) that his judges are unqualified for their task.

(2) Censures are not necessarily light matters. Some natures would feel them very keenly; and the mere fact that a man has been censured is often brought against him in after life, and has a tendency to diminish his influence. But while we have no desire to witness a Draconian legislation, which would punish

all errors with the utmost limit of severity in the ways of pains and penalties, it must be obvious that there unfortunately do exist persons to whom a mere censure, unaccompanied by any further punishment, would prove simply null in its effect. Moreover, it would be a practical realization of the Stoic paradox, *omnia paria esse peccata*, if, when censure had been applied to one who had offended slightly, no heavier punishment were in store for a more grievous delinquent.

(3) Public opinion. The relation of public opinion to the case of theological controversy is a matter requiring much thought, and a free but delicate handling. Perhaps there is a sense in which we may apply to the theologian what was originally said with reference to the politician: 'Woe be to the statesman who disregards public opinion, but woe to him likewise who has no other master.' That theology is affected by the progress of other sciences is admitted by all thinking men; but that public opinion should be the *sole* judge of such matters is surely quite intolerable. What would have happened under such circumstances if our Prayer-Book had been left to the mere mercies of public opinion during the eighteenth century? It is possible that we may have misunderstood Dr. Stanley on this head; but, although he asserts that prosecutions might still exist after subscription had ceased, yet his own strong and consistent protest against all such proceedings incline us to suppose that his inclination would be to leave the matter to public opinion only. At the same time, we hardly know how to reconcile this with his remarks upon S. Athanasius, in his 'Lectures on the Eastern Church.' As, however, we have no wish to discuss such a bye-question as this, it will be better to cite the language of two unexceptionable witnesses, Mr. Maurice and the *Athenæum*.

Mr. Maurice, in the letter to which we have already made reference, speaks as follows:—

'Having had some knowledge of those bodies in which there is no subscription to Articles, I was strongly persuaded that the security to freedom of investigation among them is not what discontented Churchmen suppose that it is. A public opinion—often a very narrow public opinion—holds them bound to the decisions of certain teachers of their own or of some former day. This opinion is enforced as sharply, often cruelly, as the State permits it to be enforced. The protection comes from that, not from the sect, let it boast of liberality as much as it may, let it even maintain as much as it may a real protest against the injustice of a dominant hierarchy.'

And the *Athenæum* for May 23, of the present year, thus commences its notice of Mr. Allon's 'Memoir of Mr. Sherman':—

'The good man whose career is here traced held a conspicuous position during many years in the world of Nonconformist preachers; and the memoir

of him by Mr. Allon must be acceptable to others besides those who belonged to his congregation—to all who respect and study the lives of all such influential men as are single-hearted and sincere. This we believe Mr. Sherman to have been—and to have been, accordingly, valuable in his generation; though we cannot, in the record of his worthy doings and zealous services, overlook certain peculiarities, inseparable from “Nonconformity” as associated with “the voluntary system” of ministry. *It is evident that if the preacher cannot excite his audience, or else preach down to the level of his congregation's spiritual desires and theological knowledge, he is no longer a teacher for them, but is judged and dismissed as a failure. It is evident that severance from all established synods, dignitaries, ranks and divisions in ministerial service, does not imply emancipation from despotism so much as exchange of thralldom for thralldom.* Mr. Allon's readers, beyond the pale of his sect, will find curious confirmation of this remark in his allusions to the saintly Countess of Huntingdon—to the stir which she raised in Methodism—and to the austerity with which she ruled and rebuffed her preachers.’

Even the fiction of ‘Salem Chapel,’ if indeed it be fiction, can hardly state more stringently the hardship of living under the rule of public opinion only.

It were idle for us to pretend that we do not think the Prayer-Book, and much more the Articles, capable of improvement. But even Canon Stanley grants that we are not likely to see any improvement made in either one or the other just yet awhile. He would not like to run the risk of new Articles, ‘knowing,’ he says (to use the homely but forcible illustration of King James I.), ‘how much easier old shoes are than new ones.’ And, in truth, it seems to us that what Canon Stanley and his friends really desire is, not so much freedom from the present forms of subscription, *as that certain doctrines believed and taught at present both by High Churchmen and Low Churchmen as dogmas should be relegated to the position of open questions.* This is, in reality, a distinct question; and before it can be entertained, we ought to be informed with precision what these questions are. Then, but not till then, shall we be in a position to judge the case.

But the admission that there is room for improvement in the Prayer-Book and the Articles seems to be sometimes considered as an admission that subscription has proved almost totally useless. Because it has not effected all that could be wished, therefore it seems in danger of being hastily assumed that it has done nothing. Now, we do not often find ourselves, on such questions as the present, agreeing with the *Times*. Here, however, for once we do find a very substantial agreement. The critique on Canon Stanley's pamphlet in the *Times* carries us with it in its generous eulogy on the author's honourable consistency, and scarcely less so in the following remarks :—

'The whole subject deserves the serious attention of the laity as well as of the clergy. How wide the portals of the Church ought to be thrown open, and what tests it may be necessary to apply to those who seek to exercise authority within her precincts, is not for us to determine; but we presume that even Dr. Stanley is not prepared to admit the "right of private judgment" without some reserve. The Church of England, if it is really to represent the religious opinions of the nation, must indeed be simple in its creed, and comprehensive in its terms; but some creed it must possess, and some symbol of union it must require of those who would minister within its pale, not only as a means of discipline, but as an expression of its twofold protest against Tridentine and Socinian errors. Without some such safeguards it is difficult to understand how the Church of England is to exist at all.'

Let us look, for a moment, at each of the extremes pointed out in the above extract. We can truly say, that we are not conscious of being Romanisers; that we do not hold any doctrine which we could not state in the words of accredited English divines, though it may be true that the language of such divines has not always been thoroughly consistent. But it is, we suppose, true, that the doctrines of the Papal Supremacy, of indulgences, of honours to be paid to images, of a hyper-dulia being due to the Blessed Virgin, of her being the neck of Christ's Church and channel of all graces, of the existence of a treasury containing merits of the saints of which the Bishop of Rome alone possesses the key, of the annihilation of the substances of the bread and wine in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, are *not* taught in our pulpits, and *are* taught by the divines of the Church of Rome. When Mr. Oakeley, then an English clergyman, claimed the liberty of holding all the teaching of the Tridentine decrees, concurrently with the subscription to the Prayer-Book and Articles, he was condemned by the Court of Arches and deprived. Many of those, who are now clamouring against that same Court for its infinitely more lenient sentence against Dr. Rowland Williams and Mr. H. B. Wilson, find it convenient just now to forget this fact—convenient to forget, moreover, that they made no remonstrance whatever against the sentence passed on Mr. Oakeley. No more did we; but, then, we are thus far at least consistent, that we think Dr. Rowland Williams's teaching (to say the *very* least) quite as far removed from the Articles and Prayer-Book as is that of the Tridentine decrees. We do not protest in the one case any more than in the other. And if the great majority of Churchmen, including those who profess the greatest liberalism, saw no reason for reclamation against the judgment passed on Mr. Oakeley, the defenders of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson ought not to be surprised if numbers withhold their protest against the infinitely lighter punishment meted out to them.¹

¹ Mr. H. B. Wilson wrote a letter against Tract No. 90, in addition to the protest against it, which he had signed with three other College Tutors, of whom

We turn to the other extreme referred to by the critic in the *Times*. Is it true that we have found in subscription a protection against the deadliness of Socinian error? Of the eighteenth century Dean Hook has said:—‘What was the last century? It was the age of Socinianism. All Churchmen who held what would now be called liberal principles were, like Hoadly, Socinianized. All alterations of the Liturgy, all the reforms which were suggested, as the means of strengthening the Church by the worldly friends of the Church, were projected with a view of enabling the Socinians, who formed the influential persons in most of our large towns, to conform.’¹

In pointing out the real difficulties attendant upon subscription, Canon Stanley is no doubt clear and forcible. But, unfortunately, until the severed portions of Christendom be more closely drawn together, we may have to make a choice between contending evils. And if we grant the force of some of our author’s arguments, we are compelled to add that others appear to us remarkably weak.

For example, we are reminded, at page 37, that in Geneva subscription is entirely abolished. A speaker in the House of Commons, in alluding to this fact, attributed it to the influence of Bishop Burnet, whose testimony in favour of such a course is quoted out by the author of the pamphlet before us. And yet, surely, only in the way of warning is it possible to appeal to Geneva. We will not make use of the evidence collected by Dr. Döllinger, in his recent book, ‘The Church and the Churches.’ That book gives the blackest account of everything—nor will we do more than remind our readers of the difficulties encountered by the English clergymen in connexion with the church opened there in 1853, when these clergy were accused, by some of the most earnest Genevese pastors, of having (though, of course, quite unconsciously) given countenance to Arianism, by their indiscriminate invitation of local ministers on the occasion of the opening services. But surely there must be many who have not forgotten the famous description of a Sunday in Geneva by the Scotch Presbyterian, Mr. Laing. For the benefit of those who are anxious to see Bishop Burnet’s advice followed in England, it may be advisable once more to re-quote it, especially now that such contemporaries as the *Spectator* and the *National Review* condescend to cast a glance upon

the present Bishop of London was one. An Edinburgh Reviewer, whom the public (whether justly or not, we do not presume to judge) insists on identifying with Dr. Stanley, has called this protest an ‘ungenerous act,’ and implied that Mr. Wilson had no doubt repented of it. It would be interesting to know whether this view of their own conduct is really adopted and avowed by the four gentlemen in question.

¹ Letter to the Bishop of Ripon [Dr. Longley], published in 1841.

our pages, and to refer (with great courtesy, if not with great sympathy) to what is being said in the *Christian Remembrancer* upon these exciting topics of the day.

‘I hastened to the ancient Cathedral, the church of St. Peter, to see the pulpit from which Calvin had preached, to sit possibly in the very seat from which John Knox has listened, to hear the pure doctrines of Christianity from the preachers who now stand where once the great champions of the Reformation stood; to mark, too, the order and observances of the Calvinistic service here in its native church; to revive, too, in my mind, Scotland and the picturesque Sabbath-days of Scotland, in a foreign land. But where is the stream of citizens’ families in the streets, so remarkable a feature in every Scotch town when the bells are tolling to church, family after family, all so decent and respectable in their Sunday clothes, the fathers and mothers leading the younger children, and all walking silently churchwards? and where the quiet, the repose, the stillness of the Sabbath morning so remarkable in every Scotch town and house? *Geneva, the seat and centre of Calvinism, the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow, the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our Presbyterian doctrine and practice, has fallen lower from her own original doctrine and practice than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition: Geneva has not even that semblance of religion.* In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of five-and-twenty thousand souls, at the only service on the Sabbath-day—there being no evening service—I sat down in a congregation of about two hundred females and three-and-twenty males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or boy, or working-man amongst them. A meagre liturgy, or printed form of prayer; a sermon, which, as far as religion was concerned, might have figured the evening before at a meeting of some geological society, as an “ingenious essay” on the Mosaic chronology; a couple of psalm tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with, were the church service. In the afternoon the only service in towns or in the country is reading a chapter of the Bible to the children, and hearing them gabble over the Catechism in a way which shows they have not a glimpse of the meaning.”—*Notes of a Traveller*, pp. 324—5.

This will hardly be adduced as a felicitous exemplification of the results of freedom from subscription; and the mover and seconder of the repeal of the Act of Uniformity in the House of Commons will find it wise in future to avoid all allusions to the original head-quarters of Calvinism.¹

Dr. Stanley proceeds to give an instance of an opinion which ‘is very rarely preached,’ while yet ‘this silence is not occasioned by subscription.’ His instance is ‘the doctrine of the final restitution of all things;’ the belief ‘that all men shall be saved at the length.’ Now this is one of the cases in which we differ from the learned writer in a question of fact. With him we hold that the doctrine is very rarely, if ever preached; but then we must maintain that at least four-fifths of the clergy believe that they have entered into a solemn compact not to

¹ Holland is another country referred to by Dr. Stanley and others. We do not know how far Mr. Spurgeon’s estimate is to be trusted, but he declares that Holland is fifty years ahead of England in unbelief.

teach it by their subscription to the Athanasian Creed. Of course Dr. Stanley reminds us that an Article against Universalism 'was deliberately struck out in 1562.' Undoubtedly; but it was struck out with three others levelled against the Anabaptists: because the influence of that wild sect was, happily, found to be dwindling away, and becoming contemptible. For precisely the same reason the words in the Augsburg Confession, which originally stood *damnamus Anabaptistas*, were subsequently changed into *damnamus Origenistas*.

Canon Stanley adds: 'The entire freedom of the law on this question may be inferred from the fact that a recent work, of which the general object is the relaxation of subscription, contains a recommendation to re-enact the repealed 42d Article in order to exclude the doctrine in question.' This remark looks to us rather as if the Professor were in danger of imitating the inaccuracies of his friend and fellow-Professor, Mr. Jowett. Unless we are utterly mistaken, the author of the work in question has proposed to strike out the Athanasian Creed from the Prayer-Book. Under these circumstances he foresaw that one, and that the most stringent, safeguard against Universalism would be lost, and consequently desired to compensate for its absence by the re-insertion of the Article in question. But this is an utterly different thing from holding that Universalism is compatible with subscription to the Prayer-Book as it now stands.

Canon Stanley tells us, in a note to page 55, of one of those really touching cases where an eminently good and conscientious man, the Rev. Charles Wodehouse, has given up his canonry and parochial charge under the pressure of the existing state of things. We must frankly say, that we never yet heard, and never expect to hear, of any large religious community in which such cases do not occur. And against them, however much they are to be regretted, we must put the inevitable weakness, the lack of zeal and fervor, the decaying strength, that must attend upon any Christian community which strives to be too comprehensive. Look at every great movement that has stirred the hearts of men in Great Britain between 1770 and 1845—Wesleyanism, Evangelicalism, Tractarianism, the Free Kirk movement in Scotland. However different in other respects, they have each and all been based on the dogmatic principle. And, accordingly, each in its way can point to real and great achievements. We quite agree with Mr. Gladstone in his estimate of the causes which (for a season only, we hope and trust) have shaken the confidence of our academic youth in the security of the basis on which they are asked to set their feet. We have not yet let it be frankly avowed, got over the

consequences of the defections to Rome in 1845. But whatever be the personal virtues and high gifts of the leaders of what may, we suppose, without offence, be termed the Germanizing party, it yet remains to be seen whether it can build school-rooms and churches, or set on foot missions, or even support for any length of time an organ of opinion in the periodical press. Meanwhile, on the general aspects of 'Undogmatic Christianity,' we cannot do better than recommend to our readers a careful study of a sermon so entitled, by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, one of the select Preachers in the University of Oxford.¹

We have cited the language of Mr. Maurice and the *Athenæum* respecting the degree of liberty really allowed among English dissenters. It remains a profound question how far such orthodoxy on the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation as is maintained by Nonconformists is due to the influence of that Church whose translation of the Holy Scriptures they all employ. But it must not be forgotten that within the last five-and-twenty years the aid of Parliament was invoked, and a 'Dissenters' Chapel Bill' became the law of the land; simply because so many of these chapels had become Arian or Socinian in their tenets, that the validity of their endowments required some fresh confirmation.

We have treated this question solely with reference to the clergy, without touching upon another point handled in the pamphlet before us—namely, the subscription made by the recipients of the higher degrees in the University of Oxford. In this latter case, if choice were given to each candidate for the M.A. and other lay degrees, between subscription and a declaration of being a *bonâ fide* member and communicant of the Church of England, we should see little objection to such a change. But this is an alteration which would probably prove quite unacceptable to those who are seeking for release from subscription in the matter of academical degrees.

There are other points on which we have not time to linger, but which it may be well not to leave wholly unnoticed. Dr. Stanley has certainly high authorities with him when he asserts that the Apostles' Creed is all that the English Church requires as a condition of membership. But we venture to doubt the precise accuracy of this statement. No person of mature age can possibly be considered as other than *practically* excommunicate if he wilfully abstain from all participation in the Church's highest act of worship. But putting aside the exceptional case of sickness, when the service is curtailed as much as may be out of
ward to physical weakness, it is impossible to partake of the

¹ J. H. and Jas. Parker.

Holy Eucharist without joining in the Nicene Creed. Such public recitation, of course, implies acceptance; and thus admission of the Creed of Nicæa becomes a condition of *complete* membership.

We have not leisure to enter into the interesting questions raised by Mr. J. B. Mozley, in his recent letter to Professor Stanley.¹

All that Mr. Mozley writes is sure to be fresh and interesting; and to many who may have felt difficulties, more especially as respects Articles IX. to XVII., the suggestions made in his pamphlet are well worth consideration. We are glad to be able to quote the following words from Mr. Mozley's concluding page:—‘A limit, of course, there must be to freedom of opinion within a communion which professes a definite creed.’ Mr. Mozley is not, at any rate, an aspirant after that ideal Church which appears at present to exist only in the brain of Professor Goldwin Smith; that wonderful Church, of which the ministers are apparently to be at liberty to hold the emoluments, *status*, and all the concomitant advantages, without any risk of being brought to trial for diversity of doctrines, so long as they only preach what they each individually sincerely believe to be the truth.

Practically, we suppose that the questions at issue will present themselves to many minds in some such shape as the following:—In 1850 one section of the Church of England failed to procure the condemnation of Mr. Gorham. A few years later another section failed to procure the condemnation of Archdeacon Denison. Ought not, then, each of these parties to make some allowances for diversity in another direction? Can we, who have accepted the Reformation, be peremptory in refusing to sanction the principle of active inquiry?

It must be owned, we think, that there is force in such considerations as these. They are questions which demand from our ecclesiastical rulers not only thought and learning, but a really deep insight into the nature of the questions at issue, and a right understanding of the temper of that age with which they have to deal. We rejoice at the elevation to the bench of such persons as Dr. Thompson and Dr. Ellicott, as on other accounts so also very specially on this, that they are men from whom in such matters we have much to hope.

Two dangers seem to us, with much diffidence we say it, to threaten us from opposite quarters. On the one hand, Irish Roman Catholics and Scottish Presbyterians are alike taunting the Church of England with her lack of discipline, her want of

¹ Subscription to the Articles: A Letter, &c. (J. H. and Jas. Parker).

power to silence even heretical teachers. Undoubtedly there is a point at which such lack of discipline becomes a just cause of scandal, and a very grievous wrong to the laity. On the other hand, we have no desire to see that 'hand of steel,' of which the Wesleyans boast, in operation in the English Church. All really novel questions, such as the relations of science to religion, the degree of the human element permitted to accompany inspiration, the degree in which we are bound to the form (as distinguished from the substance) of the scholastic doctrine respecting the *modus operandi* of our Redeemer's life and death—these topics we hope to see considered calmly and with circumspection, and not in such wise as shall permit men to say that, in some respects, Rome herself has allowed more liberty than Lambeth.

But there are other points on which we feel—we must avow it—very differently. Wherever men impugn, however indirectly, the teaching of those creeds which are the common heritage of Christendom, there we must frankly declare that we see no room for toleration. Dr. Stanley himself has said that, 'next after these [the great moral doctrines of the Gospel] ecclesiastical history teaches us that the most vital, the most comprehensive, the most fruitful, has been, and is still, not the supremacy of the Bible or the authority of its several books, not the power of the Pope or of the Church, not the Sacraments, not Original Sin, not Predestination, not Justification, but the doctrine of the Incarnation.'¹ We wish that we could honestly say that we had sufficient confidence in the metaphysical power and in the sense of the coherence of revealed truth possessed by him who wrote these words to be able to trust his keenness of perception, when the question at issue was, whether fundamental doctrines of the faith had been impugned or not. But, with all his many great gifts, we cannot think that he is endowed with a clear vision of the connexion of doctrines and of logical unity. Few things astonish us more than the way in which he can cite passages from sceptical writers, such as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill, without ever giving his readers a hint of the general teaching of their works, without apparently perceiving that what may be strictly in unison with the scope and bearing of Mr. Mill's views may be utterly inconsistent with the all but universal sentiments of Christian divines of every school. Certainly, to judge of Mr. Mill from the way in which he is quoted by Dr. Stanley, no one would imagine that Mr. Mill had spoken of the death of the Incarnate Lord as 'this strange

¹ On the Eastern Church, p. 214.

history of a crucified God.'¹ Or who, again, would guess that Mr. Carlyle had referred to the doctrine of a personal God as 'abstruse or *properly unspeakable matters*,'² if they were only acquainted with this brilliant writer as 'one who, as well by his genius and learning as by his command of the sympathies of the rising generation, *in a great measure represents the most advanced intelligence of our age*.'³ We disclaim, in making these remarks, any intention of personality; it is with sincere regret that we pen them. But it does seem to us a real duty to show cause why we are unable to esteem as a safe guide in this matter of subscription one who displays so little sense of the value of belief, or of the perils of scepticism.

We have already made allusion to Mr. Shirley's discourse on 'Undogmatic Christianity.' It is only by a careful reading of this sermon as a whole that its force and value can be appreciated. Most thankful are we to welcome such a publication from a resident Oxford tutor who, we understand, took his first degree so lately as 1851. We cannot do better than conclude with the following extract, which we desire thoroughly to make our own:—

'If undogmatic religion, with its large facility of accommodation to the requirements of modern thought, be also capable of imparting the strength, the consolation, the hope we need—if it be, indeed, that which God has commanded, and on which His blessing rests—let us embrace it without reserve. But if not—if the faith of Christendom be inextricably interwoven with its system of doctrine; if, indeed, it stands or falls with the truth of creed and article, with the truth of miracle and prophecy—let us not attempt to disguise its character, to conceal the features of it which give difficulty or offence. Let us remember that if the words of Our Lord, if the counsels of His Apostles, if the history of the Church be true, the bolder is also the safer course. It is not an accommodated, modified Christianity, but Christianity in all its abruptness, in all its definiteness, in all its undisguised enmity to the world, that has won the battles of the Cross. The Church of Christ has even been most powerful, not when diffused the most widely, but when believing the most intensely. Some of its noblest triumphs have been won over error: its creeds have been the pæans of its victory. . . . When men have cast in the teeth of the Church the too mechanical character of her

¹ Mill on Liberty, p. 49. The entire passage is most logical and consistent in the writings of one who does not believe in the existence of heresy or unbelief as a possible form of sin. It is in our mind neither consistent nor logical in a theologian to cite part of it as Dr. Stanley has done (*Eastern Church*, p. 217).

² Life of Sterling. Part ii. chap. ii.

³ Jewish Church, p. 252.

'teaching, they have in reality recoiled from her intense tenacity of doctrine. *And that tenacity is a law of her very being. Revealed religion is by its very nature dogmatic to the core.* It declares upon the front of it that the original law of man's nature has been broken. It speaks not of the development of perfect and immutable laws, but of the jarring effects of their breach, of the consequences of the fall, of the extraordinary remedies which it requires, of the disturbances even of the physical order of the world which those remedies involved. It speaks of spiritual disease and spiritual healing; of a mighty loss and its reparation. It places before us a continuous miracle, a stupendous interference of God for the redemption of His fallen creatures. *It bids us believe in this and be saved.*'

P.S.—We find that, at any rate, the London Clergy have not been slow to meet the sort of challenge, or at least appeal to them, which has been tendered by Dr. Stanley, who is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. The following address has, we are told, received between four and five hundred signatures, and its importance will justify its reproduction in this place. We give it with the explanatory letter of those who drew it up :—

'MY DEAR SIR,

' 16th June, 1863.

'It has been agreed by some of the London Incumbents to ask the signatures of all the Clergy of the Diocese to the accompanying Address.

'We have been requested to forward it to you; and, should you approve of it, you will perhaps be good enough to return it to us, to the care of MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY, Booksellers, 186, Fleet Street, not later than the 26th June.

'In order to obviate any possible misconception as to the purpose of the Address, we would ask to be allowed to observe—

'First.—That the Address expresses no opinion as to the absolute perfection or finality of Clerical Subscription as now enforced; nor is it intended to commit those who sign it to any declaration that they are not prepared to accept any future revision of the existing mode of Subscription if undertaken by the Church itself.

'Secondly.—That what the Address does protest against is, the suggestion that all Subscription should be abolished by an Act of Parliament. This is the substance of the first paragraph.

'Thirdly.—That the Address claims positively, in the second paragraph, that the Church must have *some* doctrinal standards by reason of her duties, first, to her Divine Head; and next, to the lay people whom she is commissioned to teach.

'Fourthly.—That the Church of England, both as part of the Church Catholic, and as a reformed Church, and as a Church surrounded by divisions, is now, less than ever, so situated as to be able to dispense with doctrinal safeguards; and that those which she at present possesses are not in these difficult times likely to be exchanged for any better. This is the substance of the third paragraph.

'Fifthly.—The fourth and last paragraph is intended only to vindicate the honesty of those who have accepted and accept the existing mode of Subscription.

'We are, my dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

'EDWARD AURIOL.

'ALEXANDER MCCAUL.

'WILLIAM SCOTT.'

'To the Reverend

'To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend THE LORD
BISHOP OF LONDON.

'WE, the undersigned Clergy of the Diocese of London, desire very respectfully to represent to your Lordship—

'That we view with much apprehension suggestions, which have recently been made by those whose position gives weight to their opinion, that the existing Subscriptions made by the Clergy at their Ordination, and on other occasions, should be removed by the Legislature.

'That fidelity to her Divine Head being the first duty of the Church, it is due to her Lay Members that they should be assured that her Ministers retain the deposit of the Faith, and that they minister the Word and Sacraments according to Christ's Ordinance, and that in our judgment this assurance would be impossible without some doctrinal safeguards and tests of personal faith.

'That to attain these objects no securities, as the testimony of history shows, can be depended upon without Clerical Subscription; and though it may be conceded that the existing tests have not been able to keep out all error even from teachers in our own communion, yet we feel assured that in these days they are not likely to be replaced by others more efficacious.

'For these reasons, while we deny that the existing Clerical Subscription is, in the majority of cases, or even in many cases, made otherwise than with good faith and entire sincerity, we desire to record our judgment that the attempts now made to abolish Subscription are fraught with present danger and future evil to the Church, and as such are to be deprecated and opposed.'

NOTICES.

'Epigrams: Ancient and Modern.' Edited, with an Introductory Preface, by the Rev. John Booth. (Longmans.) This is a collection of the chief epigrams which have been preserved in any language, from the days of Martial down to our own *Punch*. To the word 'epigram,' Mr. Booth gives a wide but legitimate meaning, comprising under the title any of those short pieces of poetry containing a play upon words, which our fathers called conceits, whether their object be satirical or not. In this way, we find some of George Herbert's poetry in what at first appears strange company. Such a work cannot fail to be interesting, especially when, as in this case, the execution combines some research in the collection of materials, with care and judgment in the after-work of selection. One great value too is, that it is suggestive as well as instructive—calculated to draw out fresh treasures from the hoards of private knowledge, as well as to place upon a permanent record those which are already public property.

Mr. W. W. Shirley's recent sermon on 'Undogmatic Christianity' (J. H. and J. Parker), is more than a good University Sermon. It is, in fact, a very able and philosophical treatise, within a small compass, on the causes and tendencies of the lamentable impatience of dogmatic truth now too common among us.

Among the more important books of the quarter we may specify Mr. Neale's 'Essays on Hymnology' (Saunders and Otley), chiefly reprinted from our own pages, to which we propose to devote an article in our next number; and 'The Life of Bishop Blomfield' (Murray), which, from its importance and excellence as a specimen of biography, also demands a fuller notice than it can meet with in this place.

Mr. T. W. Perry has published a most elaborate and learned 'Essay on the Declaration on Kneeling' (Masters), which completely settles the subject. As a reply to Dean Goode, it is complete and exhaustive, and does credit to the writer's good taste and exuberant research.

The completion of the series of the 'Anglo-Catholic Library' marks an era in literary and controversial history. The concluding volumes consist of the long-delayed 'Life of Bishop Wilson,' by Mr. Keble. The delay is well compensated by the rich and elaborate details which the biographer has collected. The biographer and his subject were never better fitted for each other.

Dr. Irons' extremely able pamphlet, 'A Letter to the Bishop of London on Professor Stanley's Views on Clerical and Academical Subscription' (Rivingtons), though confined entirely to the Subscription of the Clergy, points out several

errors which the Oxford Professor, whose *métier* is the picturesque rather than the accurately historical style, has committed. It is a very valuable letter. Dr. Irons does not detect one blunder of Professor Stanley's, the substitution of the eighteenth for the sixteenth century in describing the Reformation period.

Mr. James Mozley's 'Letter to Professor Stanley' (Murray), elsewhere adverted to, points out a separate line of argument which is of a more subtle character. Mr. Mozley's philosophical mind sees that the acceptance of the Bible doctrines involves just as much as the declaration in subscription. These two pamphlets deserve very earnest attention.

'The Condition and Prospects of Architectural Art' (Murray), by Mr. Beresford Hope, is a thoughtful and eloquent essay. It shows distinctly how few are the facts which justify Mr. Fergusson's complaint of the reactionary principles of the Gothicians.

Mr. E. A. Freeman's 'History of Federal Government' (Macmillan), though it may seem to have been inspired by the miserable civil war in America, is a work of no ephemeral interest. It places the author in the front of living historians, and exhibits great research and learning. But the nature of the subject, consisting of a series of detached periods of history, prevents his work taking that epic form which is or ought to be the character of the greatest historical works.

'The Footsteps of Error,' by the Dean of Carlisle (Hatchard), is a work unusually characteristic. Who so well calculated to track error as one who has never walked in anything else? The notion of republishing stale old magazine articles, which dealt out death and anathema twenty years ago to sundry views, schools, and societies, which are now alive and aggressive, is irresistibly comic. But a sense of the ludicrous seldom penetrates the cathedral, or any other, Close.

Many of our readers will welcome, in a separate form, the publication of the 'Essay on Convocation,' which is now authenticated by the writer, Mr. J. Gibson Cazenove, and published by Mr. Mozley.

From the same publisher we have to acknowledge, with thanks, the publication of the first volume of 'Serious and Miscellaneous Readings for Village Schools,' which supplies a blank in what we may call our practical parish literature.

We have hardly had time to do more than look at Dean Alford's 'New Testament for English Readers' (Longman), of which the first volume has been issued. It seems to be, what it assumes to be, practical.

The most learned work on extant controversies is undoubtedly Mr. Gresswell's 'Reply to Colenso, Part I' (J. H. and J. Parker). It fully sustains the respected writer's reputation, and displays that fulness of learning and accuracy which is now becoming rare, because scholars and theologians are rare.

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1863.

- ART. I.—1. *On Miracles, as Evidences of Christianity.*—By H. L. MANSEL, B.D. Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford.
2. *On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity.* By BADEN POWELL, M.A. F.R.S. Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.
3. *The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven ; an Appeal to Scripture on the Question of Miracles.* By the Rev. John Llewelyn Davies, Rector of Christ Church, S. Marylebone.

IT has of late been frequently remarked, that the tendency of the present age is to the denial of the supernatural in religion. This is quite true ; but it is a very imperfect estimate of the intellectual forces at work around us. The tendency of the present age is not only to the denial of the supernatural in religion, but of the human in man. The real spirit of the present age would regard as a dream of the past, not only a God distinct from and above nature, but man as distinct from nature. It would discard from the page of history alike the God of Israel and the great men of whom we read. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, and the prophets, the heroes of Homer, and the statesmen and philosophers of Greece and Rome, all are alike myths and dreams of the past. Man is not the living personal being we take him to be. He is but a happy concurrence of fortuitous atoms. In the fixed relations of these atoms, not in any mythical soul or individuality which we might suppose him to possess, would be found the explanation of all mental phenomena. His intellectual and moral peculiarities may all be read in the construction of his brain. He is not, therefore, to be admired or praised for any good qualities, or blamed for any opposite ones. They are due not to him, but to fate, or blind chance, or elaborating nature. In a word, man is a myth, a dream. What passes for him is not himself, but

one of Nature's organisms; a slightly different construction, and we should have had a baboon. Such is the spirit of the present age. Everything which rises above the dead level of natural forces is antagonistic to it. Not only God Almighty, and the signs and wonders that He has done, but man himself, and all that he admires, loves, and venerates, all the great ideas which have thrilled through society, and given birth to honour, noble deeds, self-denial, and heroism, all are beautiful pictures waxing dimmer and dimmer. The light of the Gospel pales before the light of science. It is already the Gospel of the past. Attractions and repulsions, chemicalities and organisms, these be thy gods, O Israel! these the Gospel of the present age.

Under this point of view, we are able to estimate the real nature of the recent controversy regarding miracles. It is not, as is sometimes represented, a mere question regarding the value to be attached to one class of the evidences of religion. It is not as if those who deny or depreciate miracles were removing what may after all be but a doubtful support, and leaving Christianity to rest upon its many solid foundations. If we look at the argument by which we are called upon to surrender miracles, we see that it reaches much further. Miracles, special providence, fatherly love and care, are the signs of a *personal* God. They embody his mind and heart, just as human acts are the signs of the *personal* man, and represent what is within him. But against all these, and with equal force, is the argument from the spirit of the present age directed. It is true, that in respect of the others war has not yet been openly declared; the enemy has not yet unmasked his forces. He contents himself with attacking miracles, which are the outposts of a vast system. But we must not suppose that he will rest content with his victory over them. Rather, the moment they are disposed of, the others will share their fate. Thus, in the issue of this controversy, man has a deep and living interest. In contending for miracles, he is, in some measure, doing battle for his own existence. In their fate is summed up everything he need care for, God, self, freedom, immortality.

It is our purpose, at present, to pass in review some of the arguments for and against miracles, which have recently been put forward, and to find, if possible, a point of view in which they may be advantageously placed. There are three well-defined views which, for the most part, prevail at the present day, of which the three papers placed at the head of this article may be taken as the representatives. Professor Mansel comes forward as a powerful defender of the orthodox and traditional view. Opposite to him, on the extreme left, stands the late Professor Powell, not unworthily representing the spirit of the

inductive philosophy. As the former is the defender, so the latter is the strenuous opponent, of miracles, and represents the most advanced view. Mr. Davies, again, stands half-way between the two, neither defending nor opposing, neither affirming nor denying. He is the representative of that peculiar phase of Broad, which advocates in religion a large heart and little intellect.

Of Professor Mansel's paper it is impossible to speak too highly; it is lucid and able. He knows thoroughly what he is about, and handles his subject with the skill of a master. If we were disposed to criticise, we might indicate, as his defect, a want of breadth. But this, on his part, was probably designed; indeed, he avowedly disregards all higher views. He is utterly indifferent to the theological import of miracles. It is enough for him that, as a matter of fact, Christ and His apostles have appealed to them. Their truth and credit are staked upon their reality. He thus finds the fortification he is called upon to defend already traced out. And without inquiring or troubling himself as to whether it is good or tenable, he valiantly places himself in the breach. His blows are murderous, and need no repetition. There is no one who rises from the perusal of this essay but feels he has acquitted himself as a good soldier, and manfully held his ground. If we are still in some sense not satisfied, it is not the fault of the defender; for he has performed all that he undertook. But it may be that we want some more extended view of the bearings of the struggle. It may be that we feel uneasy lest, having beaten the enemy in the battle, he out-general us in the campaign.

Professor Powell's essay is a striking contrast to that of Mr. Mansel's. The transition from the one to the other is like passing out of the sunshine into a cloud. Not that Professor Powell is hopelessly perplexed and confused. On the contrary, up to a certain point his views are clear and well defined. But there is a sphere beyond this in which he is utterly at fault, in which he wanders about unable to find a path. And what is remarkable—he is unable to distinguish when he is on firm ground, and when in the air; but is ever hovering between the two. This union of the tangible and impalpable, the clear and the confused, is well illustrated in his mode of argument. He can tell us, for instance, with no hesitating voice, that the suspension of a law of nature is impossible; but this well defined and intelligible argument is inextricably mixed up with another—a vague, misty, impalpable something, he cannot tell what, but which he denominates—the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy.

'Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.'

It is really as if the Professor had raised a ghost which he could neither interrogate nor lay, but only stare at in dumb amazement. The fault of Professor Powell is pre-eminently the fault of scientific men of the present day. It is a want of intellectual training, an ignorance of the nature of human knowledge in its higher departments, and a consequent inability to perceive the limits within which alone it is valid.

The position which Mr. Davies takes up in this controversy carries with it a striking disadvantage. It is the hard fate of a mediator, that he must take his stand half-way between the combatants. And, however blessed and practicable such a position may be when the opposites are made up of flesh and blood, it is a very different thing when intellectual entities are at war with each other. An angry man may be appeased, but logic is inexorable. The hopelessness of mediation in all such contests is well illustrated by Mr. Davies. The result at which he arrives is somewhat the following:—He concedes to the believer the reality of the Scripture miracles, and that they were worked by the finger of God; but at the same time yields to the inductionist that they were not different in kind from the wonders wherewith a Faraday might astonish a nation of savages, and hence not contrary to nature. As to their evidential value, he allows that they were evidences to the people at the time—*θαύματα μωροῖς* as we might say—contrivances whereby our Lord excited the wonder and overcame the prejudices of an ignorant people. So much he allows to the believer; but at the same time concedes to the inductionist that they are not evidences for educated people. We must give Mr. Davies the credit of strict impartiality alike in his resistance and concessions to the claims of the contending parties, though at the same time we may be permitted to question the success of his reconciliation. It is only necessary to clear up what he has studiously confused and kept in the back ground, to see that his account can satisfy no one. Were the miracles of Scripture worked by natural or supernatural means? It is observable, in reference to this question that our Lord's truth is staked upon two things—first, the reality of the miracles, and secondly, on the fact that they had a supernatural cause. Whatever answer, therefore, Mr. Davies gives to this question, his intended reconciliation is hopeless. If he satisfies the inductionist by affirming a natural cause, he deals a fatal blow at the truth of Christ, and the controversy is at an end. If he yields to the believer, and affirms a supernatural cause, the question is precisely where it was. The inductionist and the believer are irreconcilably opposed to each other, and they must be left to fight it out.

In proceeding to the consideration of the subject of miracles,

the first point to be made out is to form some 'conception of a miracle.' In this we fear we shall offend the sensibilities of Mr. Davies. In common with the school to which he belongs, he is 'opposed to exactitude in theological matters; but especially does he deprecate it with regard to the matter in hand. He has a particular antipathy to the conception of a miracle. But we cannot yield to his wishes in this matter. So long as there is a subject which is matter of dispute, it is of the utmost consequence that we should endeavour to have clear views regarding it. It is the only way of arriving at a definite result; it is the only method of securing fairness and impartiality in the discussion. It happens, indeed, in this particular instance, that Mr. Davies has a reason for decrying exactitude. The point upon which the whole discussion turns, as we have already hinted, is precisely the one which he desires to obscure, and for the very same reason it is the one which we are anxious to clear up. It does not follow, as Mr. Davies seems to imply, that a clear conception must be foreign to the ideas of the New Testament. That may or may not be the case. It is certainly possible, by attentive and careful study, to seize the prevailing idea in the New Testament, and to express it in exact terms, and this is what we now desire to do.

To the human mind a thing is unintelligible so long as it stands alone. It is only when we are enabled to class it with other things, to comprehend it in a higher unity, or, in other words, to refer it to its cause, that it becomes intelligible to us; and a definition or conception is the precise statement whereby this is effected. Have we, then, in Holy Scripture the materials out of which we can construct such a definition of miracles? Such we have in the words of our Lord, 'If I with the finger of God cast out devils.' Here we have everything essential to a perfect definition. A miracle is a work or event, but one which we do not class with the ordinary events of the world, but which we refer to that class of events effected by 'the finger of God.' There is another idea comprehended in the word miracle—viz. that of wonder. But this idea is of such a nature as shows that it cannot belong to the essence of the conception, but is only accidental to it. It expresses not the thing itself, but the feeling created by it in the mind of the beholder, which feeling may be strong or weak, present or absent, without in any way affecting the character of the event.

In the words of Christ above quoted, the miracle is said to be effected by the 'finger of God;' and this is true of the Christian miracles. But in the faith of the people, sanctioned so far by the voice of Scripture, there were other works equally miracles which were done by Beelzebub. This latter class of

miracles has this in common with the former, that they are referred to a cause above nature. Putting, therefore, both classes together, we have as the result the Scripture idea of a miracle, which, expressed in definite language, is an event with a supernatural cause.

We may here notice, by the way, an objection which Mr. Davies has grounded on this double origin of miracles. He says those who contend for the principle of a revelation attested by miracles would find it hard to surmount the difficulty, 'that our Lord and His apostles contemplate the possibility of signs and wonders being wrought by false Christs and false prophets—of a Gospel being preached by an angel from heaven, which true men ought to reject with curses.' But in what way is this a difficulty to our belief in a revelation attested by miracles? Obviously not in the way intended by Mr. Davies. He argues that a Divine revelation must be ascertainable without miracles, they not being conclusive proof, because of their double origin. But this inference is certainly not warranted by the premises. A man of science does not argue that the presence of a given agent in nature is to be detected without any phenomenon, because a phenomenon very similar to that which is characteristic of it is the sign of another agent. He would rather argue that greater care ought to be taken in discriminating between the phenomena. In like manner we cannot argue from the double origin of miracles that a Divine revelation can be proved without them. No doubt this double origin does create a difficulty; but it is entirely of a practical kind. And it is observable that both our Lord and His apostles address themselves to the solution of it. They have laid down rules for discriminating between the works of God and the works of the Evil One. To some minds, indeed, the very suggestion of this raises perplexity of another kind. The faith of our age is opposed to that of the apostles. We have ceased to believe in the presence of spiritual beings, and, of course, cannot believe in the signs of their presence. But on such a matter a wise man will reserve his judgment. A negative on our part may be just as hasty as an affirmative on theirs. There may be more things in God's creation than are dreamt of in our philosophy. At any rate, it is a sign of folly hastily to assume that such things cannot be.

In defining the miracle to be an event with a supernatural cause, we find ourselves at issue with Mr. Davies, at least so far as we are able to understand the drift of his paper. He has not, indeed, so far as we observe, anywhere asserted that the miracles of Scripture may be referred to natural causes. The assertion, in view of such miracles as the Resurrection, would be simply absurd. But the whole aim of his paper is to confuse the point.

He argues that had there been a question as to whether any work of S. Paul was done by natural or supernatural means, the ignorant people who surrounded him at Ephesus would not even have understood the question. Possibly not; but it does not follow that they had not a very precise idea of what we mean by the supernatural. A peasant might not understand if we spoke to him of the law of gravitation, but even a savage has a very clear idea so far of the law itself, and of the mode in which it operates. And so the people around our Lord might never have distinguished, in school phrase, between a class of works which were natural and a class which were supernatural, and yet we know they were very conscious of the difference. They were very certain that no man could do the miracles which He did except God were with him. There was, in fact, in the mind of the people, no less than in the nature of the works themselves, an impassable gulf between the works of our Lord and the wonders wherewith a Faraday might astonish a nation of savages—the whole difference between the finger of God and the manipulation of a conjuror. It is, indeed, inconceivable how any one with even a slight acquaintance with the age in which the Gospel was first preached could overlook a thing so patent as the conception then formed of a miracle. Not only in many passages, such as the words of our Lord already quoted, is the idea definitely expressed, but at every turn it is implied. In that age there was a vivid conviction, not only of the presence of the Supreme God with his people, but of a multitude of beings and powers who took an active interest in the affairs of men; and the presence and working of these supernatural beings was manifested in miracles, signs, and wonders.

There is thus no difficulty in determining in a historical point of view the proper conception of a miracle; the real difficulty is in vindicating the tenability of that conception in view of the present age. We are here met by an objection on the part of Professor Powell which would be fatal were it a valid one. He tells us that no testimony can reach to the supernatural, consequently the reference of the miracle to such a cause must be illusory, at least uncertain. Professor Mansel meets this objection by a negative. He points out that both our Lord and His apostles have testified that they did their works by the finger of God. From the circumstances of the case, it is certain they must have known if it were so; and as on other grounds we have convincing proof of their truth and goodness, we have thus a reliable testimony reaching to the supernatural. It is observable that this kind of testimony—the testimony of the performer—is essentially different in character from another kind, that of the observer. The performer is conscious of the cause

from immediate knowledge, the observer can only arrive at it by way of inference. There can, therefore, be no objection made to this testimony on the ground of want of knowledge. And on this account it is especially valuable; but not on this account alone. It not only puts the fact of the miracle, such as we conceive it, beyond question, but supplies the only ground on which we can arrive at the interpretation of miracles. As this witness without the miracle were naught, so the miracle without the witness were meaningless. They mutually support each other.

It is probable that Professor Powell left out of view this particular kind of testimony when he made his objection. He was thinking solely of the testimony of the observer; and it may be worth while to inquire how far the objection is valid as against this latter kind. It may turn out that, so far from being a valid objection, it implies an absurdity. It is said no testimony can reach to the supernatural; but can testimony reach to any cause? A careful consideration will show that it cannot. Causes, equally with substances, are beyond the sphere of human knowledge. Even in nature, we cannot know causes, and consequently they can never form the subject of testimony. There is only one substance and one cause which is matter of direct knowledge to us, that is, ourselves. All other substances and causes are inferred, not known. What we do is to study the relation of phenomena, and when we find phenomena in such wise related, that what is called a *nexus* subsists between them, we infer in the antecedent the existence of a force or power which is the cause of the consequent.¹ But this power is equally beyond the sphere of knowledge and testimony. The objection of Professor Powell therefore is absurd; for it demands for miracles a testimony which is impossible. The real question

¹ Such is the plain statement of the matter; but it is to be observed that no phenomenon is the result of a single cause, but of many causes and conditions combined. In common language, when we speak of the cause of any phenomenon, as if there were only one, we mean by the cause that power, whose operation gives the character under which the resulting phenomenon is conceived, the other conditions being left out of sight. We are well aware that Professor Powell, in a previous work, objects to this view of cause and effect, denying the existence of such an inferred power or cause, and maintaining that the only *nexus* is invariable sequence. He might therefore have objected to the reasoning in the text. But we are at the same time aware that he was incapable of estimating the consequences of this denial. The conception that we form of nature, as that of substance and accident, cause and effect (derived, as these ideas are, from the consciousness that we have of the mode in which we ourselves exist, and so transferred to outer nature) may be right, or, as Professor Powell argues, it may be wrong. But one thing is certain: we cannot think of nature in any other way, without falling into contradictions and impossibilities. To deny, therefore, the existence of substance or cause, is simply to say that science is impossible. If the human mind errs, or is incapable on this fundamental point, all its interpretations of nature must be illusory. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.'

is whether in the case of the Scripture miracles we have the same means of determining the cause that we have in the case of natural phenomena. But this is a point which cannot be argued in general terms; it must be determined by the consideration of the miracles themselves. We can only remark that, in the case of the miracles of our Lord, we have satisfactory testimony to show that what is called a *nexus* existed between His Will and certain effects, such as stilling the waves, healing the sick, raising the dead. Setting aside the supposition of collusion, we have this certain inference, that in the Person of Christ there resided a power which was the cause of these things. But this power, from our knowledge of human capabilities, we are enabled to determine to be superhuman or supernatural. Thus, even the testimony of an observer reaches to the supernatural in the only way in which it is possible for testimony to reach any cause.

An important inquiry still remains, viz., whether our definition of a miracle as an event with a supernatural cause is a sufficient one? In later times, as we know, this definition has not been thought sufficient; but another idea has been added to it, viz., 'contrary to nature,' 'suspension of a natural law or cause.' The inquiry is a most important one; for, if we adopt this addition, we lay the miracle open, as we shall see, to very formidable objections. In addressing ourselves to the solution of this point, the first thing to be ascertained is, whether this idea necessarily enters into our conception of a miracle. A little consideration will show that it does not. Any event clearly ascertained to have a supernatural cause would undoubtedly be regarded as miraculous, even though not contrary to nature. The stone, for instance, rolled away from the door of the sepulchre we regard as a miracle, on the simple ground that it was done by angels. Yet it cannot be alleged that that event was contrary to nature, or that it involved a suspension of a law of nature. The same act might have been performed by man or by mechanical power, and in that case it would have been perfectly natural. We thus see that the distinguishing mark of the miracle, to our mind, is, not contrary to nature, but having a supernatural cause. We see, too, that the supposition of the suspension of a law of nature does not apply to all miracles. It does not apply to a miracle considered as a miracle. Consequently, if it does apply to some miracles it must be accidental to them.

But does it apply to any miracle? Are we necessitated to suppose in the case of any one of the miracles of the New Testament that a natural law was suspended? We think not. Nature is made up of an immense variety of powers acting and

reacting upon each other. When these powers are in equilibrium no visible effect is produced, but we have perfect rest. A visible effect or change only results when one of the powers formerly in equilibrium happens to preponderate, or when some new agent bears upon the spot. According to this law, which runs through the whole of nature, the event which we call a miracle might be effected through the simple introduction of a Divine agent. Nor need we suppose, when this new power appears upon the scene, that any power of nature is at all suspended. It is simply overborne or dominated over by a higher energy—a fate to which it is constantly subjected in its warfare with its fellows.

The view here taken is strengthened by the fact, stated by Mr. Davies, that the idea of contrary to nature as entering into the conception of a miracle is entirely absent from Holy Scripture. We are happy, in this instance, to be able to agree with him, and have only to regret that in pointing out this fact he has confused two things perfectly distinct. He treats the two ideas of contrary to nature, and having a supernatural cause, as if they were one and the same thing. He thus falls into the error of supposing that S. Paul, in a passage he quotes from 1 Cor. xii. 8, is obliterating the distinction between the natural and the supernatural, whereas in the sharpest manner he is establishing it. The passage is indeed most remarkable, and, as it bears forcibly upon the question we are discussing, merits our special attention. S. Paul says: 'For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.' Here, in the plainest and most striking manner we have the supernatural, or as we should say miraculous, character of all these gifts brought out. They are not natural, but communicated by the Spirit. The idea of S. Paul is that, with the coming of Christ, there was introduced a new era in the history of man—an era whose distinguishing characteristic was the introduction of a Divine power within the sphere of humanity. Christ was God manifest in the flesh; and after His Ascension God was present in each living member of His Body in the person of the Spirit. There was thus created a distinction between the Christian and the natural man. The Christian had within him a Divine power superadded to the powers of the natural man. And this Divine power manifested

itself outwardly in various ways, regenerating him, conferring on him graces and gifts, sometimes even asserting a direct dominion over outer nature. It is evident that S. Paul recognises no distinction, between the power of the Spirit which renewed the soul and that which healed the sick. They were both equally supernatural, equally miraculous. 'All these worketh that one 'and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He 'will.' And this shows that the idea of 'contrary to nature' did not enter into his conception. No one would suppose the former kind of miracle contrary to nature; but why suppose the latter? If nature can find a place for the natural man with his unceasing activities, and suffer no inconvenience, why should she do so in the case of the Divinely-endowed man?

The solution of this question leads us naturally to another which, in view of modern objections, is equally important, viz., Whether miracles are to be thought of as *interpositions*? In the idea of an interposition are contained these two things: 1st, The idea of God's *direct* and *immediate* intervention in nature, and 2d, That this intervention is *abnormal*, a departure from His ordinary plan and rule, an act which stands isolated by itself. Are miracles, then, to be thought of as interpositions in this light? Are we to suppose that as each emergency arose the circumstances of the case were before the Divine mind, and that perceiving His ordinary laws insufficient for the attainment of the required end He *directly* and *immediately* intervened by an abnormal act, in order to overcome the difficulty? We think that what we have already stated supplies us with data for answering in the negative. If we refer to the above passage of S. Paul, we find (so far as regards the miracles manifested in the Church) that, though in his idea they are effected by Divine power, yet that Divine power does not proceed *immediately* from God, but is put forth *mediately* through man. The power of working miracles resides in man as a Divine Gift. It is given once for all by the Spirit, and given in accordance with a rule or plan of action. When the gift has thus been given, it is for man to exercise it. And in the exercise of it—in the performance, for instance, of a miraculous act of healing, such as we read of in the New Testament or in Church history—it is not necessary to suppose a special interposition of God. We rather recognise in it the working out of a great scheme or plan of His dealing with man. We do not suppose that God specially intervenes in every act of intellect: and yet the power of intellect is as really from God as the power of working miracles. The only difference is, that the former man receives by creation, the latter by grace.

So far, then, as concerns the miracles of the Church, they are

not, in the idea of S. Paul, interpositions of God. The miracle does not stand isolated like some unaccountable prodigy. It is referable to a Divine law—a law not of the kingdom of nature, but of the kingdom of grace. It is precisely the same with the miracles of Christ. They are not to be thought of as interpositions; for they were effected not by the Divine power intervening suddenly and abnormally, but by the Divine power dwelling in the world in the person of Christ. The only interposition (if, indeed, that can be called an interposition which had been prepared from the beginning) was when the Son of God took flesh. All the miracles that followed were but the natural and necessary sequence of this event. But the appearance of the Son of God on earth was not, in the above sense, an interposition. In the idea of S. Paul, as we have seen, it was part of a great and Divine plan—the introduction to a new era in the history of man.

The miracles of the Old Testament have a somewhat different character. Most of them it seems natural to ascribe to the *immediate* agency of Almighty God, and so far of course they are interpositions, but, as we shall see, not *abnormal*. The Almighty has a direct and personal relation with every individual soul, as well as with mankind in general. And in that relation is involved, not only the tribute of our adoration going up, but love, care, and providence on His part. It is difficult, we should almost say impossible, to draw the line between miraculous and ordinary providence. Providence itself, if it is not simply a name, is a miracle, for it is the direct agency of Almighty God. Now, if we class miracles of the Old Testament under the head of God's providence, we may possibly view them in their true light; but we shall thereby place them in a different category from those of the New. Yet this seems to be the proper point of view. Their general end seems to have been the manifestation of God's perpetual providence, while the general end of those in the New was for the manifestation of a higher truth—the elevation of man to God, and his victory thereby over the evils of nature. And it was, perhaps, necessary that man should experience the former relation, ere he was fitted for the latter. Nor are the miracles of the Old Testament thereby laid open to the charge of being abnormal interpositions. On the contrary, they are as much reducible to law as those of the New. They express not the exception to, but the rule of, God's action; they are but the extremes of a vast system which is within the experience of every soul—a system which, perhaps, it was necessary to express in such striking ways, ere it could be brought home to the hearts of men.

So much, then, for our conception of the miracle; we have next to consider its evidential value. Hitherto, as is well known, Divines have maintained the indispensable necessity of miracles to the establishment of the truth of Christianity. And the point of view under which this appeal to miracles has been made has been somewhat the following. A man stands forth and performs a wonderful work—a work such as every one must acknowledge no one could perform, except by the power of God. God is thus conceived as interposing for the purpose of guaranteeing the truth of the individual in question. We are, therefore, bound to listen to him, and to receive his utterance as the word of God. Thus, from the miracle they argued to the truth of the Bible, and from the Bible they learned the truths of Christianity.

This conception we regard as quite untenable. It is not only, as we have seen, foreign to the ideas of the Bible, but it is liable to very formidable objections under the weight of which it must inevitably succumb. The vice of it consists in introducing the Bible as a middle term between the miracle and Christ. The conclusion is not only thereby weakened by the addition of another link¹ to the chain, but the miracle itself is distorted from its true point of view to something utterly different. It is the manifestation not of order and law, but of disorder and confusion. It is an exceptional act on the part of God, and as such it is attacked on scientific, philosophical, and moral grounds. But even if it overcame these objections it will fail in attesting the Divine mission of the performer. Placed in this aspect it has only one attribute whereby it can be measured, viz. that of power. But from power alone we cannot draw the inference to God. Modern science would be ready with the inference of some unknown power which further progress might reveal, while Mr. Davies has shown that Scripture contemplates the agency of powers which are not of God.

It is evident that Mr. Davies is overwhelmed by the weight of these difficulties. Feeling that he can no longer retain the miracle in its old position, he would gladly, if he could, get rid of it altogether; but, as this is impossible, he will displace it as far as he can from its old position. As we have seen, he strenu-

¹ This weakening of the conclusion is seen from this, that, if we argue from the miracle to an infallible Bible, the adversary is ready to join issue upon the point, and can bring forward a formidable case. We cannot, therefore, establish the faith till we have repelled all attacks upon the Bible. How much more simple and conclusive is our argument, if, taking the Bible as historical materials, we argue at once to the Incarnation of Christ. When we have attained this truth, we are able to *infer* the inspiration of the Bible; an inspiration which, though different *in kind*, is really higher than infallible dictation.

ously denies the evidential value of miracles. It is true that our Lord and His apostles performed them; but it is a mistake to appeal to them as proofs of their mission. They prove nothing of the kind, but are rather difficulties in the way of our belief. Nor are they at all needed. The evidence of the Gospel is in itself. 'The truth concerning God, and His redemption of mankind, will commend itself to the hearts of men, 'without requiring suspensions of the order of nature to introduce it.'

We feel considerable sympathy with Mr. Davies in the difficulties by which he has been beset. There can be no doubt that to present the miracle to a man of science under its old form is almost necessarily to ensure its rejection. But is the modified view which he proposes a safe solution? We think not. For, in the *first place*, looking simply at the historical position of miracles, it cannot be doubted that he deals a far heavier blow at the truth of the Gospel than the one he was parrying. But passing over this, How far, in the *second place*, is he justified in his position, that the Gospel is its own evidence—that its truth will commend itself to the hearts of men in advance of all argument?

The answer to this question will depend on what we mean by the Gospel. If we regard Christianity as consisting simply of a system of moral and spiritual truth, then miracles are not necessary, but must be viewed rather as hindrances and obstacles in the way of our belief. Whatever view we may take as to the way in which man has attained to the capacity of judging of such truth, whether by natural intuition, by the process of education, or by the silent teaching of God's spirit, there can be no doubt of the fact, that we do possess that capacity. Take, for instance, the sayings 'Do unto others as 'you would they should do unto you;' or, 'God is a spirit, 'and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in 'truth.' We do not need the support of miracles to recommend these sayings to the heart. However we have attained to it, there is something within us that bears witness to their truth. It would make no difference, as to our faith, whether they were spoken by a man, or by an angel direct from heaven. For they do not rest upon authority—their witness is in themselves, and in the human heart.

But does Christianity consist of nothing else than such a system of truth? To maintain that it does not is a conceivable mode of belief. It is, in truth, the programme put forth more or less by the Essayists. Such a system would reject not only miracles, but everything supernatural in Christianity. Under a cloud of phraseology, not only the Resurrection and other

miracles, but the Divine nature of Christ would vanish in the air. Christ was a human teacher just as Socrates or Shakspeare, or, what comes to the same thing, all were equally divine. Such a system is based upon the supposition that all that is needed for the elevation of man is teaching. If we can only put him in possession of a certain amount of moral and spiritual truth, his regeneration is ensured. And there is no doubt something very attractive in all this. It was a beautiful and generous thought which Plato adopted, that all sin arises from ignorance; and that man only needs to be enlightened as to the true good in order to embrace and follow it. But *solvitur ambulando* is a good rule. The world has had the advantage of some experience since the days of Plato; and that experience has not been of a nature to establish beyond question the justice of his view. The idea of Plato was tried for more than three hundred years, and the result was that certain stern facts were graven deep into the consciousness of mankind. Society under the discipline of philosophy had attained thus far—to the absence of all faith and of every higher motive, to universal selfishness and moral degradation—in a word, to a state of things at which men like Plutarch were overcome with despair. Now facts such as these have hitherto been supposed to prove that knowledge alone is not a regenerator; that *σοφία* does not always beget *ἔρως*, nor is *ἐπιστήμη* always and necessarily the *ἰσχυρὸν* the *ἡγεμονικόν* and the *ἀρχικόν*. At any rate, one fact is abundantly certain, that Christianity professedly and pointedly took its stand on the opposite position, the insufficiency of knowledge, cultivation, and every natural means. Man could only be raised through the introduction into the world of a Divine power. How well is all this depicted by S. Paul, not only in passages such as this, ‘For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe,’ but, more strikingly still, in the despairing cry of the natural man: ‘O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!’ and then, in the exulting thought that at length a Deliverer had been found, ‘I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

In common with the school to which he belongs, we believe Mr. Davies would frankly accept this position. He, at least, could not reduce Christianity to a mere system of moral and spiritual truth. He feels that something more is needed. Christianity without belief in a living God, without the leadership and aid of an ever-present Captain and Redeemer who is the Son of God, would be nothing to him. Mr. Davies sums up the fundamental truth of Christianity as being that ‘the

'Eternal God, the Maker of all, has manifested Himself in His Son Jesus of Nazareth, and in Him has claimed us as His children, partakers of His Spirit.'

How then stands the question when we recognise this as the substance of Christianity? We frankly granted that—were the Gospel nothing more than a system of moral and spiritual truth—then miracles were not necessary, but rather a hindrance; but now when we recognise Christianity as being in substance this message—God was Incarnate in the Person of Jesus Christ for the deliverance of the world, can we equally in this case dispense with miracles? Is it enough, as Mr. Davies argues, to bring *this* Gospel forward in advance of all arguments, trusting to its being its own evidence?

It is obvious that Mr. Davies has here committed a double blunder. In the *first place*, he has forgotten the essential difference between this latter truth and the former ones. The former truths, such as 'God is a Spirit,' or, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' are abstract truths, resting on fundamental principles in the human mind. They, therefore, appeal to the human mind for their evidence, and to nothing else. By a mental process, they are transformed from the sphere of feeling or intuition into that of logic, and when we appeal to an innate sense for their truth we simply appeal to the consciousness of every man to say whether this process has not been rightly performed. But the proposition, God was Incarnate in Jesus Christ for the deliverance of the world, is of a totally different nature. It is not an abstract truth, but a historical fact, and, consequently, by no power of intuition could we assure ourselves of its truth. However much the fact embodied in these words may answer to a want and longing in the heart—however much the thought of it may thrill our nature to its very depth, still this is no proof of its truth. This very want and longing has given rise to many pretensions, which, alas! we know to have been baseless. That God was Incarnate in Christ Jesus is a fact which must rest upon evidence just as every other historical fact. There is no power of clairvoyance in the human mind by which we can see its truth independent of evidence.

But Mr. Davies not only fails to perceive that the Christianity he adopts is a historical fact resting upon evidence, but that it is a supernatural fact, and, consequently, that it needs evidence of a peculiar kind. It is evident that to prove that our Lord was Incarnate God, we not only need evidence that He lived and died, that His life was blameless, and that He spake as never man spake—all this would prove that He was wonderful among the sons of men—but we need something more before we can acknowledge the justice of his claim to be the Son of God.

That he was God Incarnate was a fact above nature ; it could, therefore, only be proved by a manifestation above nature, that is by miracle.

This is so important that it merits further consideration. We say that the fact that Christ was God being a supernatural fact could only be proved by a supernatural manifestation. Now this assertion rests upon a fundamental principle of all our knowledge. We cannot know things according to that which they are in themselves, but only in and through the phenomena they manifest ; and hence our judgment as to what anything is, is entirely dependent on the manifestations connected with it. How, for instance, do we satisfy ourselves as to the nature and identity of any thing ? Supposing a substance is presented to a chemist, and he is asked to determine of what nature it is, how does he proceed ? He begins by carefully observing all its qualities, and noting the phenomena to which it gives rise, in any circumstances in which it may be placed. He places it in every possible relation, and notes the signs and tokens which are manifested. If it should happen that these phenomena are identical with those of any previously known substance, the identity of the substance inquired about with that substance is determined. But should the phenomena manifested be altogether unknown and strange, it is immediately set down as a new substance, and the idea we have of that substance is constructed out of the phenomena it manifests. In the same way the naturalist proceeds in determining the various species of plants and animals. He observes not only physical characteristics and relations, but, in the case of animals, actions and habits ; and from these he is enabled to conclude as to the presence or absence of mind and intelligence, and, generally, as to the inner nature. In the same way, by a process of induction, we judge of the characters and mental capacities of those among whom we mix. We are in no doubt when we are in the presence of a fellow-being with human nature and sympathies like ourselves. We see his inmost nature manifested in a thousand outward tokens, from which we draw an almost instantaneous and infallible conclusion.

It is in precisely the same way that we are to judge of the nature of Christ. If He exhibited in His words and actions only what was human, our unavoidable conclusion must be that He was nothing more. Whatever reason we may have for putting faith in His truth and goodness, still had He claimed to be the Son of God and exhibited no sign, we must have supposed that He was under a delusion. On the other hand, if in His words and deeds He exhibited tokens above man, we might not be able from these tokens, taken by themselves, to conclude that He

was God, but we could certainly conclude that in Him was more than man.

But the matter may be put in even a stronger light. As we cannot know things in themselves, but only in and through their outward manifestations, so we cannot think the existence of any being in relation with the things of this world without supposing the outward tokens under which it is revealed to us. According to this principle, miracles are the natural and necessary consequence of the Godhead in Christ, so much so that we cannot think Him truly God and imagine them absent. Let us realize to ourselves the circumstances. Supposing the question had been, not whether He transcended, but whether He fell short of, what is human, every one coming into His presence and conversing with Him could easily satisfy himself. A hundred outward tokens would reveal the presence of a living human soul. But just in the same way would it be evident to those around Him that His nature transcended that of man. If He were really more than man, there would be some outward token to manifest that higher nature. It is utterly impossible that it could be otherwise. However much He might hide His glory, still a thousand tokens, each transcending what belongs to man, would be visible. His very look, His air, the tone of His voice, His wisdom and goodness, His more than human knowledge, feeling, and sympathy, all these superadded to the visible assertion of His authority over nature, would combine to point Him out as one more than human. We do not know that due weight, in an evidential point of view, has ever been given to the astonishing fact that the unanimous verdict of every one privileged to come near our Blessed Lord has been that He was more than man. In this friend and enemy, Jew, Ebionite, Christian, Gnostic, alike agree. Amid the innumerable theories that for 1,800 years have been devised to explain the nature of that manifestation that took place in Christ, all agree in this, that he was more than man.

Miracles are thus the natural and necessary consequence of the Godhead in Christ; so necessary indeed, that it is impossible to think Him truly God and imagine them absent: just as we cannot think man existing without a certain conformation of body, and certain acts which are the appropriate expression of humanity, so no more can we think the Godhead in Christ without imagining those manifestations which are the tokens of God.

The enormous error committed by Mr. Davies in rejecting the evidence of miracles must now be abundantly evident. He would call upon men to believe in Christ as the Son of God, and yet would deny the existence of those signs upon which

alone such a faith could rest. Setting aside therefore as utterly untenable the position that the Gospel is its own evidence, we may now go on to inquire in what way we are able to rise from the miracle to the Godhead of Christ?

We may safely concede that from the miracle alone we cannot make this ascent: for although dominion over nature, which the New Testament miracle expresses, is the sign of God; yet as there are dominions which are not God, and there may be, for aught we know, unknown powers in nature adequate as causes, there must always remain some uncertainty. Yet after all, this uncertainty has been exaggerated. An attentive and candid consideration of the miracles of Christ must to an unprejudiced mind tend to dissipate it. The dominion over nature which He exercised was so extensive and of such an absolute kind, that it is almost impossible for right reason to attribute it to any else than God. As Professor Mansel has remarked, the advance of science is ever tending to exclude the supposition of a natural cause; nor is our age likely to suppose the intervention of powers of darkness, even if that supposition were not belied by His whole character and the purpose of His miracles. In this nineteenth century, the words of Christ come home to us with peculiar urgency: 'If I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come unto you.'

But the ascent, which we are willing to concede we cannot make from the miracle alone, can certainly be made when to the miracle is added the testimony of Christ. Being convinced on other grounds of His truth and goodness, when He claims to be the Son of God and supports that claim by laying down His life and taking it up again, we cannot withhold our undoubting belief. We feel in the words of St. Paul that, 'He is declared 'to be the Son of God with *power*, according to the Spirit of 'holiness by the Resurrection from the dead.' It is here seen how the testimony and the miracle mutually balance and support each other; how when united they form complete and impregnable proof, but if separated neither is satisfactory. The miracle without the testimony is a meaningless wonder, a prodigy which may or may not have a divine cause; and the testimony without the miracle is an unvindicated pretension. When together on the other hand, they mutually uphold each other; the *testimony* gives meaning to the miracles, and the miracle vindicates the *testimony*.¹

¹ It is the vice of our modern apology, that this separation is rendered compulsory. In diverting the miracle from its true end—the manifestation of the Divine in man—to the proof of an infallible Bible, we are compelled to rise from the miracle alone up to God. It is at best a doubtful possibility; and the defenders of Christianity have not always had the best of the argument.

Such is a plain statement of the mutual relation of the miracle and the testimony; but from such a simple statement we can have no adequate idea of their united power to reach the conclusion. It is only when we examine them somewhat in detail, that the intimacy of their relation and the immense support they mutually confer on each other can be clearly seen.

What was the testimony, or in other words the Gospel, which Christ came to preach? It was 'deliverance to the captive.' Man felt himself subject to certain evils, spiritual, moral, and physical. Spiritually he was 'alienated,' 'far off' from God; morally he was subject to a 'law of sin in his members;' while physically he was subject to sickness, disease, and death. It was to deliver us from these evils that Christ professed to come; and the way in which that deliverance was to be effected was by making us 'partakers of the Divine Nature.' In Christ Himself God was incarnate, 'manifest in the flesh;' in the members of His body God was to dwell through the Spirit. It was this indwelling of God in man that was to effect his deliverance. Through it man was to be reunited to God; through it the 'body of sin' was to be destroyed; through it man was eventually to triumph over sickness, disease and death. The Gospel of Christ was partly a promise, partly a performance. Our union with God, and our moral regeneration, were begun though not perfected; our deliverance from physical evils was only to be hereafter.

Such was the testimony of Christ in its naked outline, and what now was the miracle which was to be its support? It was exactly what was needed to make this credible. In order to do this, it was needed to be shown that this divine power in man, whose presence He came to proclaim, was adequate to the performance of these ends. It was needed that both in Him and in us this should be shown. And this is precisely the end of the miracles both of Christ and the Church. In Himself, He showed the dominion of the Divine over all the evils to which man is subject. Through the Godhead in Him He was not only one with God, He was not only free from 'the law of sin,' but He showed His power over 'all sickness and all manner of disease,' yea, and over death itself, by dying and rising again. Less than this Christ could not have done, that we might believe in Him. There is striking truth and significance in S. Paul's words, 'If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain.' Without miracles, especially without the crowning miracle of the Resurrection, Christianity must fall to the ground. In like manner it was needful that the power of the Divine in the Church should be equally vindicated. But here, from the very nature of the case, it could not be in such striking manner as

in Christ. The Divine in us is not perfect as it was in Him. Neither our union with God, nor our moral regeneration is perfect, much less our victory over the evils of nature. We cannot therefore expect the perfect manifestation of this as the constant rule. It is enough that in days of intense spiritual life, as in those of the apostles, the power of the Spirit has manifested itself. In the 'gifts of healing,' and 'divers miracles,' then shown forth, we see the Divine in us sufficiently vindicated. We can rest with quiet faith on the undoubted assurance that the same power is within us as in them, and that, if not now, yet hereafter, 'God shall quicken our mortal bodies through His Spirit that dwelleth in us.'

In this way, then, we can rise from the miracle and testimony of Christ to the conviction of His Godhead. It is seen that our faith rests not on isolated wonders, not even on a testimony which vindicates its credibility by manifesting in other ways truth and goodness. The whole rather forms a vast system, touched at innumerable points by undoubted historic facts, and whose truth can thereby be tested: a system, too, which in its lower sphere is within our personal experience. This latter is undoubtedly a most important element in the formation of our faith. It is from experience of the working of God's Spirit within ourselves that we rise to the thought of His more extended work. If we are once convinced that God is in us of a truth, it seems only natural that we should believe in that great system of His dealing of which we are but a part. And is there no witness of the Spirit in the heart of man? Is it nothing to be brought nigh to the Eternal God? Is the victory over sin and evil but a delusion? We can only say to those troubled with doubt, 'Taste and see.' Our Blessed Lord has said, 'If any man will do His will, he shall *know* of the doctrine 'whether it be of God.' And the unanimous testimony of His saints has borne out the truth of His Word. They have told us that faith is the gift of the Spirit; that it is not so much belief as a Divine faculty whereby we are enabled to perceive the things of God, 'It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It conveys a *real knowledge* of Divine things. With one voice the saints have testified, 'We could as soon doubt that the sun shines in heaven as that Christ 'is God, and His Spirit within us.' Can an experience which has lasted 1800 years, and is thus unanimous, be but a delusion?

It remains now that we notice some of the objections which of late years have been urged against the miracle. These meet us from various quarters, but they have this in common, that they all rest upon the assumption that the miracle is an *abnormal* act. The moralist urges that such an act is an act of *confusion*,

and that God is not the author of confusion but of law and order. It is in vain he urges to quote such exceptional acts in proof of Divine revelations; for he cannot see God in these things. He can see Him in the unvarying order, and the beautiful harmonies of nature, but such an exceptional act is unworthy of Him. In like manner the metaphysician is ready to exclaim against the miracle as interfering with our idea of God's perfect wisdom. An exceptional act supposes a deficiency in the Divine plan: it supposes some end which could not be attained by ordinary law, but had to be provided for by a special act. But we cannot think of God otherwise than as instituting a perfect order.

Now it is obvious that, in the altered point of view in which we regard the miracle, these objections simply fall to the ground. We deny that the miracle is an abnormal act; we deny that it is an isolated interposition for a special purpose. On the contrary, so far from being the exception to, it is the manifestation of, the great law of God's dealings with man. It is the expression of a great system which began in the earliest times, and which is even now going on in the spiritual world. The moral and metaphysical arguments against miracles may, therefore, be set aside, on the simple ground of their being founded on a misconception. We cannot, however, deal in the same summary way with the physical argument; for, although it in like manner is founded on the same misconception, and when this error is corrected is almost harmless, yet it has an aspect which is antagonistic to the miracle considered in any point of view.

The physical argument may be gathered from the following passage of Professor Powell:—‘The entire range of the Inductive philosophy is at once based upon, and in every instance tends to confirm by immense accumulation of evidence, the grand truth of the universal order, and constancy of natural causes, as a primary law of belief; so strongly entertained and fixed in the mind of every truly inductive inquirer, that he cannot even conceive the possibility of its failure.’ Here we have to remark that, when in opposition to the miracle he affirms ‘the universal order and constancy of natural causes,’ he evidently implies two things—*firstly*, that the miracle is an abnormal act, which, as we have seen, is a misconception; *secondly*, that it is an interference with nature, which it must be under any point of view. In consequence of this we have now to examine the validity of the reasoning.

It is sufficiently obvious that in the above passage we have very great inaccuracy of thought. The two expressions, ‘universal order’ (*i.e.* of nature) and ‘constancy of natural causes,’ are taken as if they were identical in meaning; but let any one

reduce them to exact conceptions, and he will see that they emerge in two things utterly different. By the 'order of nature' we mean the general relation and harmony which subsists between the various powers of nature—the relation, for instance, between the physical, the chemical, and organic powers. By the 'constancy of natural causes' we mean the impossibility (if it is so) of the suspension, or non-existence even for a moment, of any of the powers that make up the constitution of nature. It will be seen that Professor Powell makes up one homogeneous argument out of these heterogeneous materials, arguing from the one or the other as suits his purpose. We must, however, take them separately.

In the first place, then, it has been shown that the idea of the miracle does not suppose any want of constancy in natural causes. The supernatural in Christianity will be sufficiently vindicated if it is granted that God the Creator has supreme Dominion over the works of His hands: that not only can He order events by His Providence, but that His Spirit can 'quicken our mortal bodies,' by not only healing sickness and disease, but by raising the dead. In supposing this, however, we do not suppose any want of constancy in natural causes, we do not suppose that any one of the powers in nature is suspended, but only that it is obedient to the will of its Lord.

But here we should be met by the other idea of Professor Powell, that such a supposition is contrary to the 'order of nature.' As nature is at present constituted, we have no experience of the working of such a Divine power, and as he argues, we cannot even conceive the possibility of an interference with the order of nature. Can we not? Here the error into which Professor Powell was led by his confusion of thought is sufficiently evident. So far from our not being able to conceive an alteration in the order of nature, if there is one truth that science has demonstrated, it is that the order of nature has ever been changing! What are all our theories of development but so many attempts to account for the fact that the order of nature is not the same now as it was of old. There was, possibly, a time when no powers existed in nature but the physical and chemical powers; a change, therefore, in the order of nature, or as some would say a new development, took place when to these were superadded the organic. A still greater change took place when man appeared upon the scene. But can we not stretch our notions of progress a little further? Can we not suppose that within the sphere of humanity a further change has taken place? Assuredly if we do so, we shall not interfere with the order of nature, any more than we must do in acknowledging the preceding facts.

It is obvious that, if the miracle is still objected to, the inductive philosopher must change his ground. The ground which he must now occupy can be nothing else than this—the various powers of nature with which men of science are at present acquainted must be taken as the only powers that can possibly exist in nature. They make up the universe of nature in such way as it is not possible to conceive they can either be added to or subtracted from. But surely the simple statement of this ground is enough to ensure its rejection. Who would dare to assert that there may not be even now in nature a power which is at present unknown to us? Does not science every day reveal the existence of such powers? But more than this, who will be bold enough to affirm that in the course of time some new power may not be developed, or, as we should prefer to say, superadded to the powers which at present make up the order of nature? Is nature to be a constant progress up to her masterpiece man, and is she then to come to a dead stop? Or rather, looking at the progress she has hitherto made, are we not entitled to expect some such further step within the sphere of humanity as Christianity professes to be?

Here we might stop; for in the above is contained an answer to everything which is urged against the miracle from the Inductive Philosophy. But in point of fact, the real weight of the argument is not contained in what is stated, but in something else which is implied. The real sting, for instance, of Professor Powell's argument, is not contained in the above passage, but in the following amplified edition of it:—

'In an age of physical research like the present, all highly cultivated minds and duly advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have, at least in some measure, learned to appreciate the grand foundation-conception of universal law, to recognise the impossibility even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one on the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connexion, however imperfectly known to us. So clear and indisputable indeed has this great truth become—so deeply seated has it been now admitted to be in the essential nature of sensible things and of the external world, that not only do all philosophical inquirers adopt it as a primary principle and guiding maxim of all their researches; but what is most worthy of remark, minds of a less comprehensive capacity, accustomed to reason on topics of another character and on more contracted views, have at the present day been constrained to evince some concession to this grand principle, even when seeming to oppose it.'¹

¹ We have offered, in the text, some observations in refutation of the grand foundation-conception; we may here make a remark which will prove how little our author understood the subject he was discussing. The atomic theory which

It is obvious that here we have a 'grand foundation-conception' which affects belief in miracles in a way to which nothing that we have advanced is a reply. Nor is Professor Powell wrong in saying that this conception has taken possession of the public mind. There can be no doubt that within the last few years it has been silently, we might almost say unconsciously, adopted by a certain class of scientific inquirers, and through their influence has been communicated to the public. And we are not wrong when we affirm that in this view, not in the legitimate argument from the constancy of natural causes, are men led to disbelieve in miracles. But is our faith in miracles the only faith affected by it? If we once acknowledge the impossibility 'of any modification whatsoever 'in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the 'invariable operation of a series of *eternally* impressed consequences following in some necessary chain of orderly conception,' what becomes of the Creator? What of man himself, meaning thereby a free living personal being? Must not God and man alike be blotted out from the page of existence, and in their place be substituted immutable fate or elaborating nature?

It would be impossible in the brief space to which we are limited to attempt anything like a refutation of this principle, yet it would be extremely desirable, were it possible without entering into technicalities, to exhibit its utter falsity and hollowness. Men of science have recently acquired a certain *prestige*. They have gained great victories, and on the strength of this the public are ready to listen to them. When such a principle is announced with such confidence by men of standing and consideration in the scientific world as *an ascertained principle of science*, it acquires a weight and authority from which it is far from being entitled.

- There are two points of view from which we may contem-

Professor Powell here adopts is utterly irreconcilable with the theory of causation which in the same breath he gives expression to. The view of nature, which regards it as made up of ultimate individual existences, is irreconcilable with the view which regards it as an eternal evolution of phenomena. In the former case we suppose that nature is *many*—in the latter *one*; in the former case we suppose (what in reality is the real meaning of our notion of cause and effect, whether it is objectively true or not) that phenomena are the result of the action and reaction of *real* individual powers or existences; and in the latter, we regard phenomena as an endless succession of appearances, without any *real* basis, other than that they all in here in a great *all* or *unity*. It is obvious that we have here the germs of a very pretty controversy, of which we shall hear more by-and-by. At any rate, the Christian need not trouble himself to fight Mr. Darwin and others of his school; he may simply stand aside, and leave them to a school of individualists, which is certain speedily to be formed. Indeed, we already observe a book displaying a much deeper acquaintance with philosophical subjects than is common among scientific men, in which the theories of Messrs. Grove and Darwin are combated on individualist, or, we should rather say, Dualist, principles.—See 'Philosophy of Nature,' by Dr. Boase.

plate nature. We may look at it from the *real* side, or from the *intellectual* or *ideal* side. If we contemplate it from the *real* side, there is no such thing as *necessity* in nature; its order, or the relation in which the existences in nature stand to each other, is thought as an *actuality*, not as a necessity. It is something which *is*, not which *must be*. It is an order which has had a beginning, and which may have an end, which may remain the same, or be altered. In like manner the existences or powers in nature are viewed as that which may be added to, or subtracted from; in a word, looking at nature on its *real* side, we view it as the creation of God, and under His supreme dominion. But it is different altogether when we contemplate nature from the *ideal* or *intellectual* side; then its order becomes a system of *absolute necessity*; it is one chain of necessity from beginning to end. And the reason is simply this, that when we view nature from the *intellectual* side, we have for the object of thought, not *real existence*, but the *relations* and *phenomena* of existence. And again, these are viewed not as they *exist in nature*, but according to their *logical* order, the most highly analysed or most general conceptions being placed highest, the least analysed or the most particular lowest, an order exactly the reverse of that in which they exist in nature. Space and time, for instance, are the highest conceptual analysis of outer phenomena; hence, in *logic*, space is before, and can exist without, matter, but in *nature* space comes after, and cannot exist without, matter, for it is simply the relation in which material atoms stand to each other. Hence, if we view nature on its *intellectual* side, space becomes *absolutely necessary*, for we must pre-suppose it before we can suppose matter; but, if we view nature on its *real* side, space is not necessary at all; it is only necessary provided matter exists in a certain relation.¹

—¹ It is seen that we differ essentially from the philosophy of Kant. It is well known that Kant, followed seemingly by Sir W. Hamilton, regarded these and other primary ideas as laws of our mental constitution. In maintaining this, there is no doubt that Kant laid the foundation of the pantheistic systems which followed. The true explanation we believe to be this, that the *human mind is impotent beyond the bounds of experience*. In the tests of *universality* and *necessity* whereby Kant determined what were laws of mind, he permitted himself to be misled. Every concept is *necessary* within the sphere of its validity; and, as space and time are the ultimate conceptual analysis of sensible phenomena, they are *universally* necessary. In like manner, substance and accident, cause and effect, are the ultimate conceptual analysis of the mode in which we exist, the only real existence of which we have experience on the subjective and objective side, and as the human mind is impotent beyond the bounds of experience, they must be universally necessary as to all real existence, or, in other words, conditions to which every real existence must conform before it can become an object of knowledge to us. The theory of Kant cannot possibly be accepted by the Christian; for, if our minds are constituted so that they can know only the *conditioned*, the beatific vision is an impossibility. But we can know the conditioned only because we have experienced the conditioned, and because deriving, as we do,

Now it must be evident from this, that, if we transfer the *absolute necessity* which exists only in the intellectual world into the *real world*, we are guilty of a grievous paralogism. But this is exactly what Professor Powell has done in the above quotation. He has predicated of the *real* or outer world a necessity which only applies to the *inner* or intellectual world. Our notions of substance and accident, cause and effect, are the highest conceptual analysis of the mode in which we exist (the only existence of which we have experience both on the objective and subjective side), and, as the human mind is impotent beyond the bounds of experience, they thus become conditions under which we must conceive all existence, or, as Kant would say, conditions to which every existence must conform before it can become an object of knowledge to us. If we put these two ideas together, we get the idea of a chain of causation, or, as Professor Powell calls it, a series of consequences. Hence, if viewing nature from the intellectual side, we think its *origin*, we get exactly what Professor Powell mentions, 'the impossibility of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following each other in some necessary chain of orderly connection.' But Professor Powell was not aware that this applied, not to the *real* or outer world, but to a logical and intellectual world, which had no existence but in his own brains.¹ So far is this from being true of the outer world, that if we view nature from its *real* side, and think its *origin*, we get—as the only possible origin—creation by a self-existent God.²

The mistake of Professor Powell is simply this, that he has trespassed on forbidden ground. He has passed over from the region of science into that of theology and philosophy. There

all the materials of our knowledge from the senses, we can in our present condition experience no other. But the promise of Christianity is that, in the future life, we are to be set free from the conditions of the present, and then 'we shall know even as we are known.'

¹ It is thus seen how a system of Pantheism originates; it is a necessity when we view nature from the intellectual side. In like manner a system of individualism and of faith in a Creator is necessary when we view nature from the *real* side.

² We necessarily think a Creator from the *real* side of nature, because we *know* ourselves to be limited, that is, created existence, and infer the same of the rest of nature. But a creature implies a Creator. Kant's criticism of this argument is fallacious, simply because he confounded the ideal and the real. It is a perfectly valid and conclusive argument, provided we have before the mind real existence. It is observable that Sir W. Hamilton noticed these two affirmations of the mind—an infinite regress of antecedents, and the idea of absolute origination; and he accounted for them on the principle that our intelligence is weak, though not fallacious. We make them, however, not because of any weakness of our minds, but simply because both are true; only they apply to different things.

is a real distinction between science and philosophy, which it is very important to observe. Science is the knowledge of relative and phenomenal truth, philosophy is often described as the knowledge of absolute and necessary truth, but we prefer to call it the knowledge of the *kinds* and *value* of human knowledge. It is thus seen that our author has intruded into a sphere into which, as a man of science, he had no business whatever to enter. He had no more right to speak upon this point than the Archbishop of Canterbury has to settle a disputed point in chemistry. It is true that, in this, he is followed by no inconsiderable number of scientific inquirers. The great victories they have already won have impressed them with a certain amount of confidence. They are apt to look down upon theologians as a set of antiquated dreamers, and to imagine that they will upset at once cherished faiths by the power of the 'inductive philosophy.' They have yet to learn a very grave lesson, that the ground into which they have intruded is not so smooth and level as they imagined; that there are snares and pitfalls on every side to catch the unwary traveller; in a word, that the questions they have set themselves to solve cannot be cut like the Gordian knot, but must be patiently untied, and by men of very different mental training from what they possess.

The real question between the inductive philosophy, or, as we should call it, the materialistic Pantheism of the present day and supernatural Christianity, may be put in a very plain and palpable way before common sense. Are you conscious of a free and personal existence? Do you feel that within you there is an individuality which is set face to face with the outer world? That you have to battle with that world, and to obtain the victory over it? Observe, this is a knowledge which you gain, if you have it at all, not in a dubious or roundabout way by scientific inference, but directly and immediately as from a light shining within you. If you have this knowledge, observe that it draws after it as a necessary consequence, the fact that there is a God in like manner above and distinct from nature, a God and Father self-existent as you are created; One who has made you and all the world, and rules all with supreme dominion. Throughout the history of human opinion, the opposite or Pantheistic opinion of the identity of God and man with nature, has repeatedly in various forms, in silence and secrecy, enfolded as it were, its meshes around man, and as a consequence has paralysed his moral and spiritual life. But from this, as from an unhealthy and lethargic slumber, the human individuality has ever arisen to assert itself, and, like the giant Samson, has broken the cords wherewith the Philistines had bound it.

In a word, Pantheism is false, because it contradicts the human consciousness.¹

On the other hand, if this direct and immediate conviction which we have of our own personality is true, and if it draws after it as a necessary consequence the supposition of a Personal God, while the fact that God hides Himself so far is sufficiently accounted for by the conditions under which we exist, which make a direct knowledge of Him impossible; on the other hand, we cannot suppose such a Personal God, without at the same time supposing such a revelation of Himself to man as we have in the Jewish and Christian Dispensations. It is thus seen how necessary the Christian faith, *in its supernatural aspect*, is to a belief in God. If it were absent, there would be a missing link; for we can hardly believe in a Personal God without looking for the *signs* of such a God. In short, a Personal Theism without Christianity could hardly support itself against the claims of Pantheism.

We have no fear for supernatural religion from the attacks of the inductive philosophy. At the present day, Christianity is no doubt going through a distressing trial. Theology committed the grievous fault of impressing with the Divine sanction certain views of nature. She unwittingly trespassed on forbidden ground, and she is now reaping the bitter consequence. Science has arisen to assert her dominion, and is driving her back from an untenable position. But in the wantonness of victory and the temerity of pursuit, science is committing precisely the same error from which her opponent is suffering. She also is trespassing on forbidden ground; she is occupying an untenable position. It requires no prophet to foretell that she also must reap the consequences. In a very short time she will be driven back with equal ignominy.

¹ The *strength* of Pantheism lies in the fact that the real side of nature cannot be presented in conception. We cannot think real existence, but only the relations and phenomena of existence; consequently, the real side of nature is liable to be overlooked, or having the consciousness of it, we suffer that consciousness to be overborne by the greater palpability of the ideal. The *weakness* of Pantheism lies in the fact that it inevitably and speedily lands itself in contradiction. Hence the reign of Pantheistic ideas has always been very brief.

ART. II.—*A Dialogue on the Best form of Government.* By the
RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, BART. M.P.

THIS last published volume from Sir George Cornwall Lewis's pen bears all the marks of that sound and temperate judgment, which distinguished the lamented politician and administrator. So impartial a party leader has scarcely appeared in this age ; and if the end proposed in this work were one which could possibly be performed very successfully, Sir George Lewis was pre-eminently the writer who, we should have anticipated, would have achieved it.

It is supposed that three keen partizans, Monarchicus, Aristocraticus and Democraticus, meet at the house of their common friend, Crito ; and that their host proposes himself, and his future political sentiments, as a prize to be awarded to the most happy controversialist of the three. He avows, from the first, that he is thoroughly sceptical as to the existence, actual or possible, of any *best* form of government, and adopts as his motto Pope's well-known couplet. He disclaims indeed the authority of the maxim in its entirety ; but it is hard to see how or where he would draw the line, and believe political and revolutionary agitation justifiable and laudable.

His guests are, of course, equally opposed to such a political abnegation, and forthwith set to work at the hopeless task of striving to convert him and each other. Monarchicus and Aristocraticus occupy, to a certain extent, common ground, being both opposed to the sovereignty of number, and they therefore very properly open the ball. Monarchicus rests chiefly on the testimony to the goodness of his favourite *régime*, to be gathered from the monarchical types being found in most constitutions. In antiquity, and in the middle ages, certainly, there was a tendency to a republican form ; but he quietly disposes of these exceptions to his alleged general rule, by stigmatising these states as factions, and, as it were, merely in that anarchical stage which is a necessary preliminary to the settling for good in that blissful tranquillity of monarchy which is 'the residuary legatee of republics.' As might be anticipated, Aristocraticus disputes even the principle upon which Monarchicus has based his argument, namely, the common consent of mankind. Under the name Monarchy, he asserts that, in fact, many republican states are comprised, and that these are really witnesses in favour either of his or Democraticus's views. Thus,

the British Constitution should be classed as Republican, for that the sovereign's theoretical exemption from the laws, and absolute right of veto, are now only shadows of an obsolete fact. We cannot commend Monarchicus for confidence or spirit; the chief answer he makes to this attack is a dull continued reference to the popular phraseology, whether of his own friends or of Jacobins, according to which our English system is monarchical, and finally, with a somewhat stolid reliance on his having plenty of instances left independent of the few limited monarchies, he much too easily waives all the support which his doctrines might derive from the prosperity of Great Britain and Belgium. Now, we think that this, at least in the actual state of the discussion, is a premature concession on the part of Monarchicus. It is true that, on the principle which his opponent puts forward, he has no alternative. But we cannot allow that it is more necessary to the idea of monarchy, that the sovereign should be the single person in the state possessed of political power, than it is in the case of the aristocracy, that the king, if one there be, should be a cipher, and the mass of the people destitute of all political independence whatever. The controversy *might* have been conducted on this condition, that only the pure system of government carried out to its logical conclusions, should be discussed; but as it is, the advocate of aristocracy is allowed, at one time, to interdict his antagonists from taking advantage of examples, proving that at all events the absence of the monarchical element was no necessary and negative condition of a state's prosperity, and at another, to claim for his own party exclusively the benefit of all instances of such a mixed constitution. According to Aristocraticus's practice, we do not understand why Monarchicus, instead of resigning the British and Belgian constitutions, does not lay claim to that of the United States of America, on account of the partial sovereign powers exercised by the President for the time being.

But, apart from this collusion, as it were, between the self-appointed champion of monarchy and his opponent, the former seems to us to lay too little stress on the intrinsic merits of his cause, such as they are. The simplicity of his system is the great, and, if we may judge from his arguments, almost its only charm. And this feature itself Aristocraticus holds a *primâ facie* sign of its inferiority. Africans and Asiatics, he argues, are of too narrow a range of ideas and energy to be capable of administering a more complicated machinery; but it is the very elaborateness of the republican organism, in its various phases, which made it the proper and natural system for the higher intellectual type manifested in the Greeks. Their political ideal was itself not without fault; but its defect was, he thinks,

not complicity, but the absence of some additional checks and filters, which are found in the modern invention of representation. But, even as it was, the advantage of their constitutions over the Oriental was immense. Something they perhaps lost in the possible neglect of the superior sagacity of an outvoted minority for it is conceded that, whether the republic be aristocratic or democratic, a numerical majority must predominate—but for the most part this evil scarcely exists except in theory, and the superior weight of intelligence controls in the end the unintelligent or less intelligent majority. But at all events, what, he asks, can be more hazardous than reliance on a single individual for the hope of good government? Such an one may even be by nature bad, stolid, and vicious, but it is by no means necessary in the interests of aristocracy to suppose natural depravity;—for take even a man of average virtue, humanity, and judgment; on the one side, the sense of his supremacy must tend to give him a higher sense of responsibility, a freedom from prejudice in favour of any one class, since he is himself above all classes, and a certain refinement and freedom from sordid motives; but, on the other side, though he should display all these happy signs of royal rank and prerogative, they will not save him from the overpowering temptations, presented by his position, to isolation from mankind; from the selfishness arising from the mere inexperience as to others' wants and toils; from a disposition to think the interest of the whole community bound up in the safety of his own person and rights, so that no punishment can be too great for a menace against these, and no pain and suffering to be put in the balance against possible pain and loss to himself; and lastly, from an incapacity of pardoning, or even understanding the need of resisting any the most trivial and pernicious bias which his feelings and passions may have chanced to receive. Such are Aristocraticus's arguments against monarchy; and they seem to us to have considerable weight, and to be urged with a candid regard to the adverse view of the question. But it is, as a point of literary criticism, somewhat remarkable that poor Monarchicus, in the midst of all this series of assaults upon his tenets, stands almost mute. *His* one great argument is based upon the usage of mankind. He refers to the positive merits of his system, its 'rapidity, consistency, and firmness,' only in an occasional sentence. And yet it appears to us, who are certainly no champions of absolutism, that those who are, are not so entirely without a defence as chieftains of Old Whig tendencies might hold. Much more elaborate arguments than are here brought forward might, we conceive, have been urged, in favour even of pure despotism, on the score of the oneness of aim, and the power for good—it may be, even for

reform—which the sovereignty of one man confers. At least, sufficient show of argument might have been arrayed in behalf of the patriarchal system to have necessitated a greater resistance by Aristocraticus than is indicated by his finding a demonstration of the puerility of despotism in the fact that it is the government of the negroes of Africa, and that they, viz. ‘the African negroes,’ have not arrived at the idea of dividing a dwelling into separate ‘rooms.’ But, all through, the attacking side is weaker than the assailants. This is what might have been anticipated even from the form of the controversy; for a dialogue, where the parties clearly enunciate their respective opinions, ceases, to that exact extent, to be dramatic, and becomes a pair of soliloquies. Not, however, it must be confessed, that Monarchicus is very much happier in attacking than defending, to judge from his argument that, as the wise are always in a minority, ‘a monarchy may be, but a republic must be, unwisely governed:’ surely, the most suicidal of dogmas, unless the advocate for absolutism is understood to maintain that heirs to royalty are exempt from what he declares to be the common lot of men, the having many more chances of being vicious than virtuous.

Aristocraticus, or—if we may be allowed to translate the term somewhat freely, but we candidly believe in a way which expresses the author’s meaning—Old Whig, is decidedly more fortunate, both offensively and defensively, than his kinsman and adversary, Monarchicus. The great danger which besets him is the risk, that in trying to elude the arguments of Despotism, he may fall into the Charybdis of Democracy. Thus, he argues that the evil of the national counsels in an aristocratic republic being determined by a numerical majority is modified, or, in reality, entirely obviated by the habit which men quickly acquire of ranging themselves under special party banners, and guiding themselves by the suggestions of recognised chieftains. But such an argument can be used with precisely the same force by the champion of Democracy, though doubtless, on the unfair assumption that Democracy should go under the name of Aristocracy in all cases where each individual does not exercise precisely an equal influence, Aristocraticus would protest against this application. However, the argument, as against the partizan of Monarchy is a good one; for party-spirit does usually succeed very satisfactorily in counteracting the tendency to a multiplication of different phases of political opinion, which may be feared as a natural vice of any sort of republican constitution. But Aristocraticus goes still further, and avows his belief that it is the capacity for tolerating a certain amount of difference of opinion which is the saving virtue of his favourite régime; while the attempt to produce unanimity, to which

monarchies are tempted, is sure to lead to the political stagnation which is the sure precursor of revolution. Neither, he argues, are political parties things unknown to monarchies at certain stages of their development, and so long as they are allowed to flourish grievances find in them a peaceable and quiet vent. Had not the school of Louis XIV. succeeded so thoroughly in accomplishing the downfall of the political status of a compact body like the old French *noblesse*, at all events the Terrorists could not have carried out their extreme and horrible schemes. It is, in fact, the monarchy which is accountable for these latter excesses, and not the nobles, or even the encyclopædists who attacked religion, but not the existing political constitutions. Aristocraticus holds that Napoleon himself must be charged to the account of the royal system, and with him the general hostility still subsisting between France and Europe, ever kept alive by the longing on the part of the former for the territorial extension it just tasted, and no more, and of the latter, by the felt necessity of maintaining an intricate military system, almost exclusively from reminiscences of the first emperor's ambition. This, indeed, seems rather a far deduction, and Monarchicus may be excused for bringing to Aristocraticus's recollection the fact that the Revolution aimed as much at least at the privileges of the nobles as at the prerogative of the crown. His opponent answers that had the aristocracy retained their influence a little longer, the old prejudices and institutions must have gradually thawed under its ever increasing enlightenment and liberality; so that the work of the Revolution, so far as it was justifiable, would have been accomplished in the natural course of things, and the long estrangement, through its horrors, of the upper from the other classes been avoided. But all this appears to us scarcely to the point. If to Monarchicus's objection, that, at all events, the aristocracy were equally struck at by the Revolution with the monarchy, it be admitted as a valid answer, that had the aristocracy been left alone, it would have seen the mistake of its exclusive social privileges, and relinquished them; on the same principle for monarchy it might be said, that had it been left undisturbed rather longer, it would have felt itself strong enough to dispense with bribing the *noblesse*, by leaving them in possession of unpopular social rights, into acquiescence at being despoiled of their political power, and so have cut away the chief grounds for the general national discontent. Besides, we should have supposed Monarchicus might well have exhibited some scepticism as to this alleged tendency among the nobles to sympathy with the people at large previous to the Revolution. As it was, the learning which they patronized and affected did not, so far as

we are aware, tend to make them part with any of their rights, or take upon themselves a more equal share of the national financial burdens, any more than did Pisistratus's or the De Medicis's fondness for literature disincline them to playing the usurper.

We cannot at all allow that Monarchicus has been fairly treated, but at this point he seems to give in, at least for a time, and Democraticus takes his place. Aristocraticus's difficulty as against the latter is, that he has been necessarily, to a certain extent, fighting for him as well as himself against Monarchicus, and he is now met by the question why, as he goes so far, he cannot go a little further? why, that is, considering that he is opposed to the dominion of one, he should draw the line at any especial class or rank? He replies by alleging, in the first place, the example of the old Greek republics. They, he considers, furnish far stronger precedents in favour of his than of his adversary's view. Not merely did the ancient philosophers involve democracies in one common condemnation with monarchies, but in reality no democracies did exist in Greece of the kind approved by Democraticus. As we have before suggested in an analogous case, it is hard to see why Democraticus might not repudiate Aristocraticus's interpretation of his views, by which he is barred from claiming the authority of these classical city polities; at all events no sufficient reason has been brought forward for fathering on him a dissimilar type. But to let this pass, Aristocraticus proceeds to handle the objection to his doctrine that aristocracies and oligarchies have certainly manifested a tendency to be short-lived in consequence of internal factions, adducing as a counterpoise to the authority of various allowed examples of this tendency, the instances of the long enduring Carthaginian, Roman, and Venetian constitutions. That the feudal system offended in this way, he denies, for it was an improvement upon the previously existing anarchy and chaos. But, in any case, the charge is now an obsolete one; for the modern ground for hostility to aristocracy, he affirms, and no doubt correctly, to be rather its tendency to conspire against the interests of the rest of the community, than its incapacity to keep order among its own members. We should have thought, however, that the one charge by no means disproved the other, and that both might be true, only under different circumstances, the conflict of interests arising, or becoming prominent, only in times of great success, and at other times, the perception of a common danger or common hopes necessitating unity.

Aristocraticus believes that the theory of the antagonism of the aristocracy to the interests of the majority of the nation, that is, in its modern form (for we presume there can hardly be

a doubt of the inveterate belief in the same in classical times), originated in the position of the French *noblesse* since the generation of Richelieu or perhaps Louis XIV. They had themselves been parties to this through their foolish fondness for fine equipages, arms, and orders, and other external insignia, thus offending the 'as good as you' sentiment, which is at the heart of the democratic belief. But it was the French kings who made all these badges of social pre-eminence ridiculous as well as hateful, by carefully protecting their nobles' civil, while they destroyed their political distinctiveness. This inflicted upon the aristocratic cause a double injury; the nobles thus procured facilities for gratifying the vices which were the natural fruits of their enforced inactivity, and at the same time were preserved from the gentle violence of public opinion, which, had no *grand monarque* interposed his countenance between them and the mass of the nation, and indeed of themselves, must have at length fostered the germs of an internal reformation. But, in fact, not only are exclusive social privileges, according to Aristocraticus, especially baneful to their possessors, when disjoined from co-extensive political duties, but he appears disinclined to the concession of them to a class, even when in possession of political sovereignty. Here, again, we do not quite see the links of the reasoning by which this conclusion has been reached. A partizan of aristocracy would not, we conceive, repudiate, as a matter of course, the right to social distinctions; he would, on the contrary, probably assert them to be necessary for the conciliation of the popular respect for the political measures of the governing class; why, then, should Aristocraticus, who is supposed to represent no new theory of government, but simply the old aristocratic ideal, renounce what aristocracies have been by no means in the habit of resigning, without giving his reasons for feeling compelled to do so? On the same principle as we have already often suggested, the monarchical and democratical theories might be so reformed and simplified as to furnish no points of attack for their opponents. It is, doubtless true that to the bare idea of aristocracy, social and civil privileges are not essential, and that the conception connotes necessarily nothing but the possession of political power; but so it might be said of a monarchy, that the essence of that is, in the same way, merely the monopoly of the national political energies, and that the objection to it on the ground of the temptations to use political prerogatives for social tyranny, rests upon exactly the same footing as the objection to aristocracy that a ruling class, like a sole ruler, will, in all likelihood, take advantage of their opportunities to secure those petty badges and rights which are allowed to be so offensive to the multitude, and so pernicious to

the possessors themselves. Observe, we are not complaining of the theory itself, that an aristocracy might be conceived of, which should abjure all claims to social pre-eminence, and should live as private lives as Robespierre; but we think this character should not be serenely assumed to be natural to such a political system, independently of any compulsion of argument on the part of the other parties to the controversy. On the contrary, it is our sincere belief that a candid champion of pure, unmixed aristocracy would not (any more than would Monarchicus) feel the least shame at advocating the claims of his friends to civil as well as political privileges, the one being naturally the concomitant of the other. At all events, according to all precedent, the political sovereignty is never long possessed without attracting to itself external attributes of rank, and even some legal distinctions.

Much force and clearness of conception is displayed in Aristocraticus's main argument; it cannot be accused of not being novel, for no claim is laid to novelty or originality in any of the theses in this little volume; and it is on this very ground, that we have already based some of our objections to views which seem to us hardly to represent what their natural advocates would usually accept. His main argument, however, is that no prejudice in favour of the claims of birth or long possession, or, in fact, any positive right of one class, makes him hold that a minority is entitled to a monopoly of government, but simply his conviction of the incapacity, from the nature of things, of the majority for its fit exercise. Government, he considers, should be on the principle of *tutelage*, for that the lower classes are neither sufficiently educated for such functions, nor endued with that proper respect for property, which should be a necessary condition for the enjoyment of powers, which directly or indirectly control property altogether. The first disqualification, we should suppose, he would allow, is scarcely a necessary one; for surely there are no possible limitations to the extension of education in all its branches, that is certainly, in theory, and possibly in practice too. But the second, according to his argument, is founded for ever in the very nature of things: the reasoning is this; except in a newly settled country, with an infinite quantity of good land, the possession of capital must be the exception, and the condition of working under a capitalist the rule; thus, the majority can have no practical experience of the rights or duties of property, and consequently, no understanding—which can proceed only from personal interest—of the sort of enactments which are consistent with its existence or increase; in fact, property is as much a paradox as monogamy (we are employing Aristocraticus's com-

parison); and we can perceive this in a moment, by watching the discussions of a set of clever boys, who invariably begin by assuming that a community of goods is the best possible system. Now we will waive the consideration of the latter illustration, which we venture to say is opposed somewhat to fact, the highest and most rigid Toryism hatred, for instance, to William III. and Cromwell; and enthusiasm for feudal barons, James II., and Strafford, being the common speciality of juvenile debaters, clever or stolid; but it does strike us, that this, which is an argument against democracy rather than for aristocracy, and as much in favour of monarchy as of the latter form, might have been evaded by Democraticus, on the ground that one horn at least of the dilemma was too short to shut him in; for that, although it be granted, that, if only two conditions of things are possible, viz. the possession of property and the rank of employé, it might be dangerous to entrust legislation which would press chiefly on property, to a class knowing of it only theoretically, yet this assumption that these are the only two possible conditions is false, as capital and labour may be, and at least in other countries thickly peopled and by no means with the unreclaimed riches of America perpetually are, found in the same person. Such undoubtedly would be the way in which this attack by Aristocraticus would be met by Mr. Mill, and his school of democratic economists, and we are at a loss to understand why it has not been used with force and vigour at this stage of the debate. The only explanation we can give to ourselves of this needless forbearance of Democraticus, is, that only the extreme forms of political systems are supposed to be handled here; that is to say, as it were, the extreme logical deductions from political principles. But, besides that, as we have already shown, and as we shall have to show again, this rigid adherence to the pure phase of a theory is hardly enough maintained on various occasions, there is surely nothing in the nature of capital to prevent its being so subdivided, as to be employed and used by its actual possessor; and, as soon as this result is attained, then that one member of the majority becomes, or at least is not excluded, on the showing of this particular argument, from becoming qualified for a share in the government. It is only necessary to suppose this combination of capital with labour carried out in the generality of cases, and the majority itself becomes as qualified as the old aristocratic minority, and precisely for the same reasons; for property and not birth, or any other qualification—except education, which a majority *may* acquire as well as a minority—is supposed by the argument in question to be the one sole ground of superiority, as a governing class, enjoyed by the minority over the majority. We can

easily understand that, had this retort been made by Democraticus, Aristocraticus would have shown, or attempted to show, with great emphasis, how incredible it is, that, in old countries driven to use all their capital in the most economical way, and requiring for its most gainful employment the uncontrolled right of expending great resources at the arbitrary discretion of individuals, the workmen, as a class, should ever participate in capital. But this is nothing to the point; it is not the greater or the less cogency of any particular argument, or answer to an argument, which is material; but it is important, and essential to the completeness of a dialogue, that every argument, not vicious on the face of it, or self-inconsistent, should be propounded, and forthwith demolished or accepted.

As it is, Democraticus, instead of dilating on the positive theoretical merits of democracy, with reference for instance to the greater elevation moral and intellectual arising from the exercise of political functions, contents himself with replying to Aristocraticus's attempted demonstration of the incompatibility of the security of property with the sovereignty of a proletarian majority, by alleging the impossibility of disinterestedness in a small and close oligarchy. He seems disposed to admit that the charges against the majority of ignorance, inexperience, and carelessness as to the rights of property, may be more or less well founded; but, whether so or no, his argument is, that there are greater evils to be anticipated from the selfishness of a government, and that the one only safeguard against this is an ever-active popular system of *mistrust*. According to this *so-disant* theory of democracy, credit must be given to each individual in a nation for the possession of sinister intentions, and the danger from such perpetual conspiracies against the public welfare can be neutralized only by plunging and merging the individual in the mass. The obvious case of the land-owners' opposition to the Repeal of the Corn-Laws is of course made much of as a proof of the risk of entrusting power to any one class, and references to the atrocities of classic oligarchies run through the whole argument. But it seems to us that Democraticus at this stage falls an easy prey to his opponent; for, as the latter points out, precisely analogous accusations can be made out against a popular government. If protection to agriculture be relied on, what can be said of the similar protection to manufacturing industry which was so rife in the last century, when our government was in the hands of the landed gentry, and which still exists and is rampant in the democratic United States? In fact, such precedents have no authority in a controversy between the advocates of a popular and a close government; for, at the times, and in the countries where such

illiberal doctrines have prevailed, the economic theory, as well as the practice, was false; and a Protectionist, whether agriculturist or manufacturer, thought he was doing all classes of the community service, and his country itself service, by excluding the rivalry of foreign skill and industry. Besides, even for the carrying out of private and selfish objects, a popular government is almost as well adapted as an aristocracy: thus, LOG-ROLLING, *i.e.* the conspiracy of different small factions in a nation to help on in turn each other's petty plots against the common interest, is a great discovery in the United States, obviating all the conveniences of that system of distrust on which Democraticus so implicitly relies. And after all, even if these factions could be suppressed, and the people could pursue its own general objects, would there be even then no Protection? Would not the majority, openly, and in the light of day, combine against the minority of capitalists, and protect labour itself? It may be said, allows Aristocraticus, that history does not, in its precedents of democratic sovereignty, furnish instances of systematic oppression of the rich; but that is, he holds so only because a thorough, nay, a real democracy, that is, a government swayed entirely by the working classes, as opposed to nobles and the capitalists, has never yet been tried, except in the solitary case of France in the three years following 1848; and that is an exception which proves the rule, for the quick failure of the experiment proved its impracticability. Our Australian colonies—and the United States he excludes entirely from consideration in this point of view, for in both the workman is, either at the time when he is a workman, or, if not, on the verge of becoming himself a capitalist and an employer: but a thorough democracy, such as he assumes a partizan of that form of government to desire, would be one where the two divisions of labourer and moneyed man remain still distinct, but the former has privileges equal absolutely to the latter, and comparatively, from its numerical superiority, very much greater. Now a Greek democrat had of such a state of things no experience; he would have despised it as heartily as he, Aristocraticus, can, and would have held the conception of what he would have considered really a *δούλων πόλις* one which could lead to nothing, if realized, but the confiscation of property, and a condition of general licence.

It will be thus seen, that both the two adversaries keep somewhat aloof from the positive merits, if any, of their opposed systems, each expatiating boldly on the dangers of the one which his rival espouses. But the comparison of the two sets of evils likely to result from Aristocraticus's and Democraticus's schemes of politics, in their natural and untempered form, seems

to have had its weight with the former, though he denies the application of each special link in the argument as it is adduced by the latter. Suddenly, without, it must be confessed, at all a sufficient apology for, or even explanation of his abandonment of the principle of an unmixed class government, he declares that he is willing to consent to a compromise with his opponent, and to allow to the working classes a certain influence in the government of the state, so far as it can be managed without destroying the independence of the rest. Let the suffrage be so arranged that the numerical preponderance of those classes is prevented from determining the character of the government, and he will be disposed to suffer the voice of the majority to be heard; otherwise, he must continue to prefer the *enlightened few* to the *ignorant many*. Even an hereditary *noblesse* with political privileges (their right to social privileges, we have already seen he has resigned,) he considers by no means essential to his system, though he modestly asserts his preference for such a class, as both a bulwark against absolutism, and affording the readiest way of filling that second chamber which theoretical politicians of all kinds agree in approving. But the existence or non-existence of a set of hereditary legislators is to be regarded rather as a matter of detail; the real principle of his scheme is to be found in his proposition for representing both the majority and also the minority by plans of local representation and limited constituencies. This, he considers, is now possible; but even the representation of minorities is unimportant, as compared with the immensity of the difference which the mere bare principle of representation at once establishes between the old democratic forms where all citizens were administrators and legislators, more or less directly, and his type where the representative assembly, however popularly constituted, becomes at once a sort of aristocracy, and, through acquired habits of business and acquaintance, a class separated off from the rest of the community. In this way, the advantages of both systems, the unmixed democracy and the unmixed aristocracy, may, he thinks, be secured; for, while the body both of voters and of representatives will be large enough, aided by publicity of discussion and the force of public opinion, to keep down private selfishness, all danger to the rights of property, and all fear of obedience to some popular impulse of terror or audacity, will be equally obviated.

Aristocraticus thus comes round to something which is very like the English system of government, and has, consequently, the right to claim the authority of English prosperity in favour of his political model. But we are at a loss to understand what are the steps of reasoning by which he has felt himself driven

to the adoption of this modification of the pure aristocratic government, of which he is the professed champion. He says, that the essence of this proposed system is its mixture of elements, and declares that he is averse to letting 'any force move directly according to its original impulse.' But why? A politician might very fairly take this tone, and oppose all unmixed forms of government equally; but how can the partizan of aristocracy have the right to do so, more than the democratic or even the monarchical theorist? Now we believe Sir George Lewis to have had a positive and clearly apprehended reason, whether sufficient or not, for representing Aristocraticus, rather than either of the other two, as defending the mixed representative form; but we blame him for not having explained at all sufficiently his reasons for this selection. It is a fault of the treatise throughout, arising, it is easy to see, from the attempt at excessive compression, and also, in some degree, from the author being too *au fait* with his subject to miss the formal links wanting in his argument, that he turns off to a new stage in the discussion perpetually, without showing cause for deserting the old ground, as become now untenable. But the fault is often more in appearance than in essence. The chain is really ready to be fitted on, only that in fastening the links together, one or two here and there have been overlooked, though at hand and able to be supplied on demand. Thus it is, from the very nature of the aristocratic, as compared with either of the two other forms of government, to which we believe its advocate would appeal, as marking it for the only fit nurse of a representative system. Monarchy he considers to exist only where the sole will of one guides the state, and democracy where any one individual in the community has as much political influence as any other. But aristocracy, he seems to suppose, makes its appearance as soon as a limited class is recognised as having a right, which it actually exercises, of controlling affairs. To some extent this is, doubtless, true; for any regular prerogative of government, in the hands of a section of the nation, does, to that extent, render the constitution aristocratic; and, if this influence pervades all public matters, an aristocracy is the result. But, as soon as we leave (in discussing theories of government) the broad and level road of tendencies and logical deductions, and adopt the hypothesis of a mixed constitution, may not almost the same be said of every sort of government? Is not the constitution of a country, where, for instance, the right of declaring war rests in the hands of one man, even though he be called president and not king, to that extent monarchical, just as much as that of another where a limited class possesses the uncontrolled right of

veto on the acts of the rest of the nation is, to that extent, an aristocracy? It is quite possible, indeed, to conceive of all three forms co-existing in a state, and of the names, democratical, aristocratical, monarchical, being all applied, with reference to different features, with equal force. It may be said, and, we concede, with justice, that it is much more likely that a limited class will, if it be once given a stand-point, give the character and tone to the constitution than either a monarch, who must act by diverse agents, and whose actions are carefully watched, or the great mass of the working classes, who will be at the mercy of representatives, who themselves, in fact, as has been well remarked by Aristocraticus, form a species of aristocracy with the feelings and tendencies of one. But this tendency, so long as it remains merely a tendency, and has not developed itself into a new state of things, will not make a constitution an aristocracy, any more than the silent force put by the feeling of the nation on a despotic government like that of France, or even of Russia, makes a democracy or an aristocracy of an autocracy.

Finally, both Aristocraticus and Democraticus come to the conclusion that a representative system is the best, although disagreeing as to the principle of election, and the existence of a co-ordinate jurisdiction in the hands of hereditary legislators. We do not understand Democraticus as disputing the expediency of having two chambers; but he declares himself utterly opposed to any compromise with aristocratic government as being essentially selfish and antipopular; and he is, therefore, irreconcilable to an hereditary *noblesse*. As for the principle of election into the assembly, it is the opinion of Aristocraticus that property should be allowed to exert a certain influence, on the ground, it may be supposed, that persons possessed of property are most directly interested in, and liable to be affected by, the legislative measures passed by the representatives of the nation. Democraticus, on the contrary, recognises only the immediate economical uses of property, and, to secure the lower classes against the terrorism of wealth, would insist upon the taking of the votes by ballot. His adversary naturally objects to the principle of such a device, and believes it is for the interest of the working classes themselves that they should be guided in the choice of their own representatives, for that otherwise they are likely to fall a prey to demagogues. Democraticus acknowledges that he would acquiesce in this paternal superintendence exerted by a limited class over the proceedings of the majority, if the hypothesis, on which he supposes the proposition to rest, were correct, viz., that aristocrats enjoy an angelic nature, and will never use power for their own selfish purposes, and Aristo-

craticus is of opinion that his opponent will be equally right, when the entire community is incorrupt, patient, and sagacious, but only then.

Now, we must again demur as to the regularity of the process by which Democraticus has arrived at sufficiently common ground with his adversary to discuss the qualifications of electors, and the merits of the vote by ballot. We think he is quite right in accepting a representative system as the basis or starting point of a democratic government; indeed, it would obviously be madness to think of applying the Greek democratic theory—according to which each citizen took an immediate part in the administration—to large areas like the modern European States. But, as it is, Aristocraticus has previously directly claimed a representative assembly as aristocratic in its actual condition, however popular its origin. Does Democraticus accept that view, or does he not? If he does, how is it that he resigns, without stating any reasons, the non-representative democratic type? and, if he does not, the arguments should have been at least suggested for disputing the very forcible theory, that a selected body, holding office for a fixed period, at all events not liable to be dispossessed at the mere caprice of their constituents, does become necessarily an exclusive class, with habits and sentiments more or less removed from those of the nation at large, and thus, to all intents and purposes, an aristocratic assembly.

The great republican experiment in the United States of North America is naturally ever in the minds of all political theorists, and the crisis which that government is now passing through has still more stimulated curiosity respecting the soundness of the principles which it embodies. Democraticus may perhaps be pardoned for wishing to point out differences between the constitution of that unhappy country and his ideal, and for trying to explain away any charges which might be educed from the at present miserable prospects of the States against democracy in general, by referring its defects and misfortunes there to accidental blunders in the calculations of American statesmen, an also to breaches of the symmetry of democracy, which the country's sudden and unprecedented development have forced upon its leading politicians. He agrees with Aristocraticus in deprecating the absence from the American Legislature of the executive; and that as well for the fear, present also to the mind of Aristocraticus, that ministers, who have not seats in the representative assembly, will feel themselves free to play the part of despots, as, chiefly, on the ground of another barrier being thus interposed between the expression of the wishes of the sovereign people and their

realization. It is his opinion that this arrangement is not at all to be imputed to a democratic tendency, but rather to a weak and baseless distrust, conceived by the founders of the American Constitution—at its birth a very strange experiment—of the changeableness and fickleness then believed by the world to be inherent in a democracy. He explains that this specific was adopted to neutralize the dangers to be apprehended from these qualities by shielding the Cabinet from the storms of a popular congress, and the President from the timorousness likely to arise from a consciousness of being removeable at any moment at the popular caprice. But the great complication, which makes the American form of democracy abnormal, and no fair type of that system, is, thinks Democraticus, the perpetual perplexities arising from the conflict and attempt to reconcile the independent claims of Federal and States sovereignty. It is this feature in the American Constitution which prevents the democratic element from having free play there; it is this, also, which divides the interest of men capable of statesmanship, and, by hindering the concentration of the general attention on either branch of public life, whether the business of the single State or of the Confederacy, makes the sphere of politics too narrow to animate the ambition and enthusiasm of an order of politicians. Aristocraticus may, he concedes, possibly be right in supposing that the Caucus system, which is necessitated by the great size of the constituencies, may be partly to blame; but the fact that ‘the real life of America resides in the States,’ and not in the Federal Constitution, is that which is really accountable for the want, which must be allowed to exist, of able politicians in the great Republic.

But Democraticus is not at all disposed to allow that the result of this trial of democracy need disappoint his friends. The very deficiency of master statesmen, instead of being a proof of the viciousness of the system, has confirmed the hypothesis of its merit; for great rulers may chance to redeem the vices of a bad form of government, and make their country happy and prosperous; but, in the absence of these kings of men, the general elevation of a nation, and the almost boundless development of its resources—which all must grant in favour of North America—are surely the effects of nothing but the constitutional theory working by its own intrinsic merits. Aristocraticus, however, is obstinate enough to explain this general national elevation—which, we suppose, no one will be inclined to deny does exist in the United States—as due to economical, and not to political causes, and therefore as not to be adduced as a proof of the merits of democracy. The abundance of fertile land ready to endow all classes of a population, however rapidly

on the increase, is the great secret, he thinks, of American prosperity; the same experiment of a democratic constitution might be tried in Europe, and the social, economic, and intellectual state of the different classes of the community would remain utterly undisturbed by the change, except so far as the consequent anarchy might degrade it below even what at present it is. As for the effects of the Federal and the States element in the constitution respectively, he believes it would be very hard to disentangle them, and perhaps scarcely worth while, seeing that the Federal element has itself a double phase, being central indeed as opposed to the States' independence, and democratic as itself founded upon a democratic basis; so that it is unfair to endeavour to father all the vices of the democratic constitution of the North American States upon the federal element, as though that element were something very different to, and, in fact, hostile to the democratic. No! holds Aristocraticus; it matters not, so far as the merits of democracy are concerned, whether the vices, the acknowledged vices, of the American system, flow from the one part of that system or the other: in either case they are direct consequences of democracy. But he is not even inclined to allow that the one element is so much worse than the other. Monarchicus had already expressed an opinion, that this federal element, with its centralizing tendencies, is the one good thing in the American Constitution, and not especially answerable for the Secession; and Aristocraticus agrees with him, at least to the extent that it is as good as the system of small unconnected democracies, which its subversion must necessarily let in.

At all events, urges Aristocraticus, if we admit that all the miseries of America at the present time, and all its shortcomings of old, are attributable to the presence in its constitution of an alien element, then it must be allowed that the world presents no specimen whatever of a pure democracy; for the Swiss Republic is a federation, the Australian Colonies are dependant imperially upon England, and the French Republic of 1848, which really was a pure democracy, proved the unnaturalness of the phenomenon by its speedy fall. Herein, according to him, is the secret of the enthusiasm which the advocates of democracy affect: this system exists in Utopia; 'omne ignotum pro mirifico'; its security against a demonstration of its fallaciousness is in its rarity; it is judged by pre-suppositions, not facts; and as soon as a blot is touched in one of the few extant specimens of the system, its champions avert the stigma, as Quakers do a scandal, by expelling the offender from the category of democracies.

Some dramatic skill is displayed in the way in which

Monarchicus, who lurks at hand ready to pounce upon any unwary admission favourable to his own cause, takes advantage of this assault upon Democraticus, to urge upon Aristocraticus, that, by parity of reasoning, he ought to allow that the defects chargeable against his favourite system, and which defects he seems, so low is he now reduced, to admit the existence of, may arise from the circumstance of monarchy being the commonest of all forms of government, and, consequently, subjected to the severest experiments. On the other hand, Democraticus attempts to parry the attack, on the ground that the rarity of democracy is no argument against its merits, but the necessary result of its excellence, which both makes it the extreme stage in political development, and also arrays against it a combination of all the selfish governing classes, who use, to resist its approaches, the power which they enjoy, and of which its advent would despoil them. But, at the same time, he guards himself against being supposed to acquiesce in the charge of making the federal element a mere scapegoat, by explaining that he disapproves of it only as compared with the simpler form of democracy, and not absolutely. Where a state is of very large extent, or composed of different parts, with interests unlike or hostile, such a variety of democracy is a necessity; and in any case he would prefer a democratic government, although federal, to a monarchy, or to an aristocracy.

But Democraticus thinks that, absolutely, the most elevated form of government is the small simple democracy, where each citizen can understand, and, more or less, partake in the whole political life of the state, and where all the citizens, as a body, are likely to have common interests and objects. We suppose the limits he would put to the size of his ideal state are wider than those of the city-states of ancient Greece, or it would be hard to perceive why he has abandoned their very direct system of popular government for the indirect democratic administration through the agency of representation. Still this ought to have been explained. At present, he acknowledges certain inconveniences might possibly follow a sudden series of revolutions in favour of this maze of petty nationalities: a supposed patriotic impulse might animate them, much more readily than now, when a flame lighted up in a neighbour's territory is likely to spread back upon some hotbed of discontent in the incendiary's own dominions, and the multiplicity of states might create an equal multiplicity of wars. Commercial jealousies, too, might come to life once more, and prohibitive tariffs gain a new lease of popularity. But this would not be for long: political economy would not cease to teach truer principles of trade, and a ruling majority of men, whose private selfishness would not be stirred

by the temptations which beset capitalists, is as likely to be liberal as a caste of landowners or manufacturers. Besides, at any rate, the general tendency in the world is now towards democracy, and the people will never acquiesce in their exclusion from political power. Aristocraticus may argue that democracy is a government of passion, and ever liable to be guided by some senseless cry, which the masses suppose represents their sentiments, when it is, in reality, merely borrowed from a demagogue. He may claim for his system the praise of dignity, composure, and steadiness of policy; and he may rely on the precedent of Rome for his position, that, if war do become a matter of necessity, such a government will carry on the conflict with tenacity, and will refuse to acknowledge a defeat. But, in the actual condition of the world, urges Democraticus, an aristocracy, if established, will be compelled to adopt a very different policy. It will be like an aristocracy in one of the small Greek states, ever under the influence of a ceaseless and continuous panic; democracy will be always before its fancy, ready to overwhelm it, and avenge its long abeyance on the ruling class; occasionally this spectre will assume a visible tangible shape, and flame out upon its enemies and crush them; in the meantime, the passions of the multitude will have to be diverted and amused, and the hangers-on of the governing class itself glutted and satiated by the chances of a restless foreign policy, irritating every neighbour into a state bordering on, and ever and anon fretting itself actually into war.

These opposing tendencies of the two systems seem to us to be fairly represented. The great evil of aristocracy, at any rate, at this stage of the world's development, is likely to be the perpetual probability of revolutionary agitations on the part of democratic politicians. The additional risk, from the attempts of some individual member of the aristocracy to make himself sovereign, is comparatively slight, and the members of an aristocracy have generally proved themselves sufficiently vigilant and provident to repress the undue ambition of their own colleagues when unaided by the populace; a tyranny has always been set down, and rightly, as the depravation, not of an aristocracy, but of a democracy. On the other hand, a democracy, when firmly established, is usually suspicious enough and hostile enough to class privileges, to escape the plots of an aspiring minority, although much more likely, in times of sudden danger and excitement, to fall beneath the tyrannic sway of a sole ruler, who, by coercing the *noblesse* and the few, gratifies the love of equality with their neighbours, which always domineers in the breasts of the many. But, though tolerably well secured against the intrigues of any one class,

and, except in times of great danger or excitement, not liable to resign its powers into the hands of a dictator, these times of peril and terror, or enthusiasm, are peculiarly the stumbling-block of a democracy, for in such a constitution no one statesman or limited class feels responsible for the national acts, and each individual in the nation pleases his own fancy by calling for public measures of a dangerous character, leaving it to his equally thoughtless neighbours to calculate the consequences. Yet either form of government is liable to different phases of the very same evils which are apparently the special foes of the other. A democracy is not much in danger of being revolutionized in favour of an aristocracy, and an aristocracy will see its way before it rushes into a foreign war. But, on the other hand, great names and old associations will probably have too little weight in a thorough democracy to prevent very frequent changes of administration and policy, which will keep even the internal state of the country in a very unsettled and dubious condition, while an aristocracy, being composed mainly of the wealthy, will, though not prone to let an impulse bear it into war, feel fewer of those restraining emotions of prudence which the foresight of war-taxes excites in the breasts of the most thoughtless of the shop-keeping and, in a less degree, of the working classes. It may be said, in short, that theories of international policy are as likely to guide a sagacious sovereign class into the meshes of a long war, which, as a theory produced it, a theory will protract, as is the fitfulness of popular fashion to keep the legislation and internal conduct of a country in an incessant state of change and effervescence, which is as inconvenient and as adverse to steady improvement as the revolutionary agitations of Chartists and Red Republicans.

Crito is of opinion, that this question of the relative propensity to revolution and to foreign war is the most practical question in the whole discussion ; and he seems inclined to choose a party according to the comparative probability in favour of any form of government being able to avoid the miseries of either state. He believes that, if the government be tolerably well administered, whether it be aristocratic or democratic, there is not much fear of revolution, but that modern nations, even though civilized, and partly even because civilized, are always on the brink, as it were, of war. For, besides that, even now the people of one country appear unable to form a true conception of the character and merits of another, the increased complexity of international relations, as presided over by Foreign Secretaries and trained Diplomats, whose business it is to guard against grievances, and whose taste it naturally is to hunt them out, is ever breed-

ing new occasion for quarrels or suspicions. The larger the number of independent states, so much the greater the chance of a conflict, and so far Democraticus's ideal of a vast number of small separate governments seems to him objectionable; but there is no practical hope of eluding the difficulty by the contrary plan of merging all small nationalities in one vast empire, for, while barbarous states have not sufficient sagacity for the firm administration of extended territories, civilized states will not suffer their nationality to be crushed or absorbed. Napoleon's dream of ruling his conquests was the dream of a madman, and punished by a madman's doom; but even to a wise statesman the problem would be insoluble. Two systems there are, thinks Crito, and two alone, by which this bugbear of foreign war may be overthrown, through this plan of enlarging the national boundaries, and so turning foreigners into citizens. These methods are a federal system, like the American, and a system of dependencies grouped round and under a central imperial government. Even these systems are but of very partial application, viz. in the case of newly-settled lands, and in this case itself, they are liable to become inapplicable; the federal system, from its excess in the way of looseness, as regards contiguous territories, and the felt weight and galling of the chain, as regards distant members, while the expense of defence, which is the charge of the mother country, tends to become an intolerable burden in the case of a wide circle of dependencies.

Neither Aristocraticus nor Democraticus is inclined to accept of either of these two systems in its entirety, the former objecting to the English colonial system, viz. that of a circle of dependent governments, that it would not, like a Federal Union, such as the American, suit new states claiming to be admitted on a footing of equality with the original members, and Democraticus denying, that the present impracticability of warranting a number of small, independent, unconnected states against the temptations of constant feuds and wars is any test of a future condition of things, when the study of International Law, and the recent "*creation of a chair of International Law in the University of Oxford*," shall have borne their natural fruits in a general recognition of international rights and international duties.

Now that the controversialists have arrived at discussing such shadowy prospects, their host seems to think the debate has reached its natural conclusion; and, with considerable frankness, he advises them to leave the argument as it is, in the satisfied consciousness that they will not convert each other, and that they have not converted him. Perhaps, indeed, the several

debaters ought to feel flattered, in a certain degree, at the fact, that so strong have been their respective arguments, as to the demerits of the others' politics, that their entertainer is even confirmed in the scepticisms respecting each of their systems with which he set out. It is now his conviction, as before it was his hypothesis, that each sort of government is good from its own point of view, and that the chase after any *best* form is hunting after a chimera. But it ought to be a consolation to them to learn, that, even if any one of them had been so happy as to prove, to his host's satisfaction, that his pet scheme is absolutely the best, it would still by no means follow that it was therefore relatively the best, and to be recommended for adoption by any nation to be selected at random. For, thinks Crito—and, to a certain extent, all sound reasoners on politics must agree with him—the past history, the present passions, and other circumstances of a nation, ought all to be consulted before offering to it a new constitution. Thus, while it would be hopeless for an advocate of imperialism to secure popular favour for a continuation of that system after a long series of vicious despots, whom yet their subjects had never acquiesced in, so no great amount of order and steadiness of policy would be the result of a sudden change from the completest and most abject degradation beneath an Oriental despotism to thorough republican equality. This view, we repeat, as to the necessity of adapting a scheme of government to the circumstances of the people who are to live under it, and, in fact, to carry it out, is undoubtedly the only true and right one. But we are not so sure that it is logically fair to make such an objection, in reply to the advocates for monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Their proposition did not appear to us to point at any sudden revolution in favour of any special system of government. If the question had been as to the best constitution for nations under their actual circumstances, those circumstances ought to have been submitted and considered, and (since Monarchicus represents something very different to Eastern despotism) Despoticus, another *persona*, might have claimed a hearing. But we understood the discussion to have for its object tendencies more than actual convenience, at any special time or in any special condition of things; and, if tendencies be looked to, the chance that the absolutely *best* form of government, if any such there be, will be in real life postponed to one which is relatively the best for any given nation, is nothing whatever to the question.

We have now considered most of the topics propounded in this very interesting little volume. Many of the points are admirably well put; and there is throughout surprising lucidity and

distinctness in the arguments. Yet we leave the book with a very dissatisfied and doubtful feeling on the whole. This arises, in some degree, from the gaps and breaks in the argument, specimens of which have already been given. Sometimes the most rigid and abstract view of a political type appears to be the only one propounded for discussion, and, at other times, some mixed development is adopted without apology, which might be taken as representing one theory of government almost as well as another. Thus, as we have already pointed out, Monarchicus is not allowed to claim the praise awarded to a constitution like the British; and that is classified as republican, because it is assumed that monarchy exists only where one man wields the whole power of the State. Now, we are not saying that this assumption either is or is not true; but we are objecting to its not being more thoroughly sifted and weighed. Monarchicus, we should have supposed, would against such a proposition have insisted much more pertinaciously than he does, that where one man stands out beyond the rest, with certain recognised powers, however limited, nay, however rare, may be their exercise, then monarchy to a certain extent does exist; but, as it is, this advocate satisfies his conscience by murmuring something about royal marriages and social rules and the general usage of language recognising the English Constitution as a monarchy, and then waives insisting on it as a precedent on his side, on the ground that he has plenty of authorities without it. So, again, Aristocraticus does not undertake the proof of the merits of an oligarchy; he thinks the ruling class should be representative, and, though limited, of the most liberal constitution. Neither does he say anything in favour of a caste of blood; for it must not be in the least exclusive, and so arranged as to allow of the ready introduction of new members. The one positive qualification he seems disposed to insist upon for it is, that its constituents should be persons of property. Now, as we have already said, we are not disputing any of these positions; indeed, many of them seem to us exceedingly sound. But we are doubting how far it is logically legitimate for the defender of aristocracy to turn away without being compelled to it by his adversary's arguments, either from an oligarchy, or from an aristocracy of birth, and to accept in the place of either what appears to be something like a plutocracy. Then, again, what logical right has he to attempt to reconcile the minds of the masses to this form, by allowing a certain influence to the popular voice? There are good grounds, doubtless, for such a concession; but, till they have been urged—and they have not been brought forward by him at all—the friend of aristocracy ought to have assumed, that the purest and most rigid phase of

that system is the best. The absence of any clear exposition (though the writer, we readily agree, had very sufficient and good grounds for his position in his own mind) why the aristocrat has a better right to claim the mixed form of government than the advocate of monarchy or of democracy, we have already noticed at length; but the want of another link in the same train of reasoning we have not yet animadverted upon, and that is, the absence of any explicit reason for refusing monarchy a place as one of the elements in this mixed constitution. But Aristocraticus is not the only guilty party to the dialogue, in this habit of assuming a new station, without having shown that the previous one was untenable, although, from the marked pre-eminence given to him, the vagueness of his movements is more conspicuous. However, in their own degree, his fellow-controversialists resign a position as gratuitously as he himself. Thus, Monarchicus does not notice, much less endeavour to answer, the arguments against his system, grounded on the probability that the sovereign, upon whom all depends, may be vicious or incapable. We should have supposed he might, as readily as Aristocraticus on an analogous occasion would have done, have swerved from the rigid view of the sovereign being the actual and sole keystone of the arch of the Commonwealth, and have argued, that, even in a despotism, caprice and the mere will of the ruler obey certain rules, and the ordinary affairs of the realm do not depend upon the monarch's personal capacity or watchfulness. But he does nothing of the kind. Democraticus, however, is not liable to this charge, at all events, on the same grounds with Monarchicus; for, when it is pointed out to him how unlikely it is that the mass of the people will conduct delicate affairs of state aright, which would certainly be far beyond the ken of them individually, he at once, with a somewhat startling nimbleness, explains, that what he expects of the people, as their share of public business, is, that they choose representatives with care and thoughtfulness. But this abandonment of the bare extreme democratic theory offends us as much as Monarchicus's meekness. Not merely do we miss any reason for deserting the theory of direct popular government, which is, we confess, a most untenable position, but we also miss any clear account of the principle of representation which Democraticus would adopt, and of the safeguards he would devise against the growth, among his representatives, of that aristocratic spirit proper, according to Aristocraticus, to all assemblies, however popular their origin.

But there are other defects, of a more serious nature than any formal obscurity in the deductions. The reader feels inclined to concur with Crito in thinking that the three champions have

failed to prove the existence, actual or possible, of any *best* form of government. In fact, throughout the discussion, the true merits of these different systems have not been adequately treated, their respective demerits furnishing the sole subject of controversy. We are very far from intending to supply the want; but it seems to us that each form has certain positive qualifications which might easily be indicated. Thus, the great merit of monarchy, as compared with the other two forms, is, that a vigorous ruler, who really possesses and wills to exert the power of his autocracy, can, as it were, turn the realm round and put it into a new aspect. Men and minds he cannot change directly, scarcely even circumstances; but he may, under certain conditions, give things a new chance of developing themselves. If the direction he has given to things be unnatural, and contrary to their own intrinsic bent, they will soon swing back to their original position. But, occasionally, this is not so; a radical change in the direction is sometimes needed; and then the monarchical, that is, the autocratic system, is the best. Another use monarchy may have; and that is, where the people are not yet fitted to administer their own affairs, when they are still semi-barbarous, as were the Russians in the age of Peter the Great; but the danger is, that the ruler is likely to wish to prolong this period of pupilage far beyond its proper bounds; and, in any case, the use of monarchy, by reason of the half-savage condition of the nation, is of too exceptional and accidental a character to be a proper argument in its favour in a discussion of this sort. Not so its merit as the best machinery for giving a new bias to affairs; for, however advanced a people, it may plausibly be argued that crises will occur when a deadlock seems impending, and the interference of a power strong enough to act, without poisoning opposed arguments, would be beneficial for a time.

So, we are of opinion that aristocracy and democracy have also, both together and individually, some positive merits and claims. The advantage of aristocracy is, that, as each man has different faculties, as reason, imagination, passion—and yet we find there arise persons who represent in full development each department, as poets, philosophers, novelists, speakers at public meetings, and others—so, although every one has within him the faculty of administration and statesmanship, the concentration of sovereignty in the hands of a limited class, whatever the standard of qualification for membership of it, creates a set of professional administrators and statesmen, who represent, in a fully developed and condensed form, the undeveloped instinct of government and political energy, which the minds of all men hold as it were in solution. On the other

hand, democracy's claim to pre-eminence is, that it is unfairly urged by aristocracy, that the burden of labour and the incapacity for education are insuperable obstacles to the emerging of the masses from this state of dependence upon trained politicians; for that a time may arrive when a true democracy will be capable of realization, the majority having sufficient leisure and intelligence to superintend the machinery of government; not, of course, dispensing with magistrates, and ministers, and representatives, but dispensing with the necessity of selecting these out of any limited trained class, and being able, without detriment to the state, to supply a vacancy, among the servants of the state, out of their own body. In brief, the merit of monarchy, in the abstract, is, that it affords the means of applying the whole force of the state, without any waste of time and momentum, to any special object; of aristocracy, that, without necessarily tending to an oligarchy, or to the creation of an exclusive caste, it furnishes the means of training up a band of professed legislators and officers of state, who are as likely to exercise their powers better than the mass of the people as are the bakers, tailors, and shoemakers of London to excel Robinson Crusoe in their own separate departments of workmanship; and, finally, of democracy, that a little loss of the polish and finesse of statesmanship is amply atoned for by the general nobility which the consciousness of political sovereignty gives to the multitude, and that a man who may have the instinct of political life, but has no opportunity of developing it, is so far imperfect and defective.

It may, we are conscious, be very fairly objected to this attack upon the volume before us, as wanting groundwork to its arguments for any one of the three forms of government, that all such dissertation would be out of place in a dialogue. It is true that, in that sort of composition, no train of reasoning must be allowed to follow its natural, logical order, but that the argument must ever wait upon the adversary's. It must always be of the nature of conversation, and not of an essay. Plato is the greatest master in this kind; and his 'Gorgias' furnishes a fine illustration of the regular irregularity which is the law of such works. Others of his dialogues, such as the 'Republic,' are, it is true, really monologues in the form of dialogues, and deserve the latter name only as, according to tradition, the famous discourses of Coleridge at Highgate were entitled to the term 'Conversations.' Yet, even in these monologues, where the share of the Glaucons and Thrasymachoses in the discussion is so very superficial, there is really a dialogue, and a very vivid one, going on all the while. As the delicately ordered argument climbs up from one airy height to

another, the reader sees the serried bands of objectors contesting, in the philosopher's mind, possession of every ledge and crag, so that, even were the visible sentences of assent or doubt from the obedient bystanders blotted out altogether, the dialogue would be a dialogue still, and as much a drama as were those performances with which the celebrated pantomimics of Imperial Rome drove spectators mad. But the nature of the subject forbids this dramatic play of argument and counter-argument in a controversy on the opposite merits of the three types of government. Sir George Lewis has put the point quite correctly when he allows that, 'when, after the researches of a long series of philosophers, a science has reached a fixed and established position, the dialogue would be a form wholly unsuited to its treatment.' We should also concur with his implied assumption, that the ideal constitution is not yet sufficiently ascertained to make arguments on the subject puerile and superfluous. But the objection to the choice of the dialogue for the subjects treated in this volume arises from the ambitious comprehensiveness of the controversy. The merits of any one of the three forms might, we are of opinion, have been fitly treated in a conversation; but when all three enter the field together, the result is something as though three armies were fighting for one city—one day, uniting in an assault, and another, all three countermining each other; or, to descend to common life, as if three cricket matches were being played simultaneously between the one same pair of wickets. An incipient combination seems ever to be on foot either between the champion of monarchy and the champion of aristocracy against democracy; or between the friends of aristocracy and democracy against absolutism; while, occasionally, Monarchicus volunteers the loan of an argument to Democraticus himself against Aristocraticus. Besides this constant interlacing, and *pêle-mêle* cross-fighting, they all three occupy too much common ground for it to be quite clear sometimes whether any one of them has a right to use, for his private purposes, arguments and illustrations and schemes which might have been propounded by either of his adversaries with almost equal propriety.

It will be seen, then, that we find much to criticise in this modest volume. But we must not be understood to refuse a tribute of respect to the general tenor of the composition which has provoked them. It may be a fault to have endeavoured to embrace one of the widest themes of thought and dissertation in this narrow compass; but how few thinkers and writers there are, at the present day, who have cared to survey the field so carefully, and to sum up the results of their calcula-

tions so impartially as this lamented statesman must have done. Compression, and condensation, and width of view, are not ordinary topics of objection to politicians. Defects in form we perceive, and many of them, in this work ; but, had the mere bulk been increased, most of the latter, we gladly allow, would have disappeared, while the former, which are now almost faults, would have gained grace and propriety at the moment of finding a little more room and space.

- ART. III.—1. *Notice sur l'Abbé Prompsault, ancien Aumônier des Quinze-Vingts.* Par AD. ROCHAS, Avocat. Paris. 1860.
2. *M. l'Abbé Prompsault, Aumônier de la Maison nationale des Quinze-Vingts. Extrait des archives des Hommes du Jour.* Par M. TRÉMOLIERE, de l'Institut historique. Paris. 1851.
3. *Illustrations et Notabilités Contemporaines.* Paris. Octobre, 1844.
4. *La Ruche, Journal d'Orange.* 6 Février, 1859.
5. *Voix de la Vérité.* Paris. Janvier, 1858.
6. *Observateur Catholique.* Paris. 1^{er} Février, 1858.
7. *L'Abbé J.-H.-R. Prompsault, chapelain de la Maison impériale des Quinze-Vingts aveugles de Paris, de 1829 à 1855, Paléographe, Jurisconsulte-ecclesiastique et controversiste ; Notice biographique et littéraire.* Par M. VICTOR ADVIELLE, Membre du conseil général administratif de la Société française d'Archéologie, &c. &c. &c., suivie d'un Appendice et d'un mémoire sur les Quinze-Vingts. Paris. 1862.
8. *Le petit Jardin des Roses et la Vallée des Lys.* Traduit du B. THOMAS À KEMPIS. 4^e ed. Paris. 1844.
9. *Traité de Ponctuation et de Lecture.* Pont St.-Esprit. 1861.
10. *Le Pastoral de S. Grégoire-le-Grand.* Traduit du latin, par M. l'Abbé J.-H.-R. PROMPSAULT. 2^{me} éd. Paris. 1837.
11. *Dictionnaire raisonné de Droit et de Jurisprudence, en Matière Civile et Ecclesiastique.* 3 Vols. 4^e. Paris. 1849.
12. *Lettres au R. P. Dom Guéranger, auteur des Institutions liturgiques.* Par l'Abbé J.-H.-R. PROMPSAULT. Paris. 1852.
13. *Observations sur l'Encyclique du 21 Mars, suivies d'une Lettre à M. le Ministre des cultes.* Paris. 1853.
14. *Du Siège du Pouvoir ecclésiastique dans l'Eglise de Jésus-Christ.* Par l'Abbé J.-H.-R. PROMPSAULT. Paris. 1854.
15. *Mandement de S. E. Mgr le Cardinal archevêque de Lyon et de Vienne, portant condamnation d'un écrit intitulé : Du Siège du Pouvoir ecclésiastique dans l'Eglise de Jésus-Christ.* Lyon. 1853.

16. *Consultation pour M. l'Abbé Bourrel, curé-doyen de Bapaume.* Paris. 1854.
17. *Consultation pour M. l'Abbé Bordier.* Paris. 1854.
18. *Consultation canonique et civile pour Messieurs les Abbés Chapot, Chanoine, curé-archiprêtre de Bourg-du-Péage, diocèse de Valence, et Crozat, principal et propriétaire du collège libre de la même ville.* Lyon. 1857.

WE propose devoting this paper to a brief history of the very eminent man, records of whose life, and the titles of some of whose publications, are given in the list of works enumerated above. An account of the life and works of the Abbé Prompsault may not only prove interesting and instructive in itself, but may also serve to illustrate several important, but by no means generally known, features in our French neighbours' ecclesiastical system.

In a remarkable article, written by one of the most eminent Parisian journalists (who himself was once a Deacon in the French Church), and since republished, along with others, in a volume as distinguished for the ability with which it is written as for its avowed latitudinarian and free-thinking opinions, we meet with the following passage on the subject of the Church at whose altar its author once intended to minister:—'Depuis le concile de Trente, elle est en continuelle décadence, en guerre ouverte avec l'intelligence; l'humanité a marché; l'Eglise romaine est restée immobile. Elle a proscrit systématiquement, depuis Galilée jusqu'à Montesquieu, tout ce qui fait la gloire, la lumière et l'admiration du monde moderne. Au commencement du 17^{me} siècle, elle condamne comme hérétique la démonstration du mouvement de la terre; au commencement du 19^{me}, Grégoire XVI traite l'éclairage au gaz et les chemins de fer d'inventions diaboliques; et aujourd'hui l'Eglise [romaine] ne pourrait pas citer un seul nom de quelque autorité dans la science, dans la philosophie, dans les lettres. Nous avons dans les mains ses livres de piété, ses livres d'éducation, ses sermons, ses mandements, ses instructions synodales, ses bulles, ses encycliques, et, sauf de très-rare exceptions, nous y cherchons inutilement la trace d'un écrivain et d'un penseur.'¹

These trenchant remarks occur in a withering review, written by M. Peyrat, of one of the *Instructions Synodales*² of the noisy

¹ *Histoire et Religion*, pp. 125, 126.

² Since his enormous blunder, perhaps even something worse, in Gisquet's celebrated affair, Mgr Pie has been more reserved, if not more moderate, in his opinions. Some of our readers will doubtless recollect that at the very time the Bishop of Poitiers was delivering in his cathedral a funeral oration over the sup-

and violent ultramontanist Bishop of Poitiers; and if they contain some exaggeration, they contain also a large amount of unquestionable truth. At the present time, there certainly are comparatively few men in the Roman Church distinguished for original thought, theological erudition, or classical, philosophical, scientific, or literary attainments; though, when such are found, it might perhaps be expected that they would be patronized, encouraged, and rewarded as they deserved; but it is not always so. It certainly was not so with the subject of this paper. The great talents, the solid and extensive attainments, and, let us add, the lofty virtue and truly exemplary life of the Abbé Prompsault, instead of securing for their possessor the highest offices in his Church, brought down upon him persecution, humiliation, and contumely. *Nitor in adversum* was, if not his motto, at least his condition, almost uninterruptedly for many years; until, at last, his own broken health, coupled with the systematic oppression and injustice of others, we will not say consigned him to obscurity, but compelled him to seek in the bosom of his family that repose which he could not find elsewhere.

Jean-Henri-Romain Prompsault, the son of Jean-Henri Prompsault and Marie-Anne-Marcelle Dourille, was born at Montélimar, in the department of the Drôme, on the 7th April, 1798, and was the eldest of twelve children. His ancestors occupied, in the 16th and 17th centuries, a high position at Montélimar, and were allied to the *noblesse* of the country; but the family met with misfortunes, and the only property possessed by the father of the subject of this biography was a small farm, which he himself cultivated. Both Prompsault's parents seem to have been excellent people, greatly respected by all that knew them, and scrupulously careful in inculcating upon their children the moral and religious principles by which they were themselves deeply influenced.

'Les sentiments de probité et de franchise dont ils faisaient profession,' says M. Advielle, 'leur attirèrent toujours l'estime et l'affection générales de leurs concitoyens. Ils étaient doués d'un haut degré d'intelligence qui contrastait avec leur modeste position de fortune. On admirait surtout en eux un profond respect pour l'Eglise, et on les vit donner constamment, à leurs enfants et au public, l'exemple des pratiques religieuses. . . . De bonne heure ces pieux parents ne négligeaient rien pour inspirer à leurs enfants l'amour de la prière, et, les premiers, ils leur en donnaient l'exemple: souvent la famille réunie se recueillait en commun devant l'image du crucifix et faisait la dernière prière. On apprenait de bonne heure, aux enfants, le catéchisme, la lecture et l'écriture. Ainsi formés dès les premières années à la pratique des vertus chrétiennes,

posed martyr of Castelfidardo, and enlarging with edifying circumstantiality upon his many virtues, Gisquet, who from his youth had always borne the worst of characters, and had many *démêlés avec la justice*, was being brought up before the tribunal Laval, and condemned for swindling and immorality!

cès heureux enfants ne pouvaient manquer de garder toujours les sentiments d'une foi vive et d'une religion profonde.'¹—Pp. 2, 3.

Young Prompsault assisted his parents in superintending the education of his brothers and sisters. One of his sisters, a girl of rare piety, decided upon embracing the conventual life, and entered the convent of the Nativity, at Valence; but the delicate state of her health, and other causes, afterwards induced her to abandon it. One of the brothers became a member of the institute of the *Frères des écoles chrétiennes*, and was director of their establishment at Montélimar at his death in 1839. Another entered the army, and died an ensign, at Guadeloupe, in 1850. Two others received Holy Orders—the youngest, who is now Professor at the seminary of Notre-Dame de Sainte-Garde, in the diocese of Avignon; and the eldest, an account of whom we are now giving.

From his tenderest years, our author manifested a strong predilection for the priestly office, and this although his father would have wished him to adopt a different profession. When still quite young, he said one day to his mother, at the sight of a clergyman, 'Quand je serai grand, je veux qu'on me fasse un habit comme celui que porte ce Monsieur.' He received the rudiments of his education at the establishment of the *Frères des écoles chrétiennes*, at Montélimar, and there distinguished himself by his application and the retentiveness of his memory. When only nine years of age, he is said to have learnt in two days the *Catéchisme de l'Empire*, and repeated it perfectly.

In 1808, the Prompsault family left Montélimar for Bollène, in the department of Vaucluse, where it is still established. At Bollène, young Prompsault was sent to a school kept by the Abbé Tavernier; afterwards, when it was decided that he should take Orders, he entered the little seminary of Valence. It appears that his father's objections to his becoming a priest arose principally from his own straitened means, and his consequent inability to give his son the necessary education. 'Il ne faut pas y songer,' said his father to him one day; 'notre fortune ne saurait suffire aux frais de ton éducation, mon cher enfant.' The boy said nothing in reply, but felt that He who called him would know how to remove all obstacles.

At the age of eleven he received his first communion; and on that occasion he is said to have irrevocably resolved to devote

¹ M. Advielle's Life of Prompsault is an expansion of an article which was written for the new edition of Michaud's 'Biographie Universelle.' It is partly founded on biographies that had already appeared, and partly on original documents communicated to him by M. Prompsault's family. It contains several of the Abbé's interesting letters, and other documents never before published, and is a very instructive and impartial piece of biography. We notice in it an awkward misprint—thrice repeated—at p. 79, namely, *sceau* for *seau*.

himself to the service of God in the ministry of His Church. An aunt of his, a Carmelite nun, having asked him one day what motives he had for wishing to be a priest, he answered, 'Je n'en ai point d'autre que celui de me rendre utile en 'instruisant et dirigeant les autres.'¹

When at the seminary of Valence, great was his thirst for knowledge, and most unremitting his perseverance to attain it. He applied himself to the study of various subjects—classics, philology, mathematics, rhetoric, belles-lettres, philosophy, theology—in most of which he afterwards greatly distinguished himself. He also wrote some pieces of verse. He was especially fond of philological research; and he evinced such remarkable aptitude for mathematical science, that M. Colombier, chief engineer of the department of the Drôme, and professor of mathematics at the seminary of Valence, offered to receive him into his own house, and to instruct him, 'pour le seul honneur,' as he said, 'd'en faire un grand mathématicien.'

An anecdote, characteristic both of M. Colombier and of young Prompsault, and illustrating the relations subsisting in France between professors and their pupils, is recorded by M. Advielle:—

'Un jour M. Colombier et Henri se rencontrèrent dans un des corridors du petit séminaire. M. Colombier avait son bel habit et ses bottes à l'écuyère; il était si bonhomme que Henri, sans manquer au respect qu'il devait à son professeur, en usait cependant avec lui avec une certaine familiarité. "M. Colombier, lui dit-il, où allez-vous donc aussi beau que vous êtes?"—Je vais vous voir, répondit le professeur.—Me voir, dit l'écuyer interdit; je ne m'attendais pas à tant d'honneur; et que pouvez-vous donc désirer de moi?" M. Colombier lui dit alors: J'ai toujours eu le désir de former un habile mathématicien et j'ai jeté les yeux sur vous: je voudrais qu'il pût vous convenir d'accepter ma table, un appartement chez moi, et vous laisser instruire."

'Cette parole était extrêmement flatteuse pour le jeune élève; mais il ne se laissa pas éblouir à ces avantages, et sa réponse fut sérieuse et digne. "Mon-sieur, dit-il à M. Colombier, je ne saurais trop vous remercier de l'offre que vous me faites; croyez bien que je vous en garderai une éternelle reconnaissance; mais, ajouta-t-il, je n'ai d'autre désir que celui d'entrer dans l'état ecclésiastique où je n'aurai probablement pas l'occasion de faire l'application des mathématiques; les bonnes leçons que vous voulez bien me donner ici me seront suffisantes."

'M. Colombier se retira affligé, mais il ne cessa pas d'être plein d'estime et de bonté pour son élève dont il avait admiré le talent.'—Pp. 8, 9

Prompsault completed his education at the superior seminary of Romans, where he sedulously studied divinity. Here, as elsewhere, he endeared himself both to his professors and to his

¹ In the Abbé's last will, written three months before his death, we read:—'Mon dessein en entrant dans l'état ecclésiastique fut de servir l'Eglise avec intelligence, en me livrant à l'étude la plus sérieuse de sa doctrine. Tout ce que j'ai écrit, en matière religieuse, je l'ai écrit dans ce but, et je ne crois pas avoir à me reprocher de l'avoir fait avec légèreté ou avec mauvaise foi.'

fellow-students, and already gave many indications of the lofty principle, firmness of character, and desire to investigate truth for himself, for which he was afterwards so pre-eminently distinguished. He left the seminary with the reputation of possessing extensive and solid acquirements.¹

M. Prompsault was ordained Deacon on the 2d July, 1821, and Priest on the 5th of the November following. Mgr de la Tourrette, Bishop of Valence, to whom his merits were well known, appointed him Vicaire of Grâne, where he remained two years, and where he acquired the esteem of his curé, the Abbé Loreille, and that of all the parishioners, by whom he was greatly beloved. While Assistant-curate of Grâne, he was offered the head *vicariat* of the cathedral of Valence, which he declined. In 1823, however, at his Bishop's request, he accepted the Professorship of Dogmatic Theology at the seminary of Valence, which he resigned, a year afterwards, from conscientious and prudential considerations. 'Il ne voulait pas se trouver dans la pénible nécessité de dévoiler certains actes irréguliers de son supérieur, et chercha ainsi à se soustraire à la responsabilité que celui-ci, qui le consultait souvent, aurait pu faire peser sur lui.' (Advielle, p. 12.)

As soon as his resignation became known, M. Moure, rector of the academy of Grenoble, offered him the lucrative position of sub-censor of the college in that town, and the first chair of philosophy or rhetoric that should become vacant. The Bishop of Valence, however, not wishing him to leave his diocese, refused to sanction the appointment, and, on the contrary, insisted that the Abbé should retain his professorship at the seminary. The Abbé persisting in his resolution to leave Valence, the Bishop at length most unwillingly accepted his resignation, but only on condition that he should accept the cure of Réauville, near the famous monastery of La Trappe d'Aiguebelle.

This parish, made up of four small *hameaux*, separated from each other by hills, streams, and roads which were frequently impassable, was then in the worst state imaginable, owing to the scandalous life of its late curé, a certain Abbé Brochery.

¹ 'Pendant le cours de ses études littéraires et ecclésiastiques, l'abbé Prompsault obtint beaucoup de succès, mais en même temps la réputation de *mauvaise tête*. C'est la qualification que donnent ordinairement les directeurs de séminaires aux élèves qui ont l'audace de réfléchir et de rejeter le système de l'obéissance aveugle. L'abbé Prompsault, tout en suivant les cours, travaillait à sa manière; il osait relever franchement les bévues de ses maîtres et ne savait pas se conformer au *magister dixit*. La preuve qu'il n'avait pas tort, c'est qu'il a surpassé dans les sciences ecclésiastiques, non-seulement ses condisciples, mais ses maîtres eux-mêmes. On pourrait conclure de là qu'il avait une fort bonne tête, quoiqu'en aient pensé ses professeurs.'—*Observateur Catholique* for February, 1858.

The church's material fabric was not in a better state than the moral and religious condition of the parishioners, who amounted altogether to some nine hundred.

'Le zèle de l'abbé Prompsault,' says M. Advielle, 'ne se refroidit point en face de tant de difficultés; au contraire, il sentit son âme se soulever en présence du tableau fort regrettable que lui offrait le poste qu'on lui présentait, et sa forte nature, déjà bien éprouvée, n'en conçut que plus d'espoir de ramener au bercail le troupeau dont l'avenir moral et religieux lui était confié désormais. Il fit dans cette paroisse ce que l'on pouvait attendre de son dévouement et de son zèle. Il fit revenir peu à peu cette population à de meilleures habitudes, fit ériger Montjoyet en succursale, et, après trois années d'un ministère laborieusement exercé au milieu de privations sans nombre, l'abbé Prompsault parvint à faire de Réauville une paroisse des plus chrétiennes. L'Eglise qui tombait en ruine fut restaurée complètement et ornée, et la sacristie fut pourvue de tout ce qui était nécessaire pour la décence du culte. Son attachement à la population de Réauville le porta à refuser la cure la plus importante de Rochegude.'—Pp. 13, 14.

The professorship of philosophy in the college of Tournon having become vacant in 1827, it was offered by Frayssinous, then Minister of Public Instruction, to the Abbé Prompsault, who accepted it. The Bishop of Valence, however, refused to receive the Abbé's resignation of his cure; and the necessary authorisation to leave Réauville was only granted to the new professor, à *prix d'argent*, to use the expression of all his biographers.

'On lui fit souscrire quatre billets,' says M. Rochas, 's'élevant ensemble à la somme de 2,000 francs, sous prétexte de satisfaire aux obligations qu'il aurait pu contracter envers le diocèse. Ce fut à ce prix que l'administration de l'évêché (nous nous exprimons ainsi, afin de ne pas laisser soupçonner un instant le vénérable M. de la Tourrette d'avoir trempé dans ce tripotage d'argent), ce fut, disons-nous, à ce prix que l'administration de l'évêché lui permit d'entrer dans l'Université et de sortir de son diocèse.'—*Notice sur l'Abbé Prompsault*, p. 1.

¹ The Abbé's biographers furnish us with additional information on this curious proceeding, which shows that things are not always better managed in France than among ourselves:—'M. de la Tourrette ne fit exercer aucunes poursuites pour le recouvrement de ces billets; mais, dix-sept ans plus tard, son successeur M. Chatrousse, très-entendu en matière de rentrées de fonds, les remit purement et simplement à un avoué. Celui-ci en présente un seul, au lieu de quatre, divisant ainsi une obligation indivisible dans son origine, afin d'enlever à l'abbé Prompsault le bénéfice de l'appel. Mais celui-ci, avec qui il fallait toujours marcher droit, s'indigna d'une semblable façon d'agir, surtout à propos d'une dette qu'il avait contractée l'épée sur la gorge. Condamné par le tribunal de première instance, il en appela à la Cour de Cassation, et publia à cette occasion un mémoire où il raconte dans tous ses détails cette triste affaire: nous en donnons ci-après le titre. [*Mémoire à consulter pour M. l'abbé J.-H. R. P. . . . défendeur, contre M. Alexis R. . . . négociant, poursuivant en première instance le paiement d'un billet à ordre souscrit à Monseigneur l'évêque de V. . . . en 1830.*] L'Evêque Chatrousse eut le bon esprit de s'arrêter à temps et de proposer une transaction qui fut acceptée. Sans cela, l'évêché de Valence allait probablement offrir le spectacle de l'un de ces gros scandales dont il est trop souvent le théâtre.'—*Notice sur l'Abbé Prompsault*, p. 2.

The Abbé was pleased with his new position, to the duties of which he devoted himself with singular aptitude and success. He was greatly respected by the clergy of the locality, and frequently assisted them in the celebration of their services. His satisfaction, however, was to be of short duration. Unable conscientiously to take the oath required from all *professeurs-prêtres* by the famous ordinances promulgated in 1828 by the new Minister of Public Instruction, M. de Vatimesnil, he was obliged to vacate his professorship. He took a trip to Paris to remonstrate with the minister, but in vain. While there, he was urgently solicited by the Bishop of Valence to return to his diocese, and he was preparing to do so, when an unexpected event, and one that had a deep influence upon the whole of the Abbé's career, occurred. Through the intervention of his friend the Abbé d'Audriffet, chaplain of the *Chapelle Expiatoire*, he obtained from M. de Croi, Lord High Almoner of France, the third chaplaincy of the royal hospital of the Quinze-Vingts. One of his great inducements in wishing to live in Paris was his desire to avail himself of the rich treasures of its extensive public libraries in the composition of the works which he was already projecting.

This establishment was founded in 1254 by S. Louis, on returning from the first Crusade, in memory of the three hundred knights whose eyes were put out by the Saracens, for remaining faithful to God and to their king. The Abbé himself gives the following account of it in an unpublished work, entitled, '*Tablettes historiques et archéologiques de l'hospice impérial des Quinze-Vingts*':—

'Saint Louis était parti pour la première Croisade ; il avait emmené avec lui huit cent chevaliers, et tout le monde sait ce que raconte l'histoire, des malheurs qui vinrent fondre sur cette armée de héros chrétiens. Cent à peine revinrent en France. Les uns furent enlevés par la peste, d'autres moururent glorieusement sur le champ de bataille ; ceux qui restèrent tombèrent entre les mains des infidèles, qui, loin de leur rendre la liberté qu'ils leur avaient promise, entreprirent de les faire apostasier : mais leurs efforts furent inutiles. Les chevaliers, fidèles à la foi de leurs pères pour laquelle ils s'étaient armés, restèrent inébranlables, et, après avoir enduré mille tortures, ils eurent les yeux crevés ou brûlés. La rage des Musulmans fit ainsi trois cents martyrs de la foi chrétienne.

'Ce fut pour honorer l'héroïque et sainte fidélité de ces illustres chevaliers et perpétuer le souvenir d'un fait militaire, aussi glorieux pour la France que consolant pour la religion, que Louis IX fonda la congrégation et maison des Trois-Cents, ou, selon le langage du temps, des Quinze-Vingts aveugles. D'où l'on voit que la fondation de l'établissement des Quinze-Vingts n'est pas seulement une œuvre de bienfaisance, elle est encore un monument historique.'

But a year had not elapsed after Prompsault's appointment to a chaplaincy at the Quinze-Vingts, when the establishment underwent important modifications. Shortly after Louis

Philippe's accession to the throne the *Grande Aumônerie* was suppressed, and the Quinze-Vingts placed under the control of the Minister of the Interior. A committee of five persons selected by the Minister were appointed as governors, who afterwards were replaced by a single administrator, while of the three chaplains the Abbé Prompsault alone remained. An interesting account is given by M. Advielle of the unremitting attention with which the chaplain performed his duties, how he organized a choir composed of some of the blind inmates of the institution, and deprived himself of many things for their benefit. But his position was beset with difficulties. One of the first acts of the new administrator was the reduction of the budget of the chapel, and the sale by public auction of some of its sacred vessels, candlesticks, crosses, and of many of its ornaments; afterwards he attempted, under the plea of economy, to abolish the whole establishment, which he compared, in his own choice phraseology, to a 'ménagerie dans laquelle on nourrissait et faisait produire des animaux,' and with which even the first Revolution had not dared interfere. The chaplain was not, however, the man to allow such abominations to take place without protest and resistance. He publicly stigmatized, in a letter to the *Quotidienne*, the sale of these sacred things as sacrilege, and was determined to prevent the suppression to which the establishment itself seemed doomed. Unfortunately, the Home Minister participated in the views of the administrator of the Quinze-Vingts. M. de Rambuteau, Prefect of the Seine, and Deputy of the department of Seine-et-Oise, in his *budget de l'intérieur* for 1832, recommended that the projected plan should be carried out. 'Il représenta l'hospice des Quinze-Vingts comme un établissement mal conçu et mal organisé qui avait fait son temps, qui absorbait, sans compensation véritable, des sommes considérables, et il concluait en proposant aux Chambres de suspendre les admissions d'internes, afin de pouvoir successivement élever le taux des externes et en accroître le nombre.'

The establishment was in great jeopardy; and its chaplain perceived that not a moment was to be lost to ensure its preservation. He at once wrote and published a small pamphlet, entitled, 'Un mot sur la partie du Rapport de M. Rambuteau, qui est relative à l'hospice royal des Quinze-Vingts aveugles,' and containing a masterly refutation of the reporter's arguments.¹ He sent a copy of it, with a letter, to the good Queen Amélie, who

¹ He asked Chateaubriand to publish a pamphlet in favour of the preservation of the chapel. To the Abbé's letter the illustrious orator and writer sent the following reply:—'J'ai été malade, Monsieur l'Abbé, et un peu de goutte à la main doit m'empêcher de tenir la plume; c'est ce qui m'a empêché de répondre plus tôt à votre lettre que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire.

'C'est à vous qu'il appartient, Monsieur, de défendre l'admirable établissement

was greatly struck by it, and who showed it to the King. Louis Philippe was much interested in it, and at once put a stop to his minister's contemplated measure. This pamphlet not only prevented the catastrophe, but it also, in the words of a biographer, 'fonda du même coup la réputation de l'Abbé Prompsault comme écrivain et comme philanthrope.'

Scarcely was this matter satisfactorily settled, when the Abbé Prompsault had to engage in another conflict with two very different opponents—the Curé of Saint Antoine and the Archbishop of Paris. The former wished to make the chapel of the Quinze-Vingts part of his parish, and the latter to bring it under his own special jurisdiction. In virtue, however, of ancient privileges conferred by Popes Innocent VI. and Clement VII., the chapel possessed the same *droits curiaux* as a parish church, and was, moreover, exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary. The Chaplain defended with great energy the privileges of his little chapel, and at last succeeded, after several years' exertions and discussions, in preserving intact its independence. In 1854, this establishment was placed by imperial decree under the patronage of the Empress.

In his new position, without in any way neglecting his duty towards his flock, the Abbé was able to devote considerable time to writing and to study. The first work he published was a new edition of Villon, soon after followed by a 'Discours sur les publications littéraires du Moyen Age,' which brought him into controversy with Crapelet, by a 'Prosodie latine,' a 'Grammaire générale et raisonnée de la langue latine,' and by a 'Traité de ponctuation et de lecture,' of which a new edition has just appeared. He also translated from the Latin a large number of religious and ascetic books—the 'Petit Jardin des Roses,' 'La Vallée des Lys,' and other works from Thomas à Kempis; 'Allons au Ciel,' and 'Principes et Règles de la Vie Chrétienne,' from Cardinal Bona; 'Le Miroir de la Vie Spirituelle,' 'La Consolation des âmes timorées,' and 'Le Code de la Vie religieuse,' from Louis of Blois; 'De la Charité ou Explication de la Loi de Dieu,' from Thomas Aquinas; 'Le Pastoral de Saint Grégoire-le-Grand,' 'Des Prières de la Messe

de Saint Louis : il me serait impossible, dans ce moment, de m'occuper d'un pareil travail. Nous vivons d'ailleurs dans un temps où tout ce qui tient à des origines chrétiennes et monarchiques est l'objet de la plus odieuse comme de la plus stupide inimitié.'

'Je vous remercie infiniment, Monsieur l'Abbé, de l'estime que vous m'avez témoignée en vous adressant à moi : c'était mieux juger de mon zèle que de mon talent.

'J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une considération très-distinguée,

'Monsieur l'Abbé, votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

'CHATEAUBRIAND.'

et du Dimanche,' and several others. But these translations and philological treatises were, as it were, only the *délassements* of the Abbé. He had deeply studied ecclesiastical jurisprudence in its relation with the French civil law, and he had acquired such a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and his reputation as a *jurisconsulte* became so great, that he was regarded as *l'homme de France le plus versé dans la connaissance du droit canon*, and often consulted as a high authority on that science.

In 1846, he began contributing to the *Voix de la Vérité*, a periodical published by the Abbé Migne, by a series of papers on Pithou's eighty-three articles, better known under the title of Gallican Liberties and Organic Articles. He had also for some time been engaged in an elaborate work on a cognate subject, 'Dictionnaire de droit et de jurisprudence,' which he completed about this period, and which gives abundant proof of his deep and extensive knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical law. It is regarded as one of the most valuable of his publications. It appeared in three vols. 4to. in 1849, and forms part of the Abbé Migne's colossal 'Encyclopédie théologique.' This work was followed, in 1851, by another useful book, which bids fair to become a standard work on the subject, 'Manuel législatif à l'usage des fabriques paroissiales.'

The dictionary, soon after its appearance, was attacked by the Abbé Crouzet, and several of the writers in the *Univers*, to whom the Abbé Prompsault victoriously replied in the *Voix de la Vérité*.

From the year 1846 to the period of his death, the Abbé contributed regularly to the *Voix de la Vérité*, and answered the various questions submitted to him on points of canon and civil law. During these few years there were published more than 3,000 consultations from his pen in the *Voix de la Vérité* and the *Moniteur Catholique* alone. He was written to from all parts of France, and even from Algeria, and the very day before his death, he replied to some correspondents. Many of his consultations are valuable juridical treatises.

'La série de ces articles,' says M. Advielle, 'est des plus curieuses et des plus intéressantes, et honore autant l'écrivain qui les rédigeait, que l'administration diocésaine sous la censure de laquelle ils étaient publiés. L'abbé Prompsault, qu'on peut appeler à bon droit l'avocat des pauvres, puisqu'il refusa toujours le paiement des honoraires qu'il était en droit de réclamer pour ses consultations, était devenu aussi en peu de temps le défenseur des opprimés ecclésiastiques. Les curés dans leurs démêlés avec l'autorité civile, on dans leurs luttes contre ce qu'ils avaient raison de croire être l'effet de l'arbitraire de leurs supérieurs hiérarchiques, recouraient à lui comme à l'homme le plus capable de les conseiller et de les défendre. Jamais il ne refusa ses avis, de quelque part et de quelques personnes qu'ils lui fussent demandés. Obliger, dit l'un des biographes de l'abbé Prompsault, était pour lui un bonheur, poursuivre l'injustice un devoir.'—Pp. 41, 42.

The Abbé's papers on Pithou, and his vindication of the liberties of the Gallican Church, had attracted much attention, and, as is only to be expected they should, excited the anger of the Ultramontanists, who, as was also only to be expected, made up for weakness of argument and scantiness of erudition by personal abuse of the excellent Abbé, and by mendacious vituperation. They accused him, among other things, of being a *Gallican parlementaire*, and even 'the Church's enemy,' 'lui,' as has been justly remarked, '*qui ne cessa de protéger de tous ses efforts le pouvoir ecclésiastique contre les envahissements du pouvoir civil!*' The Abbé Prompsault received from different dignitaries many testimonies to the value of his papers, and to the orthodoxy of the principles promulgated in his consultations; but the cry raised by the Ultramontanists was so violent, and the Abbé Migne so persistently threatened with the loss of the patronage of certain Bishops, *trop ultramontains*, should the Abbé Prompsault's articles continue to appear in the *Voix de la Vérité*, that the series was, much to its editor's regret, discontinued, though only for a time. Shortly afterwards the Abbé resumed his *collaboration* in the *Voix de la Vérité*, put forth the same principles as before, and this without eliciting from any one the slightest *réclamation* or disapproval, simply because the real author of the papers was unknown, and they were signed by some one else! So much for the judgments of ignorance, prejudice, and ill-will!

Meanwhile, the Abbé's versatile and prolific pen was engaged upon another subject. In 1850 and 1851, the Mekhitarists at the head of the College Moorat, in Paris, being exposed to what one of his biographers calls *certaines tracasseries*, and it seems even accused of heresy, had recourse to the Abbé's

¹ In 1852, the Abbé Prompsault, in a letter to his brother Louis, thus expressed himself:—'Mgr l'Archevêque de—comme plusieurs autres, s'est mépris évidemment sur la portée de ma doctrine. Personne n'exclut plus formellement et plus efficacement que moi l'autorité civile de la gestion des affaires de l'Eglise. Je ne lui reconnais d'autres droits que ceux que lui reconnaît le Concordat, regrettant même de lui en reconnaître autant; car il est pernicieux pour la religion et dangereux pour la foi que le choix des premiers pasteurs soit entre les mains d'un pouvoir qui, n'étant pas catholique, ne peut faire que des choix politiques.'

On the 17th January, 1849, Mgr P——, Bishop of A——, wrote to the Abbé Prompsault:—'Je lis toujours avec une vive satisfaction dans *La Voix de la Vérité* les articles signés de votre nom, et je désire aujourd'hui vous fournir l'occasion de traiter à fond une question des plus pratiques de ce temps-ci.'

On the 30th April, 1850, the Bishop of L—— wrote thus:—'L'un des plus dangereux, des plus hâtifs et des plus persévérants ennemis de l'Eglise, c'est le laïcisme administratif qui s'empare de tout, de nos cathédrales, de nos églises, de nos aumônes, de nos presbytères, cimetières, &c. Elevez-vous avec toute l'énergie possible contre de si déplorables envahissements.'

In 1852, another Bishop, that of T——, also wrote thus to the Abbé Prompsault:—'Votre rare science sera d'un grand secours pour l'Eglise et votre nom restera dans la postérité avec honneur.'

assistance. He wrote articles in the *Revue Orientale*, and gave consultations in their favour. Believing them to be 'Catholiques d'esprit et de cœur,' he even prepared a history of the Armenian Church, of which, however, only a few sheets were printed, the work being stopped by orders of the Pope's nuncio. In 1860, the manuscript of this history, which is an extensive work, was given by the author's surviving brother, the Abbé J. L. Prompsault, to the directors of the Armenian College, who propose publishing it.¹

But our author's controversies with the Ultramontanists were soon to assume a more definite and permanent form. He now entered upon a conflict with them which ended only with his life. In 1851, the head of the Benedictine Order in France, Dom Guéranger, published his well-known 'Institutions Liturgiques,' or rather the third volume. At the instance, we might say at the instigation, of the Archbishop of Paris, who, originally an Ultramontanist, had become a strong Gallican and a maintainer of the Parisian liturgy, but was about soon, for very intelligible reasons, to readopt his former opinions, the Abbé Prompsault published at short intervals four Letters, in reply to the Abbé de Solesme's book. Indeed, part of the printing expenses were paid by the Archbishop himself. In these letters, which are written in a remarkably clear, forcible, and lively style, the author points out the many errors into which Dom Guéranger had fallen—his falsifications, his suppressions, his mistranslations of many of the passages he quotes, and his ignorance of canon law. The second letter is entitled, 'Le R. P. Abbé sait-il ou ne sait-il pas le Latin?' and commences with the following piece of delicate raillery:—

'Nous allons examiner ensemble vos travaux liturgiques, et discuter quelques-unes des assertions étonnantes dont vos livres sont remplis. La tâche est lourde. Permettez-moi de l'alléger en vous adressant préalablement une question à laquelle je vous prierai de vouloir bien répondre, comme on dit, catégoriquement : Savez-vous ou ne savez-vous pas le Latin ?

'Trois motifs me porteraient à croire que vous le savez : le premier est que vous ne déclarez nulle part l'avoir *longtemps et profondément étudié*, ainsi que vous avez eu soin de le faire pour ce qui concerne la Liturgie et le droit canon ; le second est qu'il me paraît difficile de supposer que quelqu'un ose entreprendre d'enseigner la liturgie et le droit canon sans connaître la langue dans laquelle ont été écrits en Occident, pendant plus de quinze siècles, les livres qui traitent

¹ 'Parmi les sujets chrétiens de l'empire Ottoman, il existe 200,000 catholiques. Ce sont généralement des Arméniens. Sur ces 200,000 catholiques, les uns sont ce qu'on appelle les *irréguliers*, les autres s'inclinent devant l'autorité du pape. C'est à ces derniers qu'appartiennent les divers membres des religieux Mékistariates, esprits distingués, qui sont plutôt des savants que des moines. Ils possèdent un grand couvent aux environs de Venise et un collège à Paris, fondé dans le courant de l'année 1846, par un sujet de cette communion; Samuel Moorat. On donne dans cette maison une instruction très-variée et très-solide.'—Advielle, p. 44.

de ces matières ; le troisième est que vous devez avoir suivi les cours d'un petit séminaire ou d'un collège quelconque.

'Je n'ai qu'un seul motif de soupçonner que peut-être vous ne le savez pas, mais ce motif en vaut dix : c'est la manière dont vous le traduisez.

'Eu parcourant des livres que je me propose de lire avec vous quelque jour, je me suis aperçu que Mgr d'Astros, archevêque de Toulouse, et Mgr Fayet, évêque d'Orléans, vous ont reproché d'avoir mutilé, interpolé, mal compris ou altéré le sens de plusieurs textes latins, ce qui m'a fait souvenir que dans ma dernière lettre j'avais été moi-même obligé de vous adresser deux fois le même reproche, et que j'avais remarqué dans vos publications liturgiques plusieurs autres faits de cette nature. Un cheval qui bronche si souvent, me suis-je dit alors, doit avoir les jambes mauvaises : le R. P. abbé ne sait peut-être pas le latin.'—Pp. 57, 58.

These letters excited much interest in the French ecclesiastical world, and elicited the approval and congratulations of many dignitaries, among whom was the late Archbishop of Toulouse, Mgr Mioland, who wrote a very flattering letter to the Abbé.

In 1853 appeared our author's short, but vigorous and stirring 'Observations sur l'Encyclique du 21 Mars, suivies d'une Lettre à M. le Ministre des Cultes.' In this Encyclic, Pius IX. attacked the liberties of the Gallican Church, and required the Bishops of France to look with favour upon those writers and periodicals who maintained the rights of the court and see of Rome. His object was the extermination of Gallicanism. The Abbé Prompsault's 'Observations,' like his 'Letter to Dom Guéranger,' were written at the instance of Mgr Sibour; and for certain energetic expressions to be found in them, as well as in the Letter to the Minister of Public Instruction, the Archbishop was himself to a great extent responsible. The Letter to the Minister begins by adverting to the fact that Roman Catholics are divided as to the seat of spiritual authority, some placing it in the person of the Pope, others in the episcopal body. After stating that the opinion of the last is based upon true Catholic tradition, he complains of the incessant efforts made by the Court of Rome to uproot it in the Churches of France, where it has been maintained more carefully than in any other country.

'C'est en vain,' says he, 'que les trois prélats les plus distingués de notre siècle, le cardinal de la Luzerne, l'évêque d'Hermopolis [Frayssinous] et le dernier archevêque de Paris [Affre] se sont levés pour la défendre : leur voix a été étouffée par les criailleries d'une nuée d'écrivains, la plupart sans nom et sans savoir, qui croient bien mériter de la religion en épousant les intérêts de la cour de Rome, et en poursuivant de leurs sophismes ou de leurs calomnies cette belle Eglise gallicane, dont la foi a toujours été si pure et le dévouement religieux si sublime.

'Les choses en sont venues au point que n'être pas ultramontain, c'est être schismatique, et même un peu hérétique.

'Tout livre qui n'est pas selon les doctrines ultramontaines est déclaré mauvais. On provoque à l'instant sa mise à l'Index.

'Tout prêtre qui a le malheur de n'être pas ultramontain est signalé comme un loup dans la bergerie. On travaille activement à l'écartier de l'épiscopat.

'On ne saurait se faire une idée du mouvement que les ultramontains se donnent pour obtenir que le choix du gouvernement s'arrête sur des prêtres de leur parti.

'Le Cardinal Fornari, dernier nonce en France, jouait secrètement un rôle très-actif dans ces sortes d'intrigues.

'Il n'a perdu ni son temps ni sa peine : car, s'il faut en croire ce qu'il disait lui-même à un de mes amis, quelques semaines avant son départ, il aurait laissé en France soixante-dix évêques ultramontains ou liés par leurs propres actes à l'ultramontanisme.'—P. 20.

Unfortunately, the number has continued increasing during the last ten years; but the tide now seems to be turning. The last two or three episcopal appointments have been less ultramontanist than the previous ones. At the same time, after what we have seen of the suppleness and tergiversation of French archbishops and bishops during the last fifteen years—sober Gallicans one day, and impassioned Ultramontanists the next—now inordinately enamoured of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and fondly dallying with a democratic and social republic, and now in ecstasies of affection for the most ruthless despotism—it is extremely difficult to predict what their opinions may, or may not, become at any time.

Great was the excitement produced by the Abbé Prompsault's 'Observations,' and remarkable also, both by their number and their virulence, were the attacks directed against its author. A Breton gentleman, the Marquis de Régnon, particularly distinguished himself in this respect in a journal which he founded and edited—the *Unité Catholique*. For three consecutive months he devoted paper after paper, with the most untiring energy, to an examination of the Abbé's pamphlet, and, what is far less excusable, to personal vituperation and calumnies against the Abbé himself, stigmatizing him as 'an audacious sectary, scarcely differing from a Protestant,' as a 'Jansenist,' a 'Calvinist,' a 'sophist,' as 'a maintainer with Bossuet and Saint-Sulpice of a Church without a head,' and charging him with putting forth views 'identical in principle with Anglicanism,' with using 'the same arguments as the English Protestants,' with 'transferring to the episcopal body generally the most important part of the prerogative which Christ gave to the head of the Church,' with holding 'doctrine false and anarchical,' 'contrary to the Catholic faith,' 'full of error and malice,' and certain to be placed on the Index.

The Abbé lost no time in publishing a reply to M. de Régnon's diatribes. In July 1853, he put forth an answer¹ to the articles

¹ We subjoin the first paragraph of this 'Réponse' to the Breton Marquis :—'Il me semble, en lisant vos articles de polémique, voir un chevalier breton, au milieu de la mêlée, frappant d'estoc et de taille sur le téméraire qui a l'outréccuidance de vouloir lui barrer le passage. Passez, sire chevalier, allez fièrement outre. On

which had appeared in the first and second numbers of the *Unité Catholique*; and this answer was soon followed by four more letters addressed to the Marquis, and now comprised in one volume, under the title of 'Du Siège du Pouvoir ecclésiastique dans l'Eglise de Jésus-Christ.' In this work, Prompsault demonstrates, by the words of Scripture, by the testimonies of the fathers and the commentaries of the most learned canonists, that S. Peter did not receive the power of alone governing the Church—that that power was vested in the apostolic college generally, now represented by the Bishops—and that the only privilege to be conceded to that apostle was a primacy of honour, and not of jurisdiction. In the first letter, he investigates, to use his own words, 'the belief and doctrine of the Church, before 'the martyrdom of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, with 'respect to the seat of Church authority,' and he minutely examines all the texts bearing upon the subject. The well-known verse, from S. Matthew xvi. 16, he thus explains:—

'Vous m'objectez ces paroles : *Tu es PETRUS, et super HANC PETRAM ædificabo ecclesiam meam*, comme voulant dire : *Tu es Pierre, et sur cette pierre, qui est toi, je bâtirai mon Eglise*. Interprétation contraire à l'Ecriture-Sainte, à l'enseignement des premiers siècles, à la saine théologie et même aux règles de la grammaire; car tout se réunit pour empêcher qu'on ne donne à ces paroles un autre sens que celui-ci : *Tu es de la pierre, et sur cette pierre, qui est moi, je bâtirai mon Eglise*, *Petrus* étant un qualificatif qui attribue à Simon la qualité de la pierre, et la pierre étant le Christ, ainsi que le dit Jésus-Christ lui-même (saint Matth. xxi, 42; saint Marc xii, 10; saint Luc xx, 17), et que le répètent saint Paul (1^{re} aux Cor. x, 1) et saint Pierre (1^{re} Epître. ii, 8).—P. 23.

This letter thus characteristically concludes:—

'De tous ces faits que je viens de vous exposer aussi exactement que je l'ai pu, et de tous ces textes de l'Ecriture-Sainte, auxquels je n'ai pas à me rapprocher d'avoir donné sciemment un sens étranger, je conclus que le pouvoir souverain, dans l'Eglise, n'a pas été remis à Pierre, mais au collège apostolique. Si je suis dans l'erreur, veuillez, monsieur le marquis, m'en tirer par de bonnes et solides raisons; mais ne m'accusez pas d'avoir des convictions qui ne reposent sur rien, et de professer des opinions qui sont contraires au dogme catholique. Je marche en ce moment avec les gallicans, parce que je les crois mieux instruits de la discipline apostolique concernant le siège du pouvoir ecclésiastique que ne le sont les ultramontains. Je me séparerai d'eux, sans la moindre difficulté, dès l'instant où le contraire me sera démontré, parce que suis chrétien avant tout.'—P. 45.

Three weeks after the publication of this letter, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons put forth a *mandement*, in which he professed to analyse and refute the positions and arguments of the Abbé Prompsault, denounced the whole letter as containing

n'arrête pas des hommes tels que vous; il faudrait les enlever, et je ne me sens pas de force à faire un pareil coup de main. Pendant que vous continuerez votre chemin, je vais me pulper pour voir si, après tant et de si durs horions, je ne suis pas pourfendu de la tête aux pieds ou tout au moins dommageablement entaqué.'

'propositions respectively false, erroneous, captious, dangerous, rash, savouring of heresy, injurious to the apostolic see,' forbid all in his diocese 'to read or to possess it,' and 'humbly submitted it to the judgment of the Apostolic See.'

To this attack the Abbé put forth a calm, keen, dignified, and crushing reply. 'Je ne veux pas faire du scandale,' says he; 'en conséquence je n'userai que d'une partie de mes droits; mais je ne puis me dispenser de relever les imputations calomnieuses, les citations tronquées ou altérées et les assertions fausses ou mensongères dont se compose cet acte d'autorité pontificale, par lequel le parti ultramontain a voulu me fermer la bouche et me discréditer pour toujours.' The Abbé certainly kept his word. He thoroughly examined the *mandement*; and, after vindicating himself from the 'calumnious imputations,' he pointed out twenty passages in which the Cardinal had misquoted him and perverted his meaning, and twenty-one in which he had falsified the fathers; while the mendacious or false assertions amount to no less than forty-one.

The Abbé had not heard of this *mandement* before its appearance in the public prints. He remarks, with a good deal of *bonhomie*, that a copy might at least have been forwarded to himself, as one personally interested in the matter; but he knew nothing of his condemnation before its reproduction in the periodicals of the ultramontanist party. The omission was, however, amply compensated by an act of courtesy and politeness well worthy the author of the *mandement*, and such only perhaps as the good Abbé had a right to expect from an ultramontanist Archbishop and prince of the Church, bent upon ruining the high-principled priest. On the 1st December, 1853, the Abbé received by post, in an envelope bearing the Lyons post-mark, and unpaid, a copy of his first letter—the very copy, he had reason to believe, which he had respectfully sent to his Eminence, and containing the following annotations in pencil, which, on account of the originality, elegance, urbanity, and good feeling they evince, we venture to transcribe *in extenso*. They deserve immortality.

'Page 1, âne; p. 3, *bourica facta pecus*; p. 4, cruche; p. 5, dindon; p. 6, encreouté; p. 7, fagotteur; p. 8, galimathias; p. 9, hétéroclite; p. 10, imbécile; p. 11, jars; p. 12, kakatouès de la grande espèce; p. 13, limier du gallicanisme; p. 14, mâchoire; p. 15, nigaud oh!; p. 16, oie; p. 17, prompt sot; p. 18, quinaud; p. 19, rabâcheur; p. 20, sotisier; p. 21, tabarin du gallicanisme; p. 22, urinal du pape; p. 23, valet du gallicanisme; p. 24, zéro; p. 25, absurde; p. 26, bêtise; p. 27, condamné; p. 28, damné; p. 29, écho d'enfer; p. 30, faussaire; p. 31, Gille; p. 32, huguenot, hérétique; p. 33, incurable; p. 34, schismatique; p. 35, orgueilleux; p. 36, contraire à la foi, à l'Eglise et au bon sens, à faire lever les épaules; même page, la seconde syllabe de mon nom a été effacée et remplacée par le mot *sot*.'—*Du Siége du Pouvoir ecclésiastique*, p. 218.

It was far easier thus grossly to insult the excellent and courageous Abbé than to refute him. These choice flowers of ultramontanist rhetoric forcibly remind one of the amenities addressed to the immortal author of the 'Provincial Letters' by his Jesuit opponents, who benignantly characterised him as a 'bouffon,' an 'ignorant,' a 'farceur,' an 'imposteur,' a 'calomniateur,' a 'fourbe,' an 'hérétique Calviniste déguisé,' a 'disciple de Dumoulin,' as 'possédé d'une légion de diables,' &c. &c. The Abbé Prompsault was not, however, the man to be put down by the vituperation and vulgarities of the Archbishop of Lyons and his satellites. Undeterred by their threats, any more than by their abuse, he proceeded to address three more letters to the Marquis de Régnon, in which he irretrievably demolished and shattered, by the testimony of primitive antiquity, the whole of the ultramontanist theory of a papal monarchy. In the second letter he prosecutes his examination of the belief and teaching of the Church on the subject of the seat of Church authority, from the martyrdom of S. Peter and S. Paul to the conversion of Constantine; and, in the third and fourth, from the conversion of Constantine to the beginning of the fifth century; and he demonstrates, with great learning and inflexible logic, that this authority did not reside in the Bishop of Rome.¹ We feel tempted to give additional extracts from these striking letters, which several eminent Roman canonists designated as *effrayantes de vérité*, but we must refer our readers to the volume itself. We cannot, however, forbear presenting our readers with the conclusion of the 'Réponse' to the Marquis de Régnon, written in July, 1853, and already mentioned. It contains a comprehensive *résumé* of its author's principles on several important theological points, and is at the same time a good specimen of his acuteness and extensive and well-digested learning, of his force of diction, closeness of argument, and ratiocinative ability. Some passages, by their lofty indignation, rise into eloquence:—

'Vous dites, Monsieur, que la théologie romaine est celle du monde catholique.—Le monde catholique pourrait, sans contredit, adopter la théologie romaine, mais il ne l'a pas encore fait, et il est à présumer qu'il ne la fera jamais, par la raison que la théologie romaine est une appropriation de l'enseignement et des lois de l'Eglise à des populations dont les besoins religieux et moraux diffèrent ou différeront toujours de ceux des autres populations.

'Vous dites que j'accepte tout ce qui est schismatique.—Je vous prie de croire que je connais la religion romaine aussi bien et peut-être mieux qu'un laïque n'est obligé de la connaître, et que, loin d'adopter ce qui est schismatique, je n'adopte même pas ce qui est simplement erroné; c'est la raison pour laquelle je suis peu d'accord avec certains écrivains religieux de nos jours.

¹ The Abbé Guettée has recently published a large 8vo. volume, on the same subject. It is entitled, 'La Papauté Schismatique, ou Rome dans ses rapports avec l'Eglise Orientale.' It seems to be a learned and exhaustive work.

‘ Vous dites que j’accepte, certaines parties du concile de Constance que les papes ont rejetées.—Il me semble que cela doit être. Si les papes avaient accepté ou acceptaient les décisions des conciles de Constance et de Bâle qui proclament la supériorité du concile sur eux, la question serait résolue dans le sens des principes admis en France. L’ultramontanisme n’existerait plus. Mais ne pas recevoir et condamner sont des choses différentes, et ici la noncondamnation est une présomption bien forte en faveur de l’opinion rejetée, surtout quand on a la preuve d’ailleurs que cette opinion est conforme à la doctrine des livres saints et à la discipline des premiers siècles de l’E. lise.

‘ Vous dites que j’accepte les maximes protestantes de Pithou.—Non, Monsieur, je n’accepte pas les maximes de Pithou. Je prétends seulement et je montre que la Cour de Rome les a reconnues en 1802.

‘ Vous dites que j’accepte la déclaration que le clergé de France fit en 1682.—Cela est vrai.

‘ Vous ajoutez que cette déclaration est semi-protestante.—C’est ce dont je ne me doute nullement. Démontrez-le. Je l’abandonnerai de suite.

‘ Vous dites encore qu’elle a été condamnée solennellement par plusieurs papes.—Il est vrai que les deux papes Innocent XI et Alexandre VII la condamnèrent ; mais il est vrai aussi que tous leurs successeurs l’ont reconnue et s’y sont conformés dans leurs rapports avec la France. Vous vous scandaliseriez peut-être si j’ajoutais que tous les Etats catholiques de l’Europe paraissent l’avoir prise pour règle dans leurs rapports politiques et religieux avec le Saint-Siège et la cour de Rome.

‘ Vous dites que j’accepte tout, en un mot, jusqu’à la monstrueuse constitution civile du clergé.—On ne fait de pareilles imputations à un prêtre que lorsqu’on a des preuves certaines qu’elles ne sont pas calomnieuses. En avez-vous trouvé dans ma brochure ? Relisez, je vous en prie, la page 19.

‘ Vous dites que je me place au milieu d’erreurs locales, que je formule une théologie purement civile, schismatique, impie.—Je me suis placé, au contraire, en dehors de toutes les opinions pour examiner, avec plus d’indépendance et de liberté, un fait grave qu’il m’a paru urgent de signaler. Dans une pareille position, il m’était impossible de formuler aucune espèce de théologie. J’ai fait de l’histoire et du droit ecclésiastique : rien de plus.

‘ Vous dites encore que je dépasse toutes les limites.—Je suis trop craintif, Monsieur, pour m’aventurer ainsi.

‘ Vous terminez en disant que je montre, sans le savoir ce *fin tact* des hérétiques qui leur fait prendre toujours le faux pour le vrai, le particulier pour le général, le *bien* pour le mal, et le *centre* de l’unité catholique pour l’erreur locale.—Il est certain que si j’avais mis dans la composition de mon écrit le tact les hérétiques, ce serait, comme vous le dites, sans le savoir. Il y a un peu de confusion dans votre phrase. Il me paraît même que, dans certains endroits, elle exprime le contraire de ce que vous avez voulu dire, et présente un sens qui serait hérétique, s’il n’était pas évident qu’il est tout-à-fait étranger à votre pensée. J’aime mieux en faire la remarque avec simplicité, que de prendre occasion de là de vous dénoncer au public comme un sophiste, un schismatique, un hérétique, un impie.’—*Du Siège du Pouvoir ecclésiastique*, pp. 233—36.

As has already been intimated, the Abbé Prompsault’s letters created a great sensation, and most of the religious periodicals took part in the controversy. Thousands of humble priests throughout France, who deeply sympathised with the Abbé, and held the same views as himself, dared not support him openly ; and he had to maintain the struggle single-handed.

One of his opponents was the well-known Abbé Cognat,¹ who attacked his 'Observations sur l'Encyclique,' in the *Ami de la Religion*, the editor of which, with true ultramontanist impartiality, would insert the Abbé Prompsault's reply only when compelled by the *ministère d'huissier*. The only religious journal open to him was—it should be said, to the praise of its proprietor and editor—the *Voix de la Vérité*.

But the Abbé Prompsault soon found that by zealously maintaining the principles of the greatest lights of the French Church, such as Bossuet, Fleury, Dupin, La Luzerne, Frayssi-nous, and of the lamented Affre, he was embarking on a sea of troubles. Numerous and mighty were his enemies; he was subjected to a variety of insults and vexations; and, in the words of one of his biographers, he at least knew by experience the truth of the Persian proverb, that, in order to be happy in this world, 'il faut être muet, sourd et aveugle.' Mgr Sibour, who played the strangest of parts while Archbishop of Paris, now himself actually turned against the author of the 'Letters to Dom Guéranger' and of the 'Observations on the Encyclic,' and blamed him for replying in his own justification to the Archbishop of Lyons. In 1853, he suddenly abandoned his strong Gallican principles, and returned, with increased devotion, to his first love. It would not have done, however, for the Archbishop to fall out with his old friend at that particular moment, and on account of the answer to Mgr de Bonald's 'Mandement.' Though greatly irritated, he concealed his angry feelings and hostility, and, professing to be perfectly satisfied with the Abbé Prompsault's explanations, he waited for another opportunity to quarrel with him and to crush him. That opportunity soon presented itself.

In the months of March and June, 1854, respectively, the Abbé Prompsault published two consultations in behalf of two clergymen, M. Régnier, curé of Salbris, and M. Bordier, a priest in the diocese of Angers, who had been interdicted in defiance of every principle of law and justice. In these documents our learned canonist proved that the condemnation of these clergymen was flagrantly illegal and unjust; that their bishops had been guilty of a most arbitrary and despotic proceeding; and he disapproved of the Archbishop of Paris, for refusing, as metropolitan, to receive the appeal of one of these priests. Mgr Sibour at once seized the occasion of crushing, as he thought,

¹ The observations on the Encyclic consisted of only twelve duodecimo pages. This made the Abbé Cognat say of this *brochure*, that it was 'aussi peu importante par son étendue, que téméraire par les principes qu'elle contient.' To this remark, the Abbé Prompsault replied that his opponent 's'était servi d'un mètre pour mesurer l'importance de son travail.'

the chivalrous and lofty-minded Abbé. A Bernard could, in former times, criticise, confute, and censure a pope; but Mgr Sibour was determined to show that, in these times, even the most unquestionable and grossest acts of arbitrariness and illegality were to be committed, not only with impunity but with approval. On the 10th August, 1854, the Archbishop promulgated an *ordonnance*, condemnatory of the two consultations, though in a general way, and without specifying any one proposition as worthy of censure. It terminated thus:—

‘Quant à la personne de l’auteur, nous suspendons, à son égard, toute peine, espérant, d’après ce que nous avons obtenu, dans une autre circonstance, de sa foi et de sa piété, qu’aussitôt que notre jugement sera arrivé à sa connaissance, il s’empressera de s’y soumettre et de désavouer tout ce qu’il y a de répréhensible dans les mémoires condamnés.’

This was too bad. In his ‘Institutions diocésaines,’ Mgr Sibour had himself formally and solemnly enunciated this important principle,—‘Il n’y a rien de plus sacré que le droit qu’a un accusé de n’être pas condamné, sans, au préalable, avoir été entendu, vu que, agir autrement, c’est violer la justice même;’ and he himself was the first to violate that principle and justice too. But what aggravates the Archbishop’s conduct is, that the ordinance was elaborated and put forth on the strength of a mere *rapport anonyme*; and not only was no opportunity afforded to the accused—and that accused no less a man than the Abbé Prompsault—of vindicating or justifying himself, but it was printed and published in all the papers before the Abbé had the slightest cognizance of it. Though dated on the 10th, it was only officially communicated to the Abbé on the 17th August. On the morning of that day, just as he was going to say Mass, and as the Archbishop himself was leaving Paris for the south of France, the chaplain of the Quinze-Vingts received the following note:—‘Je prie M. l’abbé Prompsault de passer ce soir, de huit à neuf heures, ou demain matin, à neuf heures. J’aurais une communication à lui faire de la part de Mgr l’Archevêque.—L. BUQUET.’ This communication was the *ordonnance*, of which a printed copy was waiting for him at the archiepiscopal palace.

Well may M. Rochas here say:—

‘Il y avait dans cette brutale manière d’agir une sorte de combinaison tyrannique et de calcul d’oppression. Affligé, mais non déconcerté, l’abbé Prompsault fit insérer dans *La Voix de la Vérité* une Lettre pour démontrer combien une semblable conduite était contraire, non-seulement à l’esprit de l’Evangile, mais aux plus simples notions du juste et de l’injuste. Au lieu de répondre, l’archevêché le suspendit de toutes fonctions ecclésiastiques dans le diocèse de Paris (8 Septembre 1854).’

The Abbé Meignan, of whose powers as a translator of English, and of whose notions of our Church, we had occasion

to give one or two specimens a short time ago, in a notice of his papers in the *Correspondant* on the 'Essays and Reviews,' has, in a recent number of that periodical, found fault with the slow, costly, and unsatisfactory procedure of our ecclesiastical courts, which he regards as incompetent to adjudicate, not only upon theological doctrines, but upon questions of pure ecclesiastical law. We are not going to defend their incongruous and anomalous constitution and cumbrous machinery; but, such as they are, they are infinitely preferable to the system prevalent among our French neighbours.¹ We are certainly debarred from saying a word against their ecclesiastical courts, for such do not exist; and when an ecclesiastic offends, or renders himself in any way obnoxious to his bishop, we must concede to M. Meignan that the process of suspension or deprivation is, if not more satisfactory, at least far more expeditious than ours. It is a very simple and summary proceeding. The poor priest, ruthlessly domineered over by his bishop, is interdicted, suspended, or deprived by him at will, frequently without the opportunity of defending himself or any legal formality whatever, and often compelled to abandon his profession and to take to some secular calling, or reduced to live upon the alms of his friends or to starve. Bishops in France possess now-a-days the most absolute and uncontrolled power over their clergy, whether they are *desservants*, *vicaires*, or *curés*, and too often exercise it most iniquitously. It is true that there are some *curés inamovibles*—at least in theory; but it is very easy for the bishop to get rid of them at any time. Under the flimsiest pretext, and sometimes without any pretext whatever, the bishop can interdict or suspend a *curé*; he then appoints a *pro-curé*, and compels the *curé* to give him part of his stipend. 'These things,' says a distinguished Gallican layman, in a private letter to ourselves, 'happen very often, and above all out of Paris. As for the

¹ *A propos* of the very vigorous pamphlet launched by the Bishop of Orléans against M. Littre's recent candidature for a seat in the French Academy, and which doubtless greatly contributed to the latter's discomfiture, M. Forcade, the well-known writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, reminds Mgr Dupanloup that, among ourselves, other means, besides mere denunciation and condemnation, are resorted to to silence the authors of rationalistic and infidel publications; and that a large number of effective and crushing replies to the 'Essays and Reviews,' and to Bishop Colenso, have appeared in this country. This M. Meignan himself is forced to acknowledge. Indeed, the many refutations recently put forth of this and cognate publications would do honour to any church and country. But what systematic replies appear to the many free-thinking and infidel publications so widely disseminated in France? With the exception of M. Wallon's thoughtful work on the *Evangelies*, of one or two publications by the Abbé Glaire, of the Abbé Guettée's able articles in the *Union Chrétienne*, in reply to M. Patrice Larroque's 'Examen critique des doctrines de la Religion Chrétienne,' and M. Meignan's own 'Prophéties Messianiques' (of which he constantly reminds his readers), there are scarcely any worth the name.

'other priests, they lose all position and means of livelihood, and 'many beg their bread in Paris, where they take shelter.' We have heard from two unexceptionable and independent sources that there are at the present moment more than 200 ecclesiastics serving as coachmen or conductors in the public conveyances of the French capital, and some 400 others playing street organs, serving as porters, or begging, many of whom are the victims of episcopal caprice, injustice, arbitrariness, and tyranny. The shameful treatment experienced by one of the ablest and most learned priests in France, the Abbé Guettée, is well known; so is that of the Abbés Déléon, Cartelier, Kœnig, Robert, and Guillaud, for their merciless exposure of Mademoiselle Lamerlière and her impudent La Salette imposture; so is that of the good Abbé Laborde; and so is that of hundreds of others. We ourselves are personally acquainted with an excellent clergyman, formerly a *vicaire* of one of the most important churches of Paris, who was *suspected* by the last archbishop of reading the *Observateur Catholique*, and who was interdicted in consequence, and is now living on the alms of his friends in a wretched garret.

The sturdy chaplain of the Quinze-Vingts was determined to resist the Mgr Sibour's unjust sentence, both on private and public grounds. 'Il se sentait soutenu,' says M. Rochas, 'par les vœux secrets de milliers de prêtres exposés comme lui à être chaque jour les victimes des caprices de leurs évêques, et il voulut rester fidèle jusqu'à la fin à la noble devise qu'il avait adoptée.' He immediately appealed to the Provincial Council, which the Archbishop refused to convoke, as well as to the Council of State, and finally to the Pope himself. All he asked was that his 'cause should be examined, and decided according to right and justice.' He left Paris for Rome on the 14th October, 1854, and of course gained nothing by his journey. As one of his biographers remarks, the Abbé had studied many folios, and was a man of immense erudition; he was apparently, however, unacquainted with La Fontaine's Fable, *Le Pot de Terre et le Pot de Fer*, otherwise he would not have proceeded, in his guileless simplicity, upon so bootless an expedition. The Pope received his appeal with apparent kindness and sympathy, intimated that he would be glad to see him, and that justice should be rendered him. 'On lui fit mille politesses, on le complimenta sur sa vaste science, on le fatigua par d'interminables délais de procédure, mais [naturellement] on ne décida rien.' The Archbishop of Paris, also, had in the mean time visited the Eternal City.¹

¹ In a letter from Rome, dated January 7, and addressed to a friend, the Abbé himself gave the following account of the proceedings in regard to himself:— 'Après avoir obtenu, du moins en promesses, un magnifique succès et avoir vu

After his return from Rome, where he stayed three months, and where he was by no means enchanted with what he heard and saw, the Abbé prosecuted his *pourvoi* before the Council of State, and had every chance of succeeding, had not certain occult, but powerful influences been at work against him. Finally a compromise was effected.

‘Afin de ménager l’honneur de l’archevêque de Paris en ne déclarant pas d’abus contre lui, et les droits de l’abbé Prompsault en ne rejetant pas son pourvoi, le Conseil d’Etat négocia un accommodement qui fut accepté le 10 mars 1855. L’abbé Prompsault se désista alors et déclara qu’il n’avait rien voulu faire de disciplinaire. Mais en acceptant cette transaction, l’abbé Prompsault s’était réservé de suivre son appel à Rome. C’était pour lui, disait-il, la planche de salut. Or, il apprit, deux ou trois jours plus tard, que l’on avait fait défendre par le pape au secrétaire de la sacrée Congrégation du Concile, d’y donner suite et de recevoir les actes ultérieurs qui pouvaient s’y rattacher. En présence de ce déni de justice, qui le laissait entièrement sous le poids de la diffamation dont il se plaignait, l’abbé Prompsault conçut le dessein de renoncer à l’exercice du saint ministère et de se retirer dans sa maison de Bollène, pour y vivre paisiblement de ses revenus, s’y reposer et continuer à écrire, autant que sa santé, assez compromise, pouvait le lui permettre.’—Advielle, pp. 65, 66.

This paltry piece of rancour and vindictiveness on the part of the Archbishop cost the Abbé 3,000 francs, and made him lose more than 20,000 on the sale of his publications. When it was terminated, he wrote to his brother Louis:—‘ Cette perte reduira considérablement mon avoir et diminuera mes ressources ; mais ceci ne m’inquiète nullement. Ce que nous possédons vient de Dieu. Il nous en laissera toujours assez pour nous mettre en état de coopérer à l’accomplissement de sa volonté.’

Sick at heart—subjected to all sorts of petty persecutions—beset by enemies whom he had involuntarily made by his straightforwardness, high principle, and strength of conviction, and

mes affaires arrangées conciliairement par le pape en très-peu de jours, j’ai été renvoyé, comme le commun des plaideurs, devant les congrégations romaines.

‘ Ces congrégations ont l’habitude de se hâter très-lentement, et lorsqu’elles croient avoir des ménagements à garder, elles stérnisent les affaires. Je n’attends rien d’elles tant que Mgr l’archevêque de Paris sera à Rome. Après son départ, l’évidence de l’abus déterminera probablement à me rendre justice. C’est là, non-seulement l’opinion des plus habiles canonistes de Rome, mais encore celle de tous ceux qui ont pris connaissance de mon affaire. J’espère donc.

‘ En attendant, ma position n’est rien moins qu’agréable. Je prends le parti de ne pas m’en occuper, laissant à Dieu, qui est la vérité même et la justice, le soin de diriger lui-même le procès et de lui donner l’issue qui sera la plus conforme à sa gloire.’

While the affair was pending, great was the anxiety at the Quinze-Vingts. ‘ Il n’y eut peut-être pas,’ says M. Advielle, ‘ une seule personne attachée à cet établissement qui ne témoignât les marques de la sympathie la plus franche à l’abbé Prompsault. Lorsqu’il revint de Rome, quoique ce fût un jour de la semaine, une foule de ses paroissiens accoururent à sa première messe, et, au sortir de l’Eglise, un grand nombre d’entre eux allèrent lui rendre visite. Il eut la consolation de recevoir chez lui, ce jour-là, tous les habitants de la maison des Quinze-Vingts, aux intérêts de laquelle il n’avait cessé de se dévouer.’—P. 159.

consisting of ambitious priests, who, as has been justly surmised, 'travaillaient à outrance à racheter peut-être leur manque de considération personnelle par les excès de leur ultramontanisme'—deprived of rest both of body and mind—his health completely shattered—the Abbé decided upon asking for his *mise en retraite*. In vain did the ministry wish him to retain his chaplaincy; he decided upon resigning it; and his retiring pension was at last fixed upon. On the 1st September, 1855, he bid farewell to his *chers aveugles*, as he called them, and to whose temporal and spiritual good he had consecrated twenty-six of the best years of his life. It was a cruel separation for all.

But the good Abbé's troubles were not yet over. In the month of June of the same year, his work 'Du Siége du Pouvoir ecclésiastique,' had been placed into the Index.¹ As he was on the point of leaving Rome in the preceding January, the Prefect of the congregation of the Index had solemnly promised the Abbé that that work would not be condemned without his having the opportunity of making in it the alterations which would be submitted to him. This promise was shamefully broken; and it was only after repeated solicitations that, towards the close of his life, the Abbé obtained from the *consulteur* of the Index the *mémoire* stating the grounds of his condemnation. This document he considered extremely feeble, and full of the grossest misrepresentations; and had he lived he would have embodied and refuted it in a new edition of his 'Pouvoir ecclésiastique.'²

¹ This event was at length brought about through the good offices of the Abbé's old opponent, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons. But it seems that others had long kindly interested themselves in the Abbé Prompsault, and in the immaculateness of his orthodoxy, and were bent upon having him condemned, and, if possible, ruined. As far back as the 14th October, 1851, a friend wrote to him:—'Je vous avertis, avec certitude d'être bien informé, que vous avez des ennemis irréconciliables à Rome dans les personnes des célèbres U * * * et B * * * Ces messieurs sont résolus de vous bien éplucher et vous faire condamner.'

On the occasion of the publication of his first letter to Dom Guéranger, one of the most eminent of the Parisian clergy also wrote to him thus:—'J'ai su par Blois, La Rochelle, deux fois par Paris, que vos ennemis vous poursuivent à outrance auprès de l'*Index*. Quelques prêtres, aidés par quelques évêques, semblent avoir fait vœu de faire condamner par Rome les simples opinions jusqu'ici licites.'

The Abbé Prompsault replied:—'Qu'on me poursuive où l'on voudra. Ma seconde lettre à Dom Guéranger est entièrement terminée. Elle sera demain chez l'imprimeur.'

² The Abbé Guettée was treated even worse. Although his very learned and elaborate work, 'Histoire de l'Eglise de France,' had received the approval of forty-five Bishops, it was placed in the Index through the ungenerous and implacable hostility of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims. This was done without the author receiving the slightest warning or intimation to that effect; and to this day we believe the Abbé has never been made acquainted with the grounds on which his work was condemned. The circumstances under which he became cognizant of the fact that his history had been put into the Index are rather curious. Passing by the Boulevards one day, he was offered by a newsvender a copy of the *Presse*, which he took as it were mechanically. On opening it, his

The Abbé retired to Bollène where his family then lived, and there completed works already begun, and commenced others of various kinds, and, among them, one very important compilation entrusted to him by the Government, 'Recueil général des lois relatives aux affaires ecclésiastiques de France.' Early in 1857, he was called upon to give some most important consultations in favour of two clergymen, the Abbés Crozat and Chapot, the former, principal of a college at Bourg-du-Péage, and the latter, a canon of the cathedral of Valence, and cure-archiprêtre of Bourg-du-Péage, and upon whom it was attempted to fix the responsibility of discreditable pecuniary transactions, in which a certain Abbé Clément was directly, and the Bishop of Valence himself and his grands-vicaires indirectly, implicated. Not content with falsely accusing these excellent ecclesiastics, Mgr Chatrousse deprived the Abbé Chapot of his title of arch-priest, and suspended him for ever as curé of Bourg-du-Péage, appointing a pro-curé in his stead. As to the Abbé Crozat, he was debarred from receiving the confessions of his pupils, and not allowed to have a private chapel in his establishment. Both these ecclesiastics appealed to the Metropolitan, but the Archbishop of Avignon advised them to seek for justice at Rome! In this emergency they applied to the Abbé Prompsault. On this melancholy case, of which M. Rochas gives the fullest account, the Abbé Prompsault drew up some masterly *mémoires*, in which, to use M. Advielle's energetic language, 'il flagella de son fouet impitoyable les misérables suborneurs de la succession de la demoiselle Agrenier, mit à néant leurs faibles arguments, et prépara l'éclatante réhabilitation à laquelle avaient droit ses malheureux clients.' The matter caused great excitement, and came before the tribunal of Valence. Mgr Chatrousse died before the termination of this sad business; but one of the first acts of his successor, Mgr Lyonnet, was to reinstate the Abbé Chapot in all his offices.

But the Abbé's days on earth were fast drawing to a close. Endowed with the greatest physical and moral energy, he had continued to work with unabated assiduity, though greatly suffering in one of his eyes. It was soon found that he was afflicted with a cancer; and, acting on the advice of his physician at Bollène, he decided upon going to Paris to have his eye extracted. The operation, which lasted fifty-five minutes, and which the Abbé bore with admirable fortitude, was performed on the 17th October, 1857, and perfectly succeeded. He seemed to be rapidly recovering; so much so, that the Abbé

eyes accidentally lighted on a list of books just put into the Index, including, to his great astonishment, his own 'History!' To add insult to injury, he was placed between Proudhon and Eugène Sue!

Guettée, on calling to see him shortly after the operation, found him reading Ferraris' '*Bibliotheca Canonica*.' 'Mon cher ami,' said the patient to his visitor, 'je pensais à vous en lisant ce 'mauvais livre, qui contient une morale plus relâchée encore que 'celle de Liguori. Lisez vous-même.'¹ But soon the worst symptoms manifested themselves, and on the 7th January, 1858, after having received, with the greatest fervour, the last sacraments, this good man breathed his last. He was tended to the day of his death by one of his sisters, who, for the last twenty years, had lived with him, acted as his amanuensis, and affectionately provided for all his material wants. He died at the *infirmerie* of Marie-Thérèse.

He received the visits of many friends during his illness; indeed, his room was always full of people. Among those who went to see him, were Mgr Lyonnet, the new Bishop of Valence, and Mgr Morlot, Archbishop of Paris. Fully alive to the iniquitous treatment the chaplain of the Quinze-Vingts had received from his predecessor, the Archbishop, who felt great respect for the Abbé's learning and virtues, was endeavouring to obtain for him at the period of his death one of the canonries of S. Denis.

The Abbé Prompsault's sole earthly possessions consisted of his library, which comprised some 25,000 volumes; among which were many valuable works. He left it to his brother, the excellent Professor of Notre-Dame de Sainte Garde, 'en 'lui recommandant de ne pas la morceler, et de faire en sorte de 'la céder en totalité, soit à un évêché, soit à un grand établissement religieux.' In December, 1858, M. Louis Prompsault disposed of it to Lacordaire, who had it conveyed to his recently founded college of Saint Maximin, in the department of the Var.

But the Abbé's own compositions constitute of themselves a large and valuable library. Besides his published works, many of which we have mentioned, he left a large number of others, either commenced or completed, in manuscript, and which, we trust, will some day be given to the world. Among these may be mentioned:—'*Glossaire universel, étymologique, historique et critique de la langue française au moyen-âge*;' '*Dictionnaire universel, étymologique, critique et grammatical de la langue latine*;'

¹ We may, perhaps, be pardoned for giving here an extract from a private letter, dated November 7, 1857, and addressed to ourselves, by an eminent academician, a valued friend of our own, and of the Abbé Prompsault:—'I have the pleasure of informing you that the Abbé Prompsault is quite out of danger. I have seen him to day for the first time since his operation, and we have spoken together during half an hour. He has requested me to present you his best regards, and his thanks for the interest you have taken in him. As soon as he is able to resume his avocations, he will write a treatise upon the Roman Liturgy, and also upon Gallican and ultramontane principles.'

'Histoire de la religion en France depuis la convocation des Etats Généraux, en 1789, jusqu'à la fin de l'Empire en 1814 ;' 'Introduction à l'étude de la Philosophie ;' 'Dictionnaire du Code civil ;' 'Le combat des vices et des vertus et la consolation chrétienne,' from S. Isidore of Seville ; 'Lettres pastorales ;' 'Dictionnaire du droit Canon ;' 'Cinquième Lettre à Dom Guéranger ;' 'Biographie sainte ;' 'Histoire de la Liturgie Gallicane.'

He was a great linguist. Besides Latin, which he knew as well as French, he was thoroughly conversant with Hebrew, Greek, German, Italian, and English. Italian and English, in particular, he not only wrote, but spoke very correctly.

That he was a man of the deepest and most extensive erudition, his many elaborate and, in some respects, exhaustive treatises on various subjects abundantly testify ; and that the goodness and uprightness of his heart, and whole moral character, were in keeping with his intellectual attainments, his life affords the most unquestionable and convincing evidence. It has been remarked that all his controversial writings were *des défenses, et non des attaques*, and that truth alone, and a deep sense of duty to the interests of religion, induced him to enter into controversy. Like Johnson, he took up his pen only after having himself thoroughly investigated all the facts of the case, and scrupulously examined it in all its bearings ; and, unlike Macaulay, if any friend or opponent ever pointed out a mistake, either as regarded a matter of fact, or a false inference, or an incorrect estimate of men and things, instead of obstinately adhering to his original statement or opinion, he at once rectified it.

It is melancholy to contemplate the innumerable vexations and annoyances, the persecutions and misrepresentations, to which he was exposed in consequence of his firm and conscientious adherence to the true principles of the Gallican Church. He was a Gallican, not *par système*, or because he regarded it as a cause which he was bound to uphold, but after mature reflection and by deep conviction. 'Je n'accorde rien,' he often said, 'à l'esprit de système, esprit qui est, à mon avis, l'ennemi le plus dangereux de la religion.' He sturdily and uncompromisingly adhered to these principles to the last, and this at a time, when they had become more and more unpalatable—when so many were abandoning them—when their avowed maintenance not only precluded all hopes of advancement, but subjected their adherents to suspicion, ill-will, and persecution.

Had it not been for this—had the Abbé Prompsault been any thing of a time-server or an intriguer—had he chosen to tamper with his convictions—had he deigned to stoop to petty tricks, and paltry devices—or had he even simply followed the *courant*, not only would he have escaped all molestation and calumny, but

would have attained the highest dignities—though he little cared for mere earthly titles and distinctions.

‘Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.’

He was frequently remonstrated with by his friends for his unswerving adherence to his principles, and especially for his fearless promulgation of them. They bid him *ménager son avenir* and go along with the stream, and—if not to abandon his opinions, like so many others, from motives of policy and personal aggrandisement—at least to be careful in all he said and published.

One of them, for instance, thus wrote to him in March, 1852:—

‘Malgré la droiture incontestable et incontestée de vos intentions, je crains que vous ne foyez tant sur vos droits que sur vos devoirs comme écrivain.

‘En conséquence je vous conseille de toute ma puissance de bien peser toutes les syllabes de ce que vous publierez et de ne prendre aucune résolution *à priori*, et abstraction faite des circonstances qui surgiront nécessairement. Ceux qui semblent vous soutenir hors le moment du danger, vous abandonneront, pour la plupart, n’en doutez pas, quand le danger sera venu; souvenez-vous bien de cette prédiction.’

This prediction, alas! was literally verified. To these remarks the Abbé replied very characteristically:—

‘Je ne demande rien à personne, et je crois pouvoir répondre de la droiture de mes intentions. Je me trouve par conséquent dans la position la plus favorable pour défendre mes droits et ceux des Eglises de France contre quiconque les méconnaîtra.’

Five months before, he had expressed the same sentiments at greater length, in a letter to his brother:—

‘Il y bien longtemps, mon cher Louis, qu’on me répète ce que tu me dis aujourd’hui. J’aurais suivi ces conseils de la sagesse humaine; j’aurais, comme tant d’autres, et en particulier comme le révérendissime dont tu me parles et dont je connais trop bien l’histoire, rampé, intrigué, demandé, fait demander, et bien certainement je serais en ce moment affublé de plusieurs titres honorifiques. Je ne l’ai pas fait, parce que j’ai la foi. Je crois fermement en Dieu et à sa Providence. C’est de lui que j’attends tout. Je ne veux rien avoir qui me paraisse ne pas venir de lui. Il importe peu que je sois évêque un homme riche et en crédit, tandis qu’il est indispensable que je vive et agisse en chrétien. C’est pour cette raison que je ne flatte personne, que je ne recherche rien, content de ce que Dieu a bien voulu m’accorder et convaincu que la place où il permet qu’on me laisse est le poste où mon zèle peut s’exercer de la manière la plus utile. Toutes les fois que j’ai désiré une chose, il m’en est arrivé une autre, et il s’est trouvé que c’était celle qui convenait le mieux. Je voulais rester à Tournon professeur de philosophie; les événements politiques m’en ont arraché et m’ont jeté à Paris. Ici la place de secrétaire particulier de la grande aumônerie et ensuite une éducation particulière de 6,000 francs par an me furent offertes. D’autres intriguerent et parvinrent à me supplanter. Crois-tu, cher ami, que j’aie perdu beaucoup à être dépouillé de ces deux espérances; je tiens que mon obscurité et ma retraite m’ont beaucoup mieux servi que ne l’auraient fait l’argent et les honneurs.

‘Restons ce que nous sommes, mon cher Louis, et faisons le bien autant qu’il est en nous de le faire. C’est là le seul moyen de nous épargner des regrets et de rendre supportable notre responsabilité.’

This letter was never intended for publication, and it expresses the sentiments of a man of the loftiest principle, of undeviating straightforwardness, of sterling honour, and of high moral dignity—attributes and qualities commendable at all times, and especially commendable at the present moment, were it only on account of their great rarity, in a French ecclesiastic. The Abbé's acts corresponded with his professions. In 1833, after the publication of his work on the middle ages, several eminent members of the Institute pressed him to become a candidate for academical honours; but he declined the proffered distinction. Twice he refused the office of *grand vicaire*, to which two Bishops wished to appoint him. In 1849, the Catholic Institute offered him the diploma of honorary member, which he also refused. One of the few distinctions he ever accepted was that of member of the academy of Rheims. In announcing his nomination on the 4th May, 1847, the President wrote to him:—‘C'est un juste hommage que la compagnie s'est empressée de rendre à vos talents et à votre zèle pour la science.’

M. Advielle thus speaks of his high principle and self-abnegation:—

‘Homme de cœur et d'énergie, inflexible à détruire l'erreur, marchant droit vers le but que la Providence semblait lui avoir assigné, l'abbé Prompsault eût pu, grâce à sa probité et à son immense érudition, parvenir aux plus hautes dignités ecclésiastiques; mais il eut fallu faire trêve avec le passé, renier des principes qui, pour lui, étaient sacrés et inviolables, ne plus écrire peut-être: l'abbé Prompsault ne le voulut pas. Il resta jusqu'à la mort ce qu'il avait été toute sa vie: homme de dévouement, ecclésiastique pieux et savant. Il refusa toujours les honneurs, ou eut horreur de les solliciter, sachant se contenter d'une modeste position, et n'aspirant à rien autre chose qu'à faire le bien, et qu'à servir l'Eglise, en travaillant à éclairer ses ministres.’
—Pp. 74, 75.

Many instances are recorded of his singular disinterestedness and unchanging kindness of heart. He always refused to receive any fee for his consultations. On one occasion, when he had been the means of securing 40,000 francs for a religious establishment, he refused to accept even a little present. On another occasion, a family at Lyons, by no means in affluent circumstances, gained, through the Abbé's instrumentality, an important lawsuit. They sent him a service of plate in acknowledgment of his services. ‘Il n'osa pas refuser absolument tout, dans la crainte de trop contrister cette excellente famille, mais il fit peser l'argenterie, envoya la valeur du poids, et n'accepta ainsi que le prix de la façon.’—Advielle, p. 42.

One day, as he was passing by the fountain at the corner of the Rue Charonne in the Faubourg S. Antoine, he saw a little boy of some five or six years of age, who was in vain trying to carry a bucket of water. The Abbé approaches him and says:

' Mon petit ami, ce seau est trop lourd pour toi ; comment se fait-il que ta maman t'envoie seul à la fontaine ? ' ' Ah ! monsieur,' answers the child, ' maman est malade ; elle ne peut quitter le lit et je suis seul pour la servir ; mon père est à son travail pendant toute la journée.' Touched by this simple recital, the Abbé, heedless of the number of people passing in the street, takes the bucket, and carries it home for the child. He sees the mother, speaks to her of religion and of the goodness of God, caresses the little boy, and makes them a present of money.

The Abbé was never idle. He rose regularly at four in the morning, and read or wrote, or performed his duties as chaplain, till four in the afternoon, scarcely ever deviating from this mode of life, except to receive the visits of his friends. He himself paid but few visits ; when he did so, it was in the evening.

In person he was tall, and strongly built. He had an open, serene, and highly intellectual countenance, which was the reflex of his mind. ' Sa figure expressive et calme, tout à la fois, révélait d'abord ses sentiments, ses pensées et sa vie : douceur et austérité, finesse et pénétration ; esprit de travail, de piété solide et de prudente liberté. De même sa parole facile et discrète, limpide et piquante, simple et imagée, suivant les circonstances, était toujours noble et persuasive.'

Although he had many enemies, he was no one's enemy ; and he was ever ready to befriend those who had most deeply offended and injured him. ' Bien des fois,' says M. Advielle, ' il a rendu des services signalés à ceux qui s'étaient montré ses ennemis ou qui l'avaient desservi. Il n'y a pas d'exemple qu'il ait rendu le mal pour le mal, mais il y a beaucoup d'exemples du contraire. On en trouve des preuves écrites dans sa volumineuse correspondance qui est la propriété de son frère.' In all his polemical writings, even in the case of his bitterest and most unrelenting opponents, he never indulged in any personal asperity, and always scrupulously abstained from inflicting pain.

In his general intercourse with people, he was always conciliatory, communicative, and engaging. He did not regulate his urbanity by the position of those with whom he came into contact, but he was ever most accessible, courteous, and accommodating to all—to poor and rich alike.

One, who knew him well, said that his only defect was his extreme ' bonne foi ;' and even his opponents bore witness to his lofty integrity. Some feared him on that account ; but the far greater number loved and esteemed him. ' If he pleased, he pleased by many ways.' He adopted as his motto from the first, *Pro veritate et justitia ad finem usque certemus* ; and he remained faithful to it. No consideration of expediency, no

love of ease, no fear of unjust imputations, no motive of personal ambition, no influence of private solicitations, could swerve him from the path of duty, and induce him to derogate from his dignity and honour. Such was the illustrious Prompsault; and with perfect truth has it been said, that in losing him the Church lost such an one as she could ill spare—'Un prêtre de la conduite la plus régulière, de la foi la plus vive, et de l'érudition la plus étendue.'

We intended to offer remarks suggested by circumstances in the Abbé Prompsault's life, and bearing upon different points of the French ecclesiastical system, but our paper has already exceeded the limits we originally contemplated, and we must leave our readers to make them for themselves. We purposed also entering into details in regard to the present position and prospects of the Church in France, but we must postpone these also to a future occasion. As every one knows, within the last few years a great change has come upon that Church; and how that change was brought about, we propose on some occasion to consider. Thirty years ago Gallicanism was the rule; it is now the exception. Nearly all the Bishops now are Ultramontanists, and Ultramontanists of the most violent kind; and the spread of ultramontanist principles is evidenced, with results most damaging to the Church, in a variety of ways—in the substitution of the Roman for the Gallican Liturgies, and of Liguori for Bailly—in the style and character of religious art—in an emasculated, trashy, and too frequently debased religious literature—in the promulgation of new and uncatholic dogmas—in the extension of the most rampant Mariolatry—in the ridiculous fables and wicked frauds palmed upon the credulous, such as the alleged appearance of the Blessed Virgin at La Salette, believed in by so many—in the pretty ecclesiastical toys of various kinds exhibited in the shop-windows of the *quartier* S. Sulpice—in the wicked traffic going on in holy things¹—in the exuberant folly of those members of the Provincial Council of Bordeaux, who gravely proposed that Bossuet should be censured—a proposition

¹ 'Nous connaissons, à Paris, des libraires et des journalistes *dits religieux* qui font ce commerce [*placer des messes*]; et tel curé qui passait pour un saint y gagnait chaque année une somme importante, ce qui, joint à d'autres bénéfices, lui avait fait une fortune magnifique qui passait chaque jour entre les mains de ses parents. On a dit depuis qu'il était mort dans une édifiante pauvreté. . . . Du reste, on ne s'en cache pas, et l'on imprime par milliers des prospectus dans lesquels on propose des transactions moyennant des messes. A Rome, le scandale est au comble. Il existe des *spéculateurs* en messe, comme en toute autre chose. Ces spéculateurs ont leurs correspondants dans les principales villes du monde romain. Toute leur industrie consiste à acheter le moins cher possible et à céder à un prix supérieur. Ils trouvent partout des acquéreurs qui cèdent les messes en détail. C'est en passant par les mains de tous ses spéculateurs, que la messe arrive au pauvre prêtre qui la dit parfois pour 50 centimes et même pour 25 centimes.'—*Observateur Catholique*, 1er Juin, 1863.

which would doubtless have been carried, had not the President had the good sense to prevent its being put to the vote—in the decline of the Church's influence among educated laymen, the great majority of whom are indifferent, if not openly hostile, to her—and, in spite of the outward show of religion, in the increase of irreligion and immorality. Many able Frenchmen, both lay and clerical, deplore this state of things even more than we do, but they dare not speak out openly; they can only hope and pray for better times.

Canon Wordsworth, in his recently published valuable and deeply interesting 'Tour in Italy,' records a remark made to him by a distinguished French layman, on the change which has lately come over the religious art of France, and which shows itself in so many churches. Dr. Wordsworth observes that, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the painters of pictures of the Blessed Virgin were accustomed to represent her in the act of adoring her Divine Son. This is the case in the beautiful pictures by Credi, which were lately exhibited in England. In course of time, however, the painters and sculptors proceeded to display her sitting with the Divine Infant in her arms, and not unfrequently they gave greater prominence to her than to Him. 'But, now,' said Dr. Wordsworth's friend, 'you see they have taken away the Divine Child from His mother's arms, and they exhibit the Blessed Virgin *standing as a goddess* on the altars of our churches, with her hands outstretched towards the people, as if she alone were the arbitress and the dispenser of all grace and favour to man—*comme dispensatrice de toutes les grâces*, were his words.'¹ Very similar observations were made to ourselves in France last autumn, by an eminent Church dignitary.

Sooner or later, a reaction must of course take place; indeed, high authorities inform us that that reaction has already commenced, certainly not before it was time. If there be any cause which, more than another, has contributed to alienate educated French laymen from their Church and from all religion, it has been the exaggerations and eccentricities of Ultramontanism, among which stand pre-eminent the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and the La Salette fraud,² and the hollowness,

¹ Tour in Italy, vol. ii. p. 287.

² In the Report of the 'Commission of Theologians,' appointed by the Bishop of Grenoble, to investigate the miracle, and composed of the vicars general, canons, and other ecclesiastics of the locality, we are informed that, 'L'eau de la fontaine de la Salette opère *même indépendamment de la foi des malades auxquels on la donne à boire*' (p. 189). We are also gravely told that 'des conversions inespérées ont eu lieu sur des pécheurs invétérés et des incrédules obstinés, auxquels on avait fait avaler, *contre leur gré*, quelques gouttes de l'eau miraculeuse' (p. 193). It is only fair to the Archbishop of Lyons to say that he strongly disapproves of this wicked imposture, though he has never attempted to put a stop to

³ For a long time it has brought in more than 200,000 francs a year.

insincerity, untractableness, and violence of its supporters and adepts.¹ But not only have the extravagancies and follies of this party—now predominant in France and at Rome—disgusted intellectual laymen, they have also materially tended to weaken and undermine the Church herself. Independently, however, of the testimony borne by men thoroughly acquainted with the state of feeling in the French Church, we ourselves have strong independent reasons for believing that a reaction is not far distant, if it has not actually begun; but whether it has now actually set in or not, one thing is certain, Gallicanism is not dead, as its opponents, with insincere exultation, loudly proclaim it to be. The great majority of French laymen who profess any religion at all—and some of these would be an honour to any church—are Gallicans; so are many of the most enlightened and reflecting of the country curés, who heartily re-echo the well-known sentiment of the distinguished Frayssinous, ‘Soyons gallicans, mais soyons catholiques.’ True, an insulting and well-nigh impassable barrier at present shuts them out from the high offices of their Church. When not subjected to actual contumely, they are suffered to live on in comparative obscurity. But things cannot always remain so. Let us trust that before long the present tyranny will be overpast; that the principles maintained by all the illustrious men who have adorned the French Church will reassert their legitimate supremacy; and that the ‘noble Eglise Gallicane,’ as Bossuet styled her, will produce many more priests as faithful, as devoted, and as learned as the great and good Abbé Prompsault.

¹ What Mgr Dupanloup of Orleans, formerly a Gallican, and now an Ultramontanist, said of the *Univers*, when he described it as a ‘journal dont la lecture est une corruption perpétuelle des esprits faibles et un déplorable abaissement du caractère chrétien,’ is applicable to most French ultramontanist periodicals.

ART. IV.—1. *Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World.* By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto. Macmillan & Co. London. 1862.

2. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S. John Murray. London. 1863.

‘DR. JOHNSON said at breakfast to-day, “that it was but of late that historians bestowed pains and attention in consulting records to attain to accuracy. Bacon, in writing his history of Henry VII., does not seem to have consulted any, but to have just taken what he found in other histories, and to have blended it with what he had learned by tradition.”’¹ In our day there is something very like an entire overturn of all faith in those histories which were implicitly believed in in our youth, and a writing anew of every page of history; and, as discoveries of fresh original documents are of constant occurrence, we must be content to wait till the present generation is past before historic certainty is attained: in other words, middle-aged gentlemen must be content to continue in a state of historic doubt to the end of their natural life, venturing timidly, here and there, to express a faint hope to see the glimmering of truth in this or that reputed fact, always dreading lest the ‘original document’ on which belief was based should turn out a forgery or worthless; or else, that some other document, equally original, but more authentic, will turn up, and put to flight all former convictions. The thirst for knowledge, however, and historical investigation, has extended itself far beyond written parchments and papers; the temples and tombs of Egypt, the bricks and sculpture of Assyria, are being deciphered, and made to yield their testimony to the history of long extinct and departed peoples and empires; the cradles of civilization in which the infant world was rocked, and from whence issued that vast swarm which covered the face of the earth, are found to have had engraven on them records which make us familiar with the vicissitudes of their being, their religion, and often their daily life: the infancy of art, which knew not how to prepare the skins of animals to receive the liquid mark, nor to fashion the dry reed to trace it, had recourse, most providentially, to the more enduring tablet of stone or baked clay, fitted to survive the tooth of time, and the more devouring element of fire. Even this is not all: a ruder people, less advanced in know-

¹ Tour in the Hebrides, Friday, September 17th.

ledge, more primitive in their lives, more simple in their habits, apparently utterly ignorant of the art of writing either on stone or clay, have also left us their records too, which the present age is patiently endeavouring to decipher, and from these remains is trying, and we may say with success, to extend our historical knowledge to the first inhabitants of our globe, and to tell us about races, of whose existence the last century was ignorant, which had passed away before the foot of civilized man ever trode their shores. Generations have looked with wonder on the stone temples of Salisbury Plain, the 'Devil's Arrows' of Boroughbridge, the 'standing stones' of Stennis and of Callernish, and the thousand others of other parts of Scotland, without guessing even at their builders, content to refer them to Druids and Keltic art, though all cotemporary historians contradicted the assertion. For it was especially noted by the Roman invaders of Gaul and Britain, that it was the grove of oak, Nature's own temple, in which the Druidical rites were celebrated, and that in no instance was the artificial temple of stone employed for worship. Acquainted with this fact, yet ignorant of the existence of any people anterior to the Kelts, we read of curious speculations as to the origin of such erections as Stonehenge. Years ago Inigo Jones wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that it owed its existence to Roman builders, while a writer in our own day would persuade us that it was Christian. A wider acquaintance with other countries discloses to us the fact that successive races have peopled the earth, the new one generally entirely dispossessing the older, and extirpating it—in a similar manner as in our own country the Anglo-Saxon obliterated the Kelt in the larger portion of England, the Gothic races the old Iberian of Spain, and the Arabic those of Northern Africa. It is now asserted that Druids never existed. All is uncertainty now in history; and conjecture and inquiry among the learned is as to the lives, habits, and state of art among these prehistoric races.

Ethnologists distinguish three periods, if not three distinct races, called respectively the 'stone period,' the 'bronze period,' and the 'iron period.' The first of these is so called because the existing race was ignorant of the use of metal, and employed tools and implements made only of stone, generally flint, sometimes obsidian and green-stone. The second was more advanced: not only was the use of metal understood, but the art of smelting practised; soft copper was hardened by being mixed with tin so as to create a compound out of which tools and weapons were formed, only inferior to iron. In the third we find a still further advance: the ore was extracted from the ironstone, and that intractable metal made subservient to the use of men. It is further ascertained that this diversity in the use of material,

for weapons of the chase or of war, or for domestic purposes, marked out successive races of men, and not, as might be supposed at first sight, a regular progression in art and civilization accomplished by one race in successive periods; so much so, that, as a general rule, the men of the stone period never advanced to the use of bronze, while the bronze-men did not attain to iron, excepting, of course, when they mixed with, and were taught by, a superior race.

In speaking of these as successive periods, we must not be understood as intimating that at a certain specified date, in all parts of the earth, the inhabitants used stone implements; at another, equally defined, they used bronze; for these periods differ very considerably: so much so, that while we know that the stone-men of Europe passed away centuries before we have any written history, there have been stone periods in existence up to our own time. What we mean is this, that the earliest inhabitants of every land used stone, the next race used bronze, whether it were thousands of years ago or Fuegian savages of our own time.¹ Thus, in the very cradle of the postdiluvian race, where

¹ The following letter from Admiral Fitzroy appeared in the *Times* of April 29th, of the present year:—

‘*SIR*,—Such extreme interest in the subject of “flint tools,” or “stone implements in the drift,” has been renewed by recent publications, that I feel it a duty to offer the public (by your aid) a very few but striking facts strongly bearing on that subject.

‘*Tierra del Fuego*, with its innumerable islands and rocky islets, like mountain ranges half sunk in ocean, combines every variety of aspect—storm-beaten rocky summits several thousand feet above the sea—glaciers so extensive that the eye cannot trace their limits—densely wooded hill-sides—grand cascades and sheltered sandy coves—altogether, such a combination of Swiss, Norwegian, and Greenland scenery as can hardly be realized or believed to exist near Cape Horn. Yet, even there—by lake-like waters, though so near the wildest of oceans—thousands of savages exist, and migrate in bark canoes!

In 1830 four of those aborigines were brought to England. In 1833 three of them were restored to their native places (one having died). They had then acquired enough of our language to talk about common things. From their information and our own sight are the following facts:—The natives of *Tierra del Fuego* use stone tools, flint knives, arrow and spear heads of flint or volcanic glass, for cutting bark for canoes, flesh, blubber, sinews, and spears, knocking shellfish off rocks, breaking large shells, killing guanacoos (in time of deep snow), and for weapons. In every sheltered cove where wigwams are placed, heaps of refuse—shells and stones, offal and bones—are invariably found. Often they appear very old, being covered deeply with wind-driven sand, or water-washed soil, on which there is a growth of vegetation. These are like the “kitchen middens” of the so-called “stone age” in Scandinavia.

‘No human bones would be found in them (unless dogs had dragged some there), because the dead bodies are sunk in deep water with large stones, or burnt. These heaps are from six to ten feet high, and from ten or twenty to more than fifty yards in length. All savages in the present day use stone tools, not only in *Tierra del Fuego*, but in Australia, Polynesia, Northernmost America, and Arctic Asia. In any former ages of the world, wherever savages spread, as radiating from some centre, similar habits and means of existence must have been prevalent; therefore, casual discovery of such traces of human migration, buried in or under masses of water-moved detritus, may seem scarcely sufficient to define a so-called “stone age.”

‘April 28.

‘R. FITZROY.’

we should have thought something more than a mere tradition of the antediluvian metal-workers would have remained, we find stone implements precisely similar to those exhumed from the stone kists of Scotland. Professor Rawlinson, speaking of the first monarchy, Chaldea, says: 'At the same time, they contain, among the *débris*, remarkable proofs of the small advance which had as yet been made in some of the simplest arts. Flint knives and other implements, stone hatchets, chisels, and nails, are abundant in all the ruins; and though the use of metal is not unknown, it seems to have been comparatively rare. Whenever metal is found, it is either gold or bronze, no trace of iron appearing in any of the Chaldean remains.'¹ We have here evidently a transition state—a nation slowly learning the use of metal; for, of course, we must admit that the primitive race—the original stock, so to speak—must have progressed in art after that the first swarm of stone-men had gone off from the main body, or we must hold the theory that some more civilized tribes had never lost the metallurgic art, and, in this case, were impinging upon the stone-men, and, perhaps—by reason of their higher civilization—supplanting them, and driving them out. However this may be, we find throughout Asia and Europe monuments of this race, in the standing stones and the cyclopean buildings everywhere existing; and we know, also, that these were erected by one race of men, for, in the tombs connected with those erections, we find an identity in the skeleton, and especially in the skull, which leaves no room for doubt. It is only lately that this field of observation has been extended; and we are astonished to find in the American continent and the islands of the Pacific remarkable stone structures and megalithic sculpture, together with flint knives and axes, similar to those so well known in Europe; proving incontestably that the stone-man extended his migrations into the far west of the New World, and the far south of the long unexplored islands of the Pacific Ocean.

In our investigations, of these successive periods, and of the successive races of men, we become acquainted with the fact, which the experience of the present day shows is still a law in nature, that a superior race, impinging on an inferior, inevitably supersedes it. The red man of North America disappears before the white man; with all our care we cannot hope to preserve the noblest of all the savage races that we are acquainted with, from the operation of this mysterious law; the New Zealander, in spite of civilization and Christianity, is every year decreasing in numbers, so that his final extinction is a mere matter of time. And this is not wholly owing to his learning the vices of his

¹ Five Monarchies, p. 211.

conqueror, nor to the fatal effects of the 'fire-water,' the influence of which the savage seems unable to resist, but we find the like law prevailing among the savage races themselves. The Kafir of South Africa has steadily advanced, and has completely superseded the weaker races of Hottentots and Bushmen, in a similar manner, as far as we can see, that the bronze-man superseded the stone-man. Besides this, another process goes on: that of absorption. Inter-marriages between unequal races produce half-breeds, who partake—whether it be on the father's side or the mother's—always more of the character of the stronger than the weaker, so that, in two or three generations, the inferior type is lost. Mr. Wilson devotes a considerable portion of his work to this subject, and gives us the result, one altogether favourable. Speaking of those on the Red River Settlement, he says:—

'But the civilized half-breed population of the Red River Settlement occupy a peculiar position, and must not be confounded either with the remarkable tribe of half-breeds, or with the Indians of mixed blood in the villages on the Canadian reserves. Remote as that settlement has hitherto been from all other centres of colonization, and, from its peculiar circumstances, tending rather to attract the Canadian voyageur, or the young adventurer, than the married settler, the inevitable tendency has been towards inter-marriage, and the growth of a mixed population. Much property is now, accordingly, possessed by men of mixed blood. Their young men have, in some cases, been sent to the Colleges of Canada, and, after creditably distinguishing themselves among their Canadian competitors, have returned to bear their part in advancing the progress of the settlement. The result of this is already apparent in an increasing refinement, and a growing desire for the removal of every trace of their relation to the wild Indian tribes, or the half-breeds, who rival them in the arts of savage life. Professor Hind accordingly remarks, in his "Report on the Exploration of the Country between Lake Superior and the Red River Settlement:—" "The term *native*, distinguishing the half-breeds from the European and Canadian element, on the one hand, and the Indian on the other, appears to be desired by many of the latter class, who naturally look on the term half-breed, as applied to a race of Christian men, as scarcely appropriate." '—*Wilson*, vol. ii. p. 350.

In these two ways—by conquest and by absorption—we can easily see how the stone-man would yield to the bronze-man, and how, at the present time, his representatives would only be found in the utmost corners of the earth—in Australia or Tierra del Fuego, in parts of which he still retains his old characteristics, and still—like his type in older countries—he is disappearing before the superior races. Besides these two causes, there is another, which we shall speak of later on, which may have played a more important part than we are aware of—the convulsions of nature.

In walking through our busy streets, in being whirled along in some noisy railway train, we can hardly realize the fact, that this country of ours was once a dense forest, or an uncultivated

wilderness; that the land which now supports its millions by busy machinery, or the more quiet pursuit of husbandry, was occupied by small bands of hunters, with flint-headed arrows and bone-pointed spears, circumventing, with equal cunning and patience, the wild bull, the elk, and perhaps the gigantic mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros; perhaps, also, occasionally doing battle with the cave-bear and hyena, and other savage animals, now for a long time extinct.

‘From an examination of its detritus and included fossils, and from the disclosures of the peat-mosses, we learn that, at the period when the British Isles were taken possession of by their first colonists, the country must have been almost entirely covered with forests, and overrun by numerous and strange races of animals long extinct. In the deposits of marl that underlie the accumulated peat-bogs of Scotland and Ireland, are found abundant remains of the fossil elk—an animal far exceeding in magnitude any existing species of elk or deer. Its bones have been found—at Walton, in Essex, for example—associated with skeletons of the mastodon, and in the diluvium at Folkestone with numerous teeth, jaws, and detached bones of the extinct rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyena, fossil ox, &c.; yet little doubt is now entertained that the elk was contemporaneous with primeval man in the British Isles. Groups of skeletons have been discovered crowded together in a small area—as at Curragh, in Ireland—with the antlers lying thrown back on the shoulders, as if a herd of elks had sought refuge in the marshes, and perished floundering in the morass. Some of their bones are still in so fresh a condition, that the marrow in them has been described as having the appearance of fresh suet, and burning with a clear flame. Stone hatchets, flint arrow-heads, and fragments of pottery, have been found with these skeletons, under circumstances that have abundantly satisfied geologists, as well as archaeologists, of their contemporaneous deposition: and still further evidence seems to exhibit this gigantic elk as an object of the chase, and a source of primitive food and clothing. Professor Owen, in his “British Fossil Mammals,” has disputed Dr. Hart’s supposed example of an elk rib marked with the wound of an arrow; but Professor Jamieson and Dr. Mantell note the more interesting discovery, in the county of Cork, of a human body, exhumed from a marshy soil, beneath a peat-bog eleven feet thick. The soft parts were converted into adipocere, and the body, which was thus still in good preservation, was enveloped in a deer-skin of such large dimensions as to lead to the opinion that it belonged to the extinct elk.’—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

In Kirkdale Cave, in Kent’s Hole, were found, mingled with relics of human art, the fossil remains of the rhinoceros, the cave-hyena, great cave-tiger, cave-bear, and other extinct mammalia; affording evidence, if not proof, that the primeval man of the British Isle, was coexistent with these gigantic monsters. Broken pottery, calcined bones, charcoal, and ashes, gave signs of human life not to be mistaken; while outside the cave were the shells of the mussel, limpet, and oyster, showing that he laid under contribution both sea and land to supply his animal wants. Still more curious, because in connexion with vast geological changes, are some of the discoveries that are continually made; not less so from their proximity to modern art:—

'On the banks of the Scottish Clyde, the modern voyager from the New World looks with peculiar interest on the growing fabrics of those huge steamers with ribs of steel, and planks, not of oak, but of iron, which have made the ocean, that proved so impassable a barrier to the men of the fifteenth century, the easy highway of commerce and pleasure to us. The roar of the iron forge, the clang of the fore-hammer, the intermittent glare of the furnaces, and all the novel appliances of iron ship-building, tell of the modern era of steam; but, meanwhile, underneath these very shipbuilders' yards lie the memorials of ancient Clyde fleets, in which we are borne back, up the stream of human history, far into prehistoric times. The earliest recorded discovery of a Clyde canoe took place in 1780, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface, on a site known by the apt designation of S. Enoch's Croft, when digging the foundation of a church, dedicated, by a strangely apposite misnomer of the ancient one, which occupied the same spot, to the antediluvian father of Methuselah. This primitive canoe, hewn out of a single oak, rested in a horizontal position on its keel, and within it, near the prow, there lay a curiously suggestive memorial of the mechanical arts of the remote era to which the ancient ship of the Clyde must be assigned. This was a beautifully finished stone axe or celt, doubtless one of the simple implements of the Allophylian Caledonian to whom the canoe belonged, if not, indeed, the tool with which it had been fashioned into shape.' —*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

Sixteen other canoes have been subsequently brought to light out of the diluvium of the Clyde, suggesting the thought that the owners of these boats had been overwhelmed, together with their craft, in one of those geological catastrophes which filled up an estuary of the sea, and turned it into a fertile plain. By what process these canoes were formed we may learn from the practice of the savage nations at the present day. To have hollowed out the trunk of a solid oak-tree with stone hatchets was a work that we may suppose would have wearied even the patient stone-man: he calls to his aid one of Nature's most potent agencies; he makes fire do the work of the chisel and hammer in the same way that the inhabitant of Central Africa does in the nineteenth century. Captain Speke, writing March 3, 1858, thus describes the process:—'All being settled, I set out in a long narrow canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. These vessels are mostly built from large timbers, growing in the district of Ugubha, on the western side of the lake. The savages fell them, lop off the branches and ends to the length required, and then, after covering the upper surface with wet mud, as the tree lies upon the ground, they set fire to, and smoulder out its interior, until nothing but a case remains, which they finish up by paring out with roughly-constructed hatchets.'

Most Englishmen are familiar with the line of railway from Edinburgh to Perth; they have traversed in this route that level plain through which the river Forth flows; they have admired those singular rocky eminences, on the one of which is built the Castle of Stirling, on the other is building a monu-

ment of folly, in memory of Sir William Wallace. It is plain, from the aspect of these two hills, that they are upheavals caused, in ages long past, by some violent commotion far below the surface of the earth; but they are not probably aware that the plain of which historic Bannockburn and the modern watering-place, Bridge of Allan, form a part, was once an estuary of the sea, and *twice* since then been a fresh-water lake. At the foot of Dunmyat, the lofty peak of the Ochils, twenty feet above the highest tide of the neighbouring estuary, was found the skeleton of a gigantic whale, with a perforated lance or harpoon, of deer's horn, beside it. Over this was a deposit of five feet of alluvial soil and a thin covering of peat. The traces of a Roman road, leading to one of the fords of the Forth, proves that the present state, as we see it now here, existed unchanged since the Roman occupation of the Lowlands. We leave it to the curious to conjecture how many centuries have passed since the Allophylian harpooned the stranded whale, and ever-working Nature elevated the bed of the estuary till the salt-water drained off, and then again depressed it, so that it became a vast fresh-water lake, during which time five feet of soil was formed on the bed of the lake, and then another upheaval, leaving it again dry land.

In Denmark there seems to be a singular coincidence in nature with the three prehistoric periods:—

‘The age of stone in Denmark coincided with the period of the first vegetation, or that of the Scotch fir, and in part, at least, with the second vegetation, that of the oak. But a considerable portion of the oak epoch coincided with the “age of bronze;” for swords and shields of that metal, now in the Museum of Copenhagen, have been taken out of the peat in which oaks abound. The age of iron corresponded more nearly with that of the beech-tree.’—*Lyell*, p. 10.

In connexion with the above, and as showing not only the great antiquity of the stone-man, but his long occupation of the country, we meet with what are called by the Danes ‘*kjökken-mödding*,’ kitchen-middens—that is, refuse heaps of shells of the oyster, cockle, and other molluscs, of the same species which are now eaten by man. These mounds vary in height from three to ten feet and in area some are a thousand feet long and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet wide. Heaps of such dimensions must have taken years to accumulate. Scattered throughout them are flint knives, hatchets, and other instruments of stone, horn, wood, and bone, with fragments of coarse pottery, mixed with charcoal and cinders, but never any implements of bronze, still less of iron. It is remarkable that these heaps are all on the Baltic side, none on that of the German Ocean. From this fact Sir C. Lyell draws the conclusion of their great antiquity—first, because the waters of the

Baltic must then have been far more salt than they are now, none of these molluscs being able to live in the almost fresh water of that sea, as it now is; and secondly, that there must have been the like refuse heaps on the west side, but they have been long ago washed away by the slowly-encroaching sea—a process that it would take centuries to accomplish. ‘Hence,’ he says, ‘we may confidently infer that, in the days of the ‘aboriginal hunters and fishers, the ocean had freer access than ‘now to the Baltic, communicating probably through the peninsula of Jutland; Jutland having been at no remote period an ‘archipelago.’ Again we see how similar in his habits is aboriginal man in all parts of the world. ‘I have seen,’ says Sir C. Lyell, ‘similar heaps of oysters and other marine shells, with ‘interspersed stone implements, near the sea-shore, both in ‘Massachusetts and in Georgia, U.S., left by the native North ‘American Indians at points near to which they were in the ‘habit of pitching their wigwams for centuries before the white ‘man arrived.’

From the last number of the *Natural History Review* we learn that some of these kitchen-middens have been found in the Moray Firth, in the north of Scotland. Mr. Gordon writes:—‘By far ‘the most striking, if not the most ancient, example of the ‘*kjökken-möddings* we have in our vicinity is that one which ‘lies within a small wood on the old margin of the Loch of ‘Spynie, and on a sort of promontory formed of those raised ‘shingle beaches so well developed in that quarter. This ‘mound, or rather these two mounds... must have been of ‘considerable extent. A rough measurement gives eighty by ‘thirty yards for the larger, and twenty-six by thirty for the ‘smaller portion.’ The commonest shell is the periwinkle; next the oyster; then the mussel, and lastly the cockle. It is remarkable that the oyster has nearly disappeared from this coast, showing that a different climate must have prevailed in the time of the stone-man than there does now.

From the few skeletons, or portions of skeletons, that have remained, we learn something of his appearance: in the stone kists, and sometimes in the peat-bog, his skull is met with, and gives us some intimation of what kind he was. ‘These skulls,’ says the same writer, ‘are small and round, and have a prominent ridge over the orbits of the eyes, showing that the ‘ancient race was of small stature, with round heads and overhanging eyebrows—in short, they bore a considerable resemblance to the modern Laplanders.’ In this respect we see that he was of a different race from the bronze-man, confirming the conjecture that the latter race superseded the former, and was not merely the advance of one to higher civilization. ‘The

'human skulls of the bronze age, found in the Danish peat, and those of the iron period, are of an elongated form and larger size. There appears to be very few well-authenticated examples of crania referable to the bronze period—a circumstance no doubt attributable to the custom, prevalent among the people of that era, of burning their dead and collecting their bones in funeral urns.'

In the dry winter of 1853–54, when the lakes and rivers fell lower than they had ever been known before, the inhabitants of Meilen, on the Lake of Zurich, resolved to reclaim some portion of the shallowest part, by throwing mud upon it, dredged from the bottom. In this operation they discovered the stumps of a large number of piles, deeply driven into the bed of the lake, among which was fished up a large quantity of hammers, axes, celts, and other instruments, all belonging to the stone period. Only two things of a later period were found, an armlet of thin brass wire, and a bronze hatchet; fragments of rude pottery, fashioned by the hand, were also abundant. Here we have the stone-man appearing as a builder of wooden huts over the waters of the lake; whether this choice of dwelling was intended for a place of defence, or whether it was only adopted for convenience of fishing, can be but a matter of conjecture. That he was a fisherman we have abundant evidence, for there were found amid the *débris*, fishing gear of various kinds, pieces of cord, hooks, and stones, used as weights; a canoe, resembling those found in the mud of the Clyde, was also discovered. From the fact that large masses of charred wood are also found, it is conjectured that these lake dwellings perished by fire, perhaps by the incursion of the bronze-men, a few of whose implements are found among the *débris*. We learn incidentally that some of these huts were circular, not only from the position of the piles, but from pieces of baked clay, with which the interior was probably lined; the fire which consumed the wooden walls, hardened the clay within.

'In the lakes of Ireland alone, no less than forty-six examples of artificial islands, called *crannoges*, have been discovered. They occur in Leitrim, Roscommon, Cavan, Down, Monaghan, Limerick, Meath, King's County, and Tyrone. One class of these "stockaded islands," as they have been called, was formed, according to Mr. Digby Wyatt, by placing horizontal oak beams at the bottom of the lake, into which oak posts, from six to eight feet high, were mortised, and held together by cross beams, till a circular enclosure was obtained.

'A space of 520 feet diameter, thus enclosed at Lagore, was divided into sundry timbered compartments, which were found filled up with mud or earth, from which were taken "vast quantities of the bones of oxen, swine, deer, goats, sheep, dogs, foxes, horses, and asses." All these were discovered beneath sixteen feet of bog, and were used for manure; but specimens of them are said to be preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. . . . A careful

description has been put on record by Captain Mudge, R.N. of a curious log-cabin discovered by him in 1833, in Drunkellin Bog, in Donegal, at a depth of fourteen feet from the surface. It was twelve feet square and nine feet high, being divided into two stories, each four feet high. The planking was of oak, split with wedges of stone, one of which was found in the building. The roof was flat. A staked enclosure had been raised round the cabin, and remains of other similar huts adjoining were seen, but not explored. A stone celt, found in the interior of the hut, and a piece of leather sandal, also an arrow-head of flint, and, in the bog close at hand, a wooden sword, gave evidence of the remote antiquity of this building, which may be taken as a type of the early dwellings on the crannoge islands. "The whole structure," says Captain Mudge, "was wrought with the rudest kind of instruments, and the labour bestowed on it must have been immense. The wood of the mortices was more bruised than cut, as if by a blunt stone chisel." Such a chisel lay on the floor of the hut, and, by comparing it with the marks of the tool used in forming the mortices, they were found to "correspond exactly, even to the slight curved exterior of the chisel; but the logs had been hewn by a larger instrument, in the shape of an axe."—*Igell*, pp. 30, 31.

These *crannoges* are peculiar to Ireland, and differ considerably from the lake dwellings in Switzerland. Remains similar to the latter have been discovered also in Italy.

The earliest historical account of such habitations is that given by Herodotus of a Thracian tribe, who dwelt, in the year 520 B.C. in Prasias, a small mountain lake of Pæonia, now a part of modern Roumelia.¹ Herodotus has recorded that the Pæonians preserved their independence during the Persian invasion, and defied the attacks of Xerxes by the inaccessibility of their dwellings.

In countries where wood was scarce, the stone-man built his hut of stone. The writer of this article, in company with the surgeon of H.M. ship *Jackall*, discovered, near the shores of Loch Carloway, in the island of Lewis, a remarkable specimen of this sort of dwelling. It is about eight feet by seven, walls three feet in perpendicular height; the roof is formed of flat stones, four or five feet long by about one foot broad, of various thicknesses, from three to six inches. These stones are not laid horizontally, but, in a very ingenious manner, overlapping and mutually supporting each other, each tending towards the centre, forming a dome, and leaving an opening of three feet by two: this opening is covered by three flat stones, the whole roof heaped over with turf. The walls, built of large stones, are about three feet in thickness, no mark of any kind of tool being discernible. There are two openings, one to the west, the other to the east, each about three feet square. There are five recesses in the interior walls, about one foot deep. At the north side, one of these recesses has been turned into a fire-

¹ Herod. v. 16. Re-discovered by M. Deville, *Nat. Hist. Rev.* Oct. 1862, vol. ii. p. 486.

place, and a chimney built, but this is clearly a recent addition. The floor is not paved. We were informed that there were other buildings similar to this in other parts of the island, but had no opportunity of visiting them. We have been careful in giving the above particulars, as we are not aware that this building, or any like it, has been previously described.¹ The

¹ In the same island, and in many other of the Hebrides, and on the west coast of Scotland, there exists a very singular class of towers, called 'Dunes,' which we do not like to pass over, though, from the absence of any data to determine the age to which they belong, we prefer to relegate the notice of them to the margin, rather than to insert it in the text. The following description is taken from notes made on the spot of one of the most perfect of them:—Shape circular, slightly bulging out above the base, and then contracting near the top, and then inclining outwards again, looking like a huge stoneware jug. Height about thirty feet, diameter at base, internally, twenty-five feet four inches; wall perpendicular in the inside. The wall is built entirely of flat stones without cement; there has evidently been no roof. The most curious part is the galleries formed in the thickness of the walls, i.e. between the outer and inner surface. These galleries wind round the whole building, gradually ascending in a corkscrew fashion; the covering of the lower gallery forming the floor of the upper. The lowest gallery to which we had access—that below being blocked up with rubbish—was nine feet and a half wide, and nine high. These galleries gradually decrease in width till they die out into the wall. There are openings from these galleries to the inside, but none externally. The entrance to the Dune is an opening at the base about three feet square. It is now blocked up.

Similar structures exist in Orkney, in one of which a singular discovery was made. We give the account from an Orkney paper:—

'Mr. Farrer having been informed that a subterranean chamber had been accidentally discovered some years ago in a field on the farm of Grain, near Kirkwall, determined to find it, and to explore it thoroughly, as no reliable information concerning it could be obtained. Accordingly, about three weeks ago, he obtained the kind and ready consent of Mr. Magnus Heddle, tenant of the farm of Grain, and set some men to search for the passage to the chamber, by digging in a part of the field pointed out by those who had some recollection of the chamber. The search during the first two days brought to light a great mass of building, over which the plough has for many years passed. The ruinous state of the walls rendered it hopeless to form an idea of the original plan of the building. Pieces of deer-horns, and great quantities of ashes, and also portions of burnt bones and shells, and bits of charcoal &c., were found among the *débris*. The back of a wall was reached on the evening of the second day, which it was resolved to break through next morning, in the expectation that it would give admission to the subterranean cell. Some boys, however, digging about the place on that evening after the workmen left, discovered an opening, which they enlarged sufficiently to admit them, when they found themselves in a long curved passage. They then obtained a light, and, creeping through the passage, found that it terminated in a built cell or chamber, of an irregular oval shape, about thirteen feet long, and about six feet of average width, and from five to six feet in height. There are two large blocks of stones placed upright, one on each side of the cell, about three feet from its entrance, and about a foot from the wall. Three feet further in, other two stones are similarly placed. They are all about a foot square, from four and a half to five feet high. These blocks have stones projecting from the walls, and resting on them, to support the roof of the cell. The roof is formed by large stones laid lengthways and across the cell. The passage is about twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length, from two feet three inches to two feet eight inches in breadth, and about three feet high.

It is evident, from the mass of ruins above and around the cell, that there has been a large building on the spot, and from a careful comparison of it with similar structures in Orkney in a less dilapidated state, there is good reason to believe

whole of this part of the island, now a barren moor and peat-bog, must, if we may judge from the number of dunes and standing stones which yet remain, have been very thickly peopled. There are evidences that it has once been a Scotch-fir forest, though now that tree will not grow there.

We must now transport our readers across the broad Atlantic, into the heart of the North American continent; here he will find the primitive race has been, in long past times, as busy as he was in the Old World. In that country, famous for the magnitude of its natural phenomena, its mountains, its plains, its lakes, its rivers, we find the Allophylian constructing his works on a scale comparatively as large. From the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico flows the Mississippi and its vast tributaries:—
 ‘In all this distance of 2,400 miles, the descent is so uniform and gentle, so little accelerated by rapids, that where there is sufficient water to float the vessel, and sufficient power to govern it, the downward voyage may be performed without difficulty or danger in the channels as they were formed by nature; and a return trip might be made, with equal security and success, with very little aid from art.’ In this vast plain the Allophylian has left us his monuments suitable to the locality:—

‘In a great level country, such as that drained by the Ohio and its tributaries, and attracting its multiplying population to the broad alluvial terraces overlooking its smoothly-flowing rivers, it was natural that the building instinct of man should first employ itself on earthworks, and that the monumental grave-mound, dedicated to the patriarchal leader or sovereign chief, like the architecture of the primeval builder on the plain of Shinar, should be a pyramid, “whose top may reach unto heaven.” The great mound of Miamisburg, Ohio, is sixty-eight feet high, and eight hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference at its base. The more famous Grave Creek Mound of Virginia rises to a height of seventy feet, and measures at its base one thousand feet in circumference. Other, and still larger, earthworks have been noted, such as the truncated pyramid at Cahokia, Illinois, which occupies an area upwards of two thousand feet in circumference, and rears its level summit, of several acres in extent, to a height of ninety feet. But this last probably belongs to a different class—an earth-pyramid, but not a sepulchral monument, resembling in this respect

that the cell was a place of concealment beneath one of the large circular towers or *burghs*, similar to those discovered at Buray and at Birsay. One of that class is just now being explored at Rinnibister, in the parish of Firth, and there is evidence in the many ruins of round towers which still exist in Orkney, that the number of such buildings has at one time been very considerable. They are from fifty to sixty feet in diameter from outside to outside of wall. The walls are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and, judging from the mass of ruins still remaining in some cases, must have originally been not less than thirty feet in height, and probably much more. They have, therefore, been very massive and imposing buildings, and display considerable ingenuity in the construction of the entrances, which were admirably adapted for defence.

It is much to be wished that a careful examination of these Dunes was made: it is more than probable that there would be found remains in them which would indicate their builders. They must have been very numerous in every part of Scotland. Many of the names of places indicate their former existence—as Dundee, Dunkeld, Dunblane, &c.

the still greater British earth-pyramid of Silbury Hill, characteristically reared, remote from the mountain ranges of Scotland or Wales, on the level downs of Wiltshire, where it towers to a height of one hundred and seventy feet, and covers an area of more than five acres of land. Recent explorations seem to establish beyond doubt that that great English earthwork is not a sepulchral mound, like the earth-pyramids of the American mound-builders; and as such, therefore, the latter are probably among the most gigantic memorials of their class in the world.'—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

Investigations, lately undertaken, of several of these earth-mounds have disclosed the fact that they are monumental structures erected in honour of the dead. Those who have watched the construction of a railway embankment, or of earthwork fortification, will know what vast labour and how many hands it would take, even with all modern contrivances and machinery, to raise such mounds as these. What time, what labour, must it then have taken the Allophylian, with his rude and imperfect instruments, when probably the whole of the earth was carried by hand in baskets?

The earthworks and architectural constructions of the mound-builders are by no means limited to the class referred to above; on the contrary, they are exceedingly varied, extending over a vast area, embracing great diversity of climate—giving evidence of a very dense population. In the State of Ohio alone the mounds and earthworks of various kinds are estimated at between 11,000 and 12,000; it is stated that they are scarcely less numerous on the banks of the Kenhawas, the Scioto, Miamis, Wabash, and Tennessee, and other tributaries of the Ohio. In the North the memorials of the ancient population are no less striking, but they are of a different character; and the earthworks in the vicinity of the great lakes must be classed by themselves, as indicating customs and rites distinct from those of the South.

These earthworks admit of being arranged in two divisions, viz. enclosures and mounds, each of which will allow of many sub-divisions. Under the first are included fortifications and strongholds; enclosures, supposed to be intended for religious rites; numerous works of various character, whose use it is difficult to determine. The second embraces the true mound-buildings, including what are conjectured to be sacrificial mounds, temple mounds, sepulchral mounds, animal mounds, and others of uncertain purpose. All these, however, partake of characteristics pertaining to a broad, level country; while some appear to have been erected as observatories, being placed on elevated spots, as if intended to afford to the occupant a complete survey of the gigantic works elaborated on the plain below. The Allophylian, however, was not ignorant of the advantage of height for defence: on many of the bluff head-

lands and peninsulas, formed by the windings of the Mississippi, are found fortifications constructed with great labour and skill. Embankments and ditches enclose the whole space, varying in strength according to the nature of the ground: sometimes the approaches are guarded by trenches and walls; sometimes there is a mound rising above the rest of the works, as if designed for observation. In some few instances stone has been used, but this is only the case when it was more easily attained than earth; in none does there appear any attempt at regular masonry, much less of lime or cement:—

'One of the simplest, but most extensive, of these primitive strongholds is Fort Hill, Ohio, surveyed and described by Messrs. Squier and Davis. The defences occupy the summit of a detached hill, elevated about five hundred feet above the bed of the Bush Creek, which flows round two sides of it, close to its precipitous slope. Along the whole edge of the hill a deep ditch has been cut, and the materials taken from it have been piled up into an embankment varying in height, above the bottom of the ditch, from six to fifteen feet. In its whole extent the wall measures eight thousand two hundred and twenty-four feet, or upwards of a mile and a half in length, and encloses an area of forty-eight acres. This extensive enclosure is now covered with gigantic forest trees. One of them, a chestnut, measured twenty-one feet, and an oak, though greatly decayed, twenty-three feet in circumference; while the trunks of immense trees lay around in every stage of decay.'—*Wilson*, vol. i. p. 327.

Sir C. Lyell mentions that Dr. Hildreth counted eight hundred rings of annual growth in a tree that grew on one of the mounds at Marietta, Ohio; and Messrs. Squier and Davis give their opinion that some of the trees are upwards of a thousand years old. Another, called 'Fort Ancient,' built on two nearly detached terraces, rising with precipitous banks 230 feet above the Little Miami river, Ohio, is walled by a range of embankments, measuring eighteen and twenty feet high, and extending little short of four miles, besides detached mounds, parallels, and overlapping curtain-walls. The number of cubic yards of excavation have been estimated at 628,200; and so firmly has the whole been constructed, that it is perfectly well defined to this day. Commenting on this stronghold, Messrs. Squier and Davis remark: 'A review of this magnificent monument cannot fail to impress us with admiration of the skill which selected, and the industry which secured, this position. Under a military system, such as we feel warranted in ascribing to the people by whom this work was constructed, it must have been impregnable.' It is certainly worthy of reflection, that after a lapse of so many years—years, too, of civilization and invention—modern engineers are falling back on the models left by the unknown mound-builders, for modern fortification. Still more so, when we compare these ancient forts with those now erecting—e. g. on Portsdown Hill—especially when we consider the vast sums voted by Parliament for this purpose. These modern earth-

works, constructed with all the assistance that science can give—with all the aids of steam and human and animal power—are but insignificant in size, compared with the vast erections of the unaided Allophylian. The ancient fortifications of our own island, such as the White Caterthun that overlooks the Scottish Strathmore, or the Raths of Ireland, even the great Rath of Tarahill, which have long excited the interest of the archæologist, are but puny efforts in comparison with the mighty achievements of the ancient inhabitants of North America.

The next class of earthworks is that designated as sacred enclosures. Here are no signs of elaborate fortification, no appearance of defensive operations; they lie on the broad levels of the river terraces: there, on the great unbroken plateau, have been constructed groups of symmetrical enclosures, square, circular, elliptical, and octagonal, with long connecting avenues, suggesting comparisons with the smaller works of English Avebury, Hebridean Callernish, Breton Carnac, or even with the temples and sphinx-avenues of the Egyptian Karnac and Luxor. Generally speaking, the earth-walls are slight, not surrounded with a ditch, and varying in height from three to seven feet: when a ditch appears, it is in the interior. 'Exceptional cases, however, exhibit the walls on an imposing scale, as in the great circle at Newark, Ohio, which forms a part of an extensive and complicated series of square, circular, and polygonal enclosures, with mounds and connecting avenues, extending over nearly four square miles. . . . An elliptical enclosure, measuring respectively twelve hundred and fifty and eleven hundred and fifty feet in its diameters, is formed by embankments about twelve feet in perpendicular height, by fifty feet of base, and with an interior ditch of seven feet deep by thirty-five feet wide. At the entrance, which, as a nearly invariable rule, is placed towards the east, the ends of the enclosing wall curve outwards for a distance of a hundred feet, with a ditch continuing along the inner side of each, leaving a level way between the edges of the ditch on either side, like a terraced-viaduct, measuring eighty feet wide. . . . In the centre of this enclosure is a remarkable structure, apparently designed to represent a gigantic bird, with expanded wings; but, on opening it, an "altar" was found under the centre of the long mound constituting its body.' From this last, and other intimations, it is concluded that this vast series of works constituted a temple for worship. We spare our readers further description, as it is almost impossible to follow the various enclosures without a ground plan. One feature must be mentioned: these enclosures, whether circular, square, or octagonal, are all true

figures; a circular work of upwards of half a mile in circumference is a true circle; the angles at the corners of the squares are right angles. Within the circle there stands an immense oblong mound, 170 feet in length, high enough to overlook the whole of the works. This remarkable and unique erection has been ascertained to have been constructed and regularly built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, such as were used by the primitive builders on the plain of Shinar.

The next class that meets us is the sepulchral—a class common to every country, and in most, if not all, in some way connected with the most solemn religious rites. Not only has there ever been an anxious desire to preserve the remains of the departed from profanation, but often the piety of survivors has consigned to the same tomb in which the remains were deposited, those implements of war or of peace which the owner prized when living, and thus has preserved to us some valuable memorials of the state of the arts, and habits of life of these extinct races. The weapons of war or the chase, the ornaments of peace, which the deceased chief used when alive, were now, on his death, deemed too sacred to be profanely used by even his successors; so they were buried or burnt with his body. Very frequently, as if to make surer the impossibility of their being thus profaned, they were broken or defaced. Mr. Wilson conjectures, being led away apparently by the notions of modern Indians, that this practice of burying weapons and ornaments with the deceased was that he might use them in the spirit-land to which he was supposed to have departed; and he remarks on the apparent confusion of ideas manifested in breaking or defacing these relics. We are inclined to take a very different view of the matter. Surely the fact of breaking the weapons disproves such a notion; far more probable is it that the survivors acted simply out of respect to the departed. When the King of Denmark deposited in the coffin of 'good Queen Dagmar' her beautiful and much-prized cross, it was in the belief that no one living was worthy of it, not that she should take it into the realms of Paradise. When the Indian instituted the suttee, when the wives, concubines, and attendants, were immolated at the tomb of a deceased Inca, the prominent thought was to save him from the fancied disgrace of any inferior enjoying his wife or property. This superstitious respect has been the means of leaving us records whereby we may read something of the past history of a long extinct race. If, for instance, we find in the tomb weapons only of flint or stone, or of bone or horn, we know that the builders of that tomb belonged to the stone period; when bronze or iron occur we know to what age it may be referred. And this is a far surer test than that of the skeleton,

for the latter, though often found in these tumuli, is seldom capable of being preserved. Long exposure to the action of damp has rendered it so fragile, that it crumbles to dust on exposure to the air.

'Upwards of forty years since [ago?], Black Bird, a famous chief of the Omahaws, visited the city of Washington, and on his return was seized with small-pox, of which he died on the way. When the chief found himself dying, he called his warriors around him, and, like Jacob of old, gave commands concerning his burial, which were as literally fulfilled. The dead warrior was dressed in his most sumptuous robes, fully equipped with his scalps and war-eagle's plumes, and borne about sixty miles below the Omahaw village, to a lofty bluff on the Missouri, which towers far above all the neighbouring heights, and commands a magnificent extent of landscape. To the summit of this bluff a beautiful white steed, the favourite war-horse of Black Bird, was led; and there, in the presence of the whole nation, the dead chief was placed with great ceremony on its back, looking towards the river, where, as he had said, he could see the canoes of the white men as they traversed the broad waters of the Missouri. His bow was placed in his hand, his shield and quiver, with his pipe and medicine-bag, hung by his side. His store of pemmican and his well-filled tobacco-pouch were supplied to sustain him on the long journey to the hunting-grounds of the great Manitou, where the spirits of his fathers awaited his coming. The medicine-men of the tribe performed their most mystic charms to secure a happy passage to the land of the great departed; and all else being completed, each warrior of the chief's own band covered the palm of his right hand with vermilion, and stamped its impress on the white sides of the devoted war-steed. This done, the Indians gathered turfs and soil, and placed them round the feet and legs of the horse. Gradually the pile rose under the combined labour of many willing hands, until the living steed and its dead rider were buried together under the memorial mound; and high over the crest of the lofty tumulus, which covered the warrior's eagle-plumes, a cedar-post was reared, to mark more clearly to the voyagers on the Missouri the last resting-place of Black Bird, the great chief of the Omahaws. In the old pagan barrows on the wolds of Yorkshire, and far northward toward the Moray Firth, the ancient British and Saxon charioteers have been exhumed, with the iron wheel-tires and bronze horse-furniture, the wreck of the decayed war-chariot, and the skeletons of the horses, buried there with the dead chief, that he, too, might enter the Valhalla of the gods, proudly borne in the chariot in which he had been wont to charge amid the ranks of his foes.'—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 356, 357.

The grave-mounds of the Scioto and on the Wabash differ essentially from those of the modern Indian, and prove satisfactorily that they are the work of a very different race of men; while from their number they show how dense the population in those days must have been—a settled people, not mere hunting tribes as they are now. 'These cemeteries are often of such extent that they give a name to the locality in which they occur. Thus we hear, on the Wabash, of the Big Bone Bank and the Little Bone Bank, from which it is represented that the river annually washed many human skeletons, accompanied by numerous and singular remains of art, among which are more particularly mentioned vases, and other vessels of pottery, of remarkable and often fantastic form. At various

'places in the States north of the Ohio, thousands of graves are said to occur, placed in ranges parallel to each other. The extensive cemeteries of Tennessee and Missouri have often been mentioned; and it has been conjectured that the caves of Kentucky and Ohio were grand depositories of the dead of the ancient people.'

Closely connected with the reverence for the dead is the worship of the invisible Deity. So often do these two things blend together, that they in some cases become almost one. Sacrifices, libations, games, at the burial or tomb of the deceased hero, are familiar to the classical scholar; they betray an universal instinct in the mind of mortals to connect the departure of the soul with the invisible Deity. It has been reserved to the Christian Church to exhibit the true idea of the relation of redeemed man to God through the Incarnation; the great doctrine of the Resurrection, with the antecedent one of the sanctification of the Christian's body, has led the faithful to surround the house of God, the place of worship of the living, with the remains of the departed, as if to express the belief that the visible Church and the invisible are one; and the invisible may, for aught we know, join the visible in the worship of their common Father. We pass, then, by an easy transition, from the grave-mounds of the Allophylian to those which seem to have been created for sacrificial purposes. And here again we see the natural instinct of fallen man, or the undying tradition of the primitive age, everywhere manifesting itself in the institution of sacrifice. Not more surely did man in all ages raise his earthworks or his walls to defend himself from his fellow-man, than he employed his skill in the like works to propitiate the higher powers of heaven; perhaps, in some cases, blending together these two, the funeral pile and the altar of sacrifice. When, a few years ago, the peat which had for ages accumulated round the standing stones of Callernish—and, doubtless preserved many of them from ignorant destruction—was cleared away, two stone chambers with a passage leading to them, and another connecting them, were discovered, in which were bones, most probably human, while the soil was saturated with organic matter. Whether this was connected with sacrifice or with merely burial, or both, could not be ascertained: the fact, however, is important, and may afford a connecting link for further conjecture.

The sacrificial mounds of North America are, however, quite peculiar in their nature; their most important characteristics are:—

'Their almost invariable occurrence within enclosures; their regular construction in uniform layers of gravel, earth, and sand, disposed alternately in

strata conformable to the shape of the mound; and their covering a symmetrical altar of burnt clay or stone, on which are deposited numerous relics: in all instances exhibiting traces, more or less abundant, of their having been exposed to the action of fire. The most striking feature of the sacrificial mounds, designated by their explorers "the altar," merits special attention; and a sufficient number of this class of mounds has been opened to justify the adoption of certain general conclusions relative to their construction and the purposes for which they were designed. On the natural surface of the ground, in most cases, a basin of fine clay appears to have been modelled with great care, in a perfectly symmetrical form, but varying in shape, and still more in dimensions. They have been found square and round, elliptical and in the form of parallelograms; and in size range from a diameter of two feet to fifty or sixty feet long, and twelve or fifteen feet wide. The most common dimensions are, however, from five to eight feet in diameter. The clay basin, or altar, invariably exhibits traces of having been subjected to the action of fire, and frequently of intense, and long-continued, and oft-repeated, heat. It is, moreover, evident that the enclosed altar had not only been often used, but that, after being destroyed by repeated exposures to intense heat, it had been several times remodelled, before it was finally covered in by the superincumbent mound. Within the focus or basin of the altars are found numerous relics, elaborate carvings in stone, ornaments cut in mica, copper implements, disks, and tubes; pearl, shell, and silver beads; and various other objects, hereafter referred to, but all more or less injured by the action of fire. In some cases, the carved pipes, and other works in stone, have been split and calcined by the heat, and the copper relics have been melted, so that the metal lies fused in shapeless masses in the centre of the basin. Traces of cloth completely carbonized, but still retaining the structure of the doubled and twisted thread; ivory or bone needles, and other objects destructible by fire, have also been discovered; and the whole are invariably found intermixed with a quantity of ashes. Large accumulations of calcined bones, including fragments of human bones, also lay above the deposits on the altars, or mingled with them.

—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 370, 371.

The singular fact that the great majority of these altars are heaped over with earth, and formed into mounds, entirely concealing the real altar, is very remarkable, since in most cases there is evidence to show that they had been often used; repeated burnings of some kind having taken place upon them. Had they been once used, and then for ever closed, we might have understood it. Another curious fact became apparent in the course of careful investigation: pieces of timber four or five feet long, partly burned, showing evidence that the earth had been heaped upon them while burning, were found on these altars. 'These pieces had been of nearly uniform length; and ' this circumstance, joined to the position in which they occurred, ' in respect of each other, and to the altar, would almost justify ' the inference that they had supported some funeral or sacrificial pile.' Was it that this primitive race, after using these altars for sacrifice to their deity, completed the use of them by turning them into what was at once a funeral pile and a sepulchre of some chief or warrior? That these mounds were the work of the stone-man we have direct evidence, for there were

found bushels of quartz arrow and spear heads; the presence of metal, especially copper, previous to the bronze age, does not interfere with this evidence.¹ That some remained to the last uncovered is indisputable, but it may be assumed that they all were destined to receive the final completion by means of the inclosing mound. 'But, by whatever causes brought about, the day at length came when the dominion of the mound-builders was brought to a close; and probably not less abruptly than that of the Aztecs of Mexico, or the Incas of Peru. The sacred fires were extinguished, the uncovered altars were deserted, and the primeval forest slowly resumed its sway over the deserted temples and silent cities of the dead.'

In the country lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, the explorer of the traces of a lost population stumbles on a strange type of earthworks; not only differing entirely from those already mentioned, but being a group *per se*, not intermixed with others; as if they were the exclusive work of a distinct race of men.

These works have received the name of 'animal mounds,' because they are found to be gigantic figures of most of the native animals of that country.

'The great earthwork figures, wrought in relief on the surface of the Wisconsin soil, include among their devices the lizard, turtle, elk, buffalo, bear, fox, otter, racoon, and other animals. Such, at least, are the designs which modern fancy has traced in those novel works of primitive art. The frog, also, appears to be imitated; birds and fishes are repeatedly represented; and man himself figures among the strange groups. Nor are the imitations confined to animate subjects, though the prevalence of these has suggested the designation of "animal mounds" as suitable to the whole. Embankments also occur in the form of crosses, crescents, angles, and straight lines; and also, seemingly, as the gigantic imitations of the war-club, tobacco-pipe, and other familiar implements and weapons.'—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 390, 391.

Here, again, we meet with an 'observatory mound;' 'an elevated conical mound, which overtops the whole, and affords the only point from whence the whole group can be surveyed.' Wheeling round this 'observatory' is a very singular combination of figures of which a writer in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association* says:—'It occurs to us that the group is a very intelligible representation of a sledge with its rider, and a train of six dogs, wheeling round the conical mound, which last action is particularly represented by the last animal being in a position almost at right angles with the man, behind whom are the oblongs to represent the vehicle, and also with

¹ Mr. Wilson has shown very clearly that the copper of the stone-man was only used for ornament, and not for weapons or tools; and that it was not smelted. Copper is found in its native state on the shores of Lake Superior, where the lumps may be picked up, and wrought with a hammer, without subjecting it previously to the action of fire.

'the remainder of the animals' (*sic*). On this Mr. Wilson says: 'Fully to appreciate the magnitude of the Dade-county group, we must bear in remembrance the proportions of the supposed charioteer. He is figured, as is usual in similar mounds, with his limbs extended, and with arms of disproportionate length; possibly owing to the design originally representing some implement in each hand. From head to foot he measures one hundred and twenty-five feet, and one hundred and forty feet from the extremity of one arm to that of the other. The head alone is twenty-five feet in diameter, and nearly six feet in highest elevation from the surrounding soil.' Some idea may be thus formed, not only of the size of the whole group, but of the immense labour in constructing it. These mounds are almost entirely destitute of relics whereby to guess at their builders, or the purpose of their construction. The largest, and by far the most remarkable, of these mounds is that called the 'Great Serpent,' in Adam's County, Ohio. This immense mound is seven hundred feet in direct length, but, following the convolutions, a thousand; it seems to be in the act of swallowing, with distended jaws, a large oval mound, one hundred and sixty feet long, supposed to represent an egg.

Another form of these imitative works occurs near the town of Milwaukie, in which the process is reversed, the shape of the animal being cut out of the soil, the animal forming a trench instead of a mound. The famous 'White Horse' of Berkshire, and that on the Bradden Hill in Wilts, and the colossal human figure, armed with a club, at Carne, in Dorsetshire, are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers, and will suggest a curious link in the chain that connects the primitive man of Britain with the mound-builders of North America. In reference to these works, it is hardly necessary to state that everything relating to them shows that their authors were a totally different race from those now known as the North American Indians.

It is impossible to read these accounts without asking, For what purpose were these works undertaken? Mere amusement, or the whim of a chief, cannot account for such vast and varied labours. We can understand the fortifications, we account for the sepulchral and sacrificial mounds; but what can we say of these animal representations? Were they vast idols? were they awful emblems of those creatures whose power and strength terrified defenceless man, and made him thus try to propitiate them? or was it a mere deification of the visible powers of nature?

We have before remarked, that primitive man used the particular materials of the country where he was. Where stone abounded, as in our own country, he erected pillars and built

dunes; when he settled down on the flat alluvial soil of the great waters of the Western continent, he built earth-mounds. We can hardly doubt, judging from the analogy of other races of man, that his mightiest works would be those connected with worship: temples have everywhere survived the race that built them.

The earliest forms of idolatry that we have any authentic account of are Sabian and Phallic: in some cases they were united, for men naturally saw the relation between the influence of the sun and the productiveness of the earth. It is remarkable that there is a general belief or tradition, that the early inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland were worshippers of the sun and moon: and, as we know that this was not the worship of the Keltic race, we must assign it to an earlier inhabitant; though, probably, the conqueror respected the religious rites and sacred places of the conquered, and, in part, engrafted some of their superstitions on his own creed. Sacred history informs us how ready the Israelites were to do this, and how stringent were the commands of Jehovah to destroy the monuments of idolatry, 'lest ye be snared thereby.' And even in the Catholic Church, many semi-pagan customs long clustered round New-Year's-day, May-day, Midsummer-day, and All-hallow's-day, which, even in Puritan Scotland are not extinct. The Beltane fires carry us back irresistibly to the time when the sun was called Baal, or Lord, and fire was his earthly symbol. The month of May is, to this day, in Ireland named *Mi Beal teinne*, the month of Baal's fire; the first day of May is called *La Beal teinne*, the day of Baal's fire. Till within the memory of man, the Manx men and women used to ascend a hill on the 1st of May, 'to see the sun rise,' without being able to give any reason for so doing, except that their fathers did so before them. In many of the Keltic names that yet survive, we find traces of this bygone worship. Few of those English travellers who every autumn crowd the busy quay of Greenock know that that smoky town takes its name from the eminence behind it, no doubt once sacred to Baal. *Greinne Knoc* means 'the sun's hill.'

Professor Rawlinson tells us of the earliest monarchy, that its worship was 'to a certain extent *astral*—*i. e.* that the heaven, 'the sun, the moon, and the five planets, have their representatives in the Chaldean Pantheon, among the chief objects of worship; but, at the same time, these deities seem to have 'been real persons.' He then traces the probable migration of race and religion from their cradle on the Euphrates to the far west of Europe:—

'We can scarcely doubt but that, in some way or other, there was a communication of beliefs—a passage in very early times from the shores of the

Persian Gulf to the lands washed by the Mediterranean—of mythological notions and ideas. It is a possible conjecture, that among the primitive tribes who [which?] dwelt on the Tigris and Euphrates, where the cuneiform alphabet was invented, and where such writing was first applied to the purposes of religion, a Scythian, or Scytho-Arian, race existed, who [which] subsequently migrated to Europe, and brought with them [it] those mythical traditions which, as objects of popular belief, had mixed up in the nascent literature of their native country, and that these traditions were passed into the classical nations, who [which] were in part descended from this Scythic or Scytho-Arian people.

In a note, he adds:—

“It is now generally allowed that a Scythian or Turanian race was the first to people Europe. Of this race we have still remnants in the Basques, Finns, Laps, Esths or Esthonians, upon the Baltic. The Etruscans, in Italy, are perhaps of the same stock. In Greece they probably blended with the Pelasgi (Arians), as they did with the Kelts in several countries. The lake-dwellers of Europe may be with great probability assigned to them; and the flint weapons of the drift are perhaps traces of their burial-grounds.’—Vol. i. p. 141.

It is certainly remarkable that, in the commands given in Deuteronomy to destroy the monuments of idolatry, there is special mention made of ‘pillars,’ as well as ‘images’ (ch. xii. 3)—the distinction is even greater in the Hebrew and Septuagint—the one apparently unwrought, the other fashioned by handiwork. If Professor Rawlinson’s theory of emigration be correct, and the stone-man of our island be identified with the Scytho-Aryan men of Chaldea, may he not have brought with him not only his flint hatchet and arrow-head, but also his worship of Baal, and set up his standing-stones of Stonehenge, Stennis, and Callernish, to practise his ancient Sabian rites? In uncovering one of the sacrificial mounds on the Ohio there was found a singular arrangement of round mica plates. These plates, about one foot in diameter, were regularly disposed, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish, the whole forming a large crescent, measuring twenty feet from horn to horn and five feet in its greatest breadth. Was this connected with Sabian worship? Such worship, we know, was practised by the Mexicans and Peruvians and, even to this day lingers in one or two tribes of natives in Lower Canada. Of one of these tribes, the Naskapees, Mr. Wilson tells us:—‘They worship the sun and moon, or Manitous who are supposed to have their abode there. They devote to each of these deities part of every animal slain, and annually offer up the sacrifice of the white dog.’

Something of the daily habits and domestic life of the stone-man we may learn from the remains that are found near his former habitations. Among the refuse masses in Denmark that are left, we find that, besides the shell-fish before mentioned, he ventured out into the open sea in his canoe, to catch the deep-sea cod, the

herring, and the flounder; for we discover their bones among the *débris*. On land he was a hunter; for we detect the bones of the deer and roe, the Lithuanian auroch, or bison; of the carnivora, the lynx, fox, and wolf; while the only domesticated animal is the dog. The presence of the latter is proved by the marks of his teeth as he gnawed the bones of those animals taken in the chase. It is probable that to this cause is owing the absence of the bones of many kinds of birds; only portions of the skeletons of a few sorts are found. The lake-dweller of Switzerland had advanced a step further: remains of a kind of cloth, plaited, not woven, show that he used something else besides the skins of animals for his clothing; lumps of carbonized wheat, barley, flat round cakes of bread, prove some knowledge of agriculture; while, on the like evidence, we discover that, besides the dog, he domesticated the ox, the sheep, and the goat.

A very considerable advance in civilization is apparent among the bronze-men in this respect: he, too was a lake-dweller, but quite distinct from his predecessors. All his settlements are confined to Western and Central Switzerland, while those of the stone-man are in the eastern parts. The tools, implements, pottery, of the bronze period in Switzerland bear a close resemblance to those of the peat-bogs of Denmark. A much larger number of domesticated animals now appears; while the remains of the wild are all there, but not so numerous. Of the former we find the dog, horse, ass, pig, goat, sheep, and several kinds of ox. All these, both wild and tame, are yet found in Europe, with one exception, the wild bull (*Bos primigenius*); the latter, however, survived in historical times. In comparing the two periods we may judge, from the bones remaining, that in the stone period wild animals were more used as articles of food than domesticated ones, the reverse being the case in the bronze, proving an advance in civilization. No remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, or any of the extinct species have been found, nor do the bones or horns of the reindeer appear, though we know that this latter animal ranged as far as France in the days of the mammoth: it had become extinct, even in Denmark, in the days of the stone-man; at least as far as the negative evidence of the refuse heaps carries us. There is other evidence to the contrary which we shall examine presently.

There is one very remarkable fact connected with these two periods that must not be passed over:—

‘Amidst all this profusion of animal remains, extremely few bones of man have been discovered; and only one skull, dredged up from Meilen, on the Lake of Zurich, of the early stone period, seems as yet to have been carefully examined. Respecting this specimen, Professor Hiss observes that it exhibits

instead of the small and rounded form proper to the Danish peat-mosses, a type much more like that now prevailing in Switzerland, which is intermediate between the long-headed and short-headed form.'—*Lyell*, p. 26.

Are we quite sure that this skull belongs to the stone period? May it not be that of a Switzer, who has been drowned in subsequent times? The fact, however, exists, that human remains are exceedingly rare; and when we consider the immense extent of the kitchen-middens, and, therefore, the years they took to accumulate, we ask with surprise what has become of the generations and generations of men and women who formed them? If Professor Rüttimeyer has been able to identify upwards of thirty species of mammalia, eighteen of birds, three of reptiles, from the bones that are found in the lake-dwellings alone, where are the remains of the men that killed and ate them? We think that our conjecture with respect to the religion of the stone-man, taken in connexion with the singular custom of his congeners in America, who turned the sacrificial mound into a funeral pyre, will account for it. If his religion was Sabian what more likely than that he burned his dead? That he thought if he resolved his remains into the element of fire, he sent him to the region of his god, the sun? But even on this supposition, it remains a most singular fact that human bones are so rarely found.

We have before stated that it is probable that man was cotemporary with the extinct mammoth, cave-bear, cave-tiger, &c.; this conjecture rests upon the fact that we find a considerable quantity of artificially-formed flint weapons, and a few human bones, lying side by side, or even underneath the bones of these mammalia. Sir C. Lyell gives a minute account of his examination of some caves near Liège, where an experienced geologist, Dr. Schmerling, had carefully collected and noted his discoveries. The latter says, that he had examined some forty of these caves, in all of which human bones were the exception, yet these flint instruments were universal; adding, 'that none of them could have been subsequently introduced, being in precisely the same position as the remains of the accompanying animals.' From this he concludes that 'even if I had not found the human bones under conditions entirely favourable to their being considered as belonging to the antediluvian epoch, proofs of man's existence would still have been supplied by the cut bones and worked flints.' In 1860 Sir Charles revisited Liège, and, having obtained the assistance of a zealous naturalist of that place, Professor Malaise, proceeded to the cavern of Engihoul, when—

'We engaged some workmen to break through the crust of stalagmite, so that we could search for bones in the undisturbed earth beneath. Bones and

teeth of the cave-bear were soon found, and several other extinct quadrupeds which Schmerling has enumerated. My companion, continuing the work perseveringly for weeks after my departure, succeeded at length in extracting from the same deposit, at the depth of two feet below the crust of the stalagmite, three fragments of a human skull, and two perfect lower jaws with teeth, all associated in such a manner with the bones of bears, large pachyderms, and ruminants, and so precisely resembling these in colour and state of preservation, as to leave no doubt in his mind that man was cotemporary with the extinct animals.—*Lyell*, p. 70.

Another skull, under similar circumstances, was discovered in a cave at Düsseldorf, of apparently equal antiquity, but very different in shape; the former approaching nearer to the European type, while the latter fell very much below it, being about equidistant between a European and a chimpanzee. Of it, however, Sir C. Lyell remarks that, 'Although in several respects it is more ape-like than any human skull previously discovered, it is, in regard to capacity, by no means contemptible.' Judging from this single evidence, we should suppose that there were two distinct races of the stone-man, one very much inferior to the other—a conjecture rendered probable by other circumstances.

In 1858 researches were made in a lately-discovered cave at Brixham, near Torquay, resulting in furnishing evidence similar to that supplied from the caves in Belgium, viz. that man was cotemporary with the extinct mammalia; for the usual flint tools were found among the bones. There is a series of caves extending in length for several hundred feet, while the breadth never exceeds eight; some of these are united by tunnels apparently to a great extent hollowed out by running water. This flowing stream has formed a series of deposits which contain the fossils:—1st. At the top a layer of stalagmite, varying in thickness from one to fifteen inches, which sometimes contained bones, such as the reindeer's horn already mentioned, and an entire humerus of the cave-bear. 2dly. Just below, loam, or bone-earth, of an ochreous red colour, from one foot to fifteen feet in thickness. 3dly. At the bottom of all, gravel with many rounded pebbles in it, probed in some places to the depth of twenty feet without its being pierced through; as it was barren of fossils, left for the most part unremoved.

The mammalia obtained from the bone-earth consisted of the mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, cave-hyena, cave-tiger, reindeer; a species of horse, ox, and several rodents and others not yet determined.

'No human bones were obtained anywhere during these excavations, but many flint knives, chiefly from the lowest part of the bone-earth; and one of the most perfect lay at a depth of thirteen feet from the surface, and was covered with bone-earth of that thickness. From a similar position was taken one of those siliceous nuclei, or cores, from which flint flakes had been struck off on

every side. Neglecting the less perfect specimens, some of which were met with even in the lowest gravel, about fifteen knives, recognised as artificially formed by the most experienced antiquaries, were taken from the bone-earth, and usually from near the bottom. Such knives, considered apart from the associated mammalia, afford in themselves no safe criterion of antiquity, as they might belong to any part of the age of stone, similar tools being sometimes met with in tumuli posterior in date to the era of the introduction of bronze. But the anteriority of those at Brixham to the extinct animals is demonstrated, not only by the occurrence at one point in overlying stalagmite of the bone of a cave-bear, but also by the discovery at the same level in the bone-earth, and in close proximity to a very perfect flint tool, of the entire left hind-leg of a cave-bear. This specimen which was shown me by Dr. Falconer and Mr. Pengelly was exhumed from the earthy deposit in the raindeer gallery, near its junction with the flint-knife gallery, at the distance of about sixty-five feet from the main entrance. The mass of earth containing it was removed entire, and the matrix cleared away carefully by Dr. Falconer, in the presence of Mr. Pengelly. Every bone was in its natural place—the femur, tibia, fibula, ankle-bone or astragalus—all in juxta-position. Even the patella, or detached bone of the knee-pan, was searched for, and not in vain. Here, therefore, we have evidence of an entire limb not having been washed in a fossil state out of an older alluvium, and then swept afterwards into a cave, so as to be mingled with flint instruments, but having been introduced when clothed with its flesh, or at least when it had the separate bones bound together by their natural ligaments, and in that state buried in mud.—*Lyell*, pp. 100, 101.

It is perhaps necessary to give some account of the manner in which the bones of extinct animals are found in caves into which, probably, the same animals never entered while living, as well as to explain how they became sealed up for ages in their hard crust of stalagmite. Caverns are natural formations in limestone rocks: a mountain-stream finding its way into one of these caves by some fissure in the rock, soon wears away the sides, and forms a large opening, into which the torrent forces itself, charged with mud and *débris* of various kinds. Such are well known in Yorkshire, where they are called 'swallow-holes.'¹ Along with the *débris* are carried the bones, many of them showing, by their being worn and rounded, that they have been long subject to this action. On the swallow-hole becoming choked up, the stream seeks a new channel, and leaves the interior of the cavern undisturbed. On this another agency commences; the decay and decomposition of the fossil bones seem to have been assisted by their becoming charged with carbonate of lime, which dripped from the roof while the cave was being gradually filled up with mud and sand. Then commences the formation of stalagmite, of which the eminent chemist Liebig suggests the following explanation:—

'On the surface of Franconia, where the limestone abounds in caverns, is a fertile soil, in which vegetable matter is continually decaying. This mould, or

¹ A curious trial as to the right of water running through these 'swallow-holes,' or 'swallets,' as they are commonly called, in the Mendip hills, is, while we are writing this article, before the Lord Chief Justice.

humus, being acted on by moisture and air, evolves carbonic acid, which is dissolved by rain. The rain-water, thus impregnated, permeates the porous limestone, dissolves a portion of it, and afterwards, when the excess of carbonic acid evaporates in the caverns, parts with the calcareous matter, and forms stalactite. So long as water flows, even occasionally, through a suite of caverns, no layer of pure stalagmite can be produced; hence the formation of such a layer is generally an event posterior in date to the cessation of the old system of drainage, an event which might be brought about by an earthquake causing new fissures, or by the river wearing its way down to a lower level, and thenceforth running in a new channel.'—*Lyell*, pp. 71, 72.

It will be at once seen from this that the mere fact of human bones being found side by side with those of the mammoth and cave-bear, &c. presents no actual proof of their being cotemporary when alive; and even the presence of flint instruments does not render the matter quite certain, since the bones may have been for years imbedded in the surrounding soil, while the stone-man was chipping his flints in the cave, and the irruption of water, which carried in the bones, forced him out.

Again, some of these caves were used as burial-places, when, no doubt, the soil containing the animal bones was disturbed to receive the human remains, and thus, on being covered up, the animal would lie above the human; and if followed by an irruption of water similar to what we have described above, the confusion would be complete. We cannot, however, withhold our conviction of the greater probability of their having been contemporaneous. The following account of a discovery of a cave about ten years ago will help us to form a judgment in this case. Near the town of Aurignac, on a spur of the Pyrenees, a labourer observed a rabbit-hole on the slope of the hill; thrusting in his hand, he drew out one of the long bones of a human skeleton. On digging further he found a cavern, the entrance to which was artificially closed by a heavy slab of stone; within were discovered the bones of seventeen skeletons of both sexes and of all ages. The floor of the cavern and the platform in front of it were covered by a layer of made ground which contained human bones, and those both of extinct and existing animals; underneath this, on the platform, was a layer of charcoal and ashes, eight inches thick, with broken, burnt, and gnawed bones of both classes, together with flint instruments and other works of art of bone and horn—one of the latter being a bodkin, so sharp and perfect that it might even now be used to pierce and sow the skins of animals. The whole of this platform was covered up with rubbish, washed down from the hill above. Unfortunately, the human bones were interred in the parish cemetery, and the place forgotten, so that they were never scientifically examined. Of the animal bones, there were nine carnivora and ten herbivora, the latter in-

cluding the mammoth. It was particularly observed that the bones of the herbivora were generally split open—a very common occurrence in these caves—as if to obtain the marrow, or to make instruments; among which were those of the extinct rhinoceros, which had afterwards been gnawed by some beast of prey.

The astonishing feature of these caverns is the immense accumulation of bones and horns of the mammalia. The following account, taken almost at random, is only one of many:—

‘From one fissure, called Bosco’s Den, no less than one thousand antlers of the reindeer, chiefly of the variety called *Cervus Guettarchi*, were extracted by the persevering exertions of Colonel Wood, who estimated that several hundred more still remained in the bone-earth of the same rent. They are mostly shed horns, and of young animals, and had been washed into the rent with other bones, and with angular fragments of limestone, and all enveloped in the same ochreous mud. Among the other bones, which were not numerous, were those of the cave-bear, wolf, fox, ox, stag, and field-mouse.’—*Lyell*, p. 172.

We naturally ask, but ask in vain, Where were they washed from? Not less curious is the vast collection of the teeth of the mammoth on the coast of Norfolk. Within the last thirteen years the oyster-dredgers have brought up tusks and grinders of more than 500 mammoths from a tract of submerged drift. If we are thus certain of 500, may we not be equally certain that far more still remain undisturbed?

This may perhaps be the most fitting place to say a few words on these extinct mammalia. We can have little doubt that when man first migrated into Europe, he found it already peopled with these monstrous herbivora and fierce carnivora. Successive immigrations by degrees drove these creatures to more solitary places, so that, long before the well-disciplined Roman slowly penetrated the British and German forests, all, excepting the auroch or gigantic bison, mentioned by Cæsar, had already disappeared. In so doing they only followed a general law of nature: the native British wild bull would long ago have become extinct, had it not been carefully preserved in one nobleman’s park at Chillingham; so doubtless would the red-deer, had it not been reserved for sport. The great bustard is nearly extinct; the capercailzie once actually became so, though it has been reimported; the last wolf in Scotland is said to have been killed by Evan Dhu, whose name is ever connected with ’45. Some birds, the great auk and the dodo, have disappeared within the memory of man; perhaps also the great bird of New Zealand, the moa. Elephants, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, lived in Cape Colony along with the Hottentot and Bushman, but migrated into the far wilds of the interior on

the advent of the European; and such doubtless was the case with the more gigantic mammals that once filled our land. To return, however, to our former subject.

There is one spot to which the eyes of all interested in this great question of the antiquity of man are directed, and that is the valley of the Somme in Picardy. From the diluvium of that valley have been obtained hundreds of specimens of flint instruments; these instruments, from their rude and peculiar shape, so different from the polished stone weapons of the later period, are recognised by antiquarians as 'antediluvian,' a term not used in its popular sense, as 'before the deluge,' but in the geological one of belonging to a certain ancient alluvial strata termed 'diluvium.' This stratum is nearly in contact with the chalk, and is often twenty or thirty feet below the surface. In the same stratum were found also the bones of the extinct mammals. Similar discoveries were made at S. Acheul, in the south-west suburb of Amiens, by Dr. Rigollot, who pointed out in his memoir that it was not in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick-earth with land and fresh-water shells next below, but in the lower beds of coarse flint-gravel, usually twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface, that these implements were met with, as at Abbeville. On this being known, Abbeville and Amiens were visited by experienced antiquarians and geologists, among others Dr. Falconer and Mr. Prestwich, who not only confirmed the truth of these discoveries, but actually extracted with their own hands well-formed flint hatchets from below undisturbed strata of sand and loam, thus proving that these instruments had been deposited previous to the formation of the superincumbent strata. So far we had the usual phenomenon of instruments, clearly of artificial manufacture, associated with the bones of extinct mammalia in very ancient deposits, but remarkable for the absence of human remains. On the 28th of last March, however, a discovery took place which excited the attention of the general public, as well as of the antiquarian world. M. de Perthes was summoned on that day to examine, *in situ*, what appeared to be a portion of bone projecting from the cliff, close to its base. M. de Perthes extracted with his own hands this relic, which proved to be the half of a human jaw, containing one molar, the whole in a very perfect state of preservation. A letter appeared in the *Times*, April 24th, from Dr. Falconer, expressing his suspicions of imposture. A council of English and French *savans* sat upon this relic, among whom was Dr. Falconer, who, in a manly letter in the *Times* of May 21st, withdrew his former letter, and expressed his concurrence with the rest, in pronouncing the jaw to be genuine. As the report of the commission has not yet been published, we shall leave

the matter at this stage.¹ The following extracts will show how the deposits of flint instruments and human bones take place at such a depth as we see in the valley of the Somme:—

‘Changes in a river plain . . . give rise frequently to ponds, swamps, and marshes, marking the course of old beds or branches of the river not yet filled up; and in these depressions shells proper both to running and stagnant water may be preserved, and quadrupeds may be mired. The latest and uppermost deposit of the series will be loam or brick-earth, with land and amphibious shells (*Helix* and *Succinea*), while below will follow strata containing fresh-water shells, implying continuous submergence; and lowest of all, in most sections, will be the coarse gravel accumulated by a current of considerable strength and velocity.

‘When the S. Katharine’s Docks were excavated at London, and similar works executed on the banks of the Mersey, old ships were dug out, . . . showing how the Thames and Mersey have in modern times been shifting their channels. Recently, an old silted-up bed of the Thames has been discovered by boring at Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the river, opposite Sheerness, as I learn from Mr. Milne. The old deserted branch is separated from the new or present channel of the Thames by a tertiary outlier composed of London clay. The depth of the old branch, or the thickness of fluviatile strata with which it has been filled up, is seventy-five feet. The actual channel in the neighbourhood is now sixty feet deep, but there is probably ten or fifteen feet of stratified sand and gravel at the bottom; so that, should the river deviate again from its course, its present bed might be the receptacle of a fluvia-marine formation seventy-five feet thick, equal to the former one at Shoeburyness, and more considerable than that of Abbeville. It would consist both of fresh-water and marine strata, as the salt-water is carried by the tide far up above Sheerness; but, in order that such deposits should resemble, in geological position, the Menchecourt beds, they must be raised ten or fifteen feet above their present level, and be partially eroded. Such erosion they would not fail to suffer during the process of upheaval, because the Thames would scour out its bed, and not alter its position relatively to the sea, while the land was gradually rising.’—*Lyell*, pp. 129, 130.

Such upheavals and similar depressions are known to have taken place in the human period, and are actually going on now: for instance, the north-east coast of Norway is rising at the present time at the rate of about four feet in a century. In tropical climates, where volcanic agency comes in more frequently and more powerfully, such upheavals and depressions are well known. To give an example:—In July, 1831, a volcanic island, called Graham’s Island, arose out of the sea; in August it attained to a circumference of three miles, and to a height of two hundred feet; but being formed only of scoria, the waves of the sea washed it down to its own level, when it became nothing more than a dangerous shoal. Peat-bogs have been known to

¹ Since the above-written was in type, we read from the *Builder* that the mystery is cleared up. Mr. Godwin-Austen, after a careful cross-examination of one of the French labourers, had a human skeleton, which the man had buried, taken up. He found that it wanted the lower jaw, and that the alleged fossil jaw-bone exactly fitted the mutilated head.

travel from one valley to another; in continuous rains the soft soil holds the water like a sponge, swells up, and then bursts its barriers and seeks a lower level. A gigantic elk, overtaken by the moving mass, would for a short time flounder in the mud, but soon sinking in it would be overwhelmed and perish, leaving its skeleton to be discovered by the peat-cutter in our own days. During the wet summer of 1861, a bog near Falkirk was actually observed to be in motion. No agency more potent in producing change exists than the glacier; the slow movement of the vast mass of ice grinds the rock and soil underneath till it forms an impalpable mud; the action of the sun melting the ice sends forth its stream of water. These two form a mud stream, which flows on till, meeting with some natural impediment, it settles into a mud lake, which subsequent evaporation turns into an alluvial deposit; underneath which lie animal and human remains. The power of the glacier to carry with it huge boulders is well known: the writer of this article observed this process on a small scale in actual operation in Scotland. The winter of 1860 ~~was~~ unusually severe; the waters of most rivers were **completely** frozen over. When the thaw took place, ~~and the melting snow~~ filled the rivers, the ice burst from the pressure underneath, with great violence; large ~~ice-floes~~ **ice-floes** rushing down came in contact with the ~~stationary ice~~; ~~masses~~ of twenty or thirty feet square ~~were heaved up~~ **were heaved up** perpendicularly, and thrown with great force ~~backward~~ **backward** on the land. Many of these contained stones and masses of earth which had been frozen into them on the margin of the stream. When the ice melted, these were left lying in the field, some of which might have been transported some miles. The fact of these mighty agencies having been at work renders it presumptuous even to guess at the probable antiquity of man; they upset all regular calculations by introducing disturbing causes which defy computation. Sir C. Lyell himself speaks very cautiously as to the probable antiquity of man, considering that we have not as yet any sufficient data whereby we can draw a satisfactory conclusion. He quotes with some approbation the opinion of a Swiss geologist, M. Morlot, who, from examining the delta of the Tinière, a torrent which flows into the Lake of Geneva, calculates that the lowest deposit in which human remains are found took place from between five thousand and seven thousand years ago.

‘This upper layer belonged to the Roman period, and contained Roman tiles and a coin. The second layer, followed over a surface of 25,000 square feet, ~~was six inches thick, and lay at a depth of ten feet. In it were found fragments of unvarnished pottery, and a pair of tweezers in bronze, indicating the bronze period.~~ The third layer, followed for 35,000 square feet, ~~was six or seven inches thick, and nineteen feet deep. In it were fragments of rude~~

pottery, pieces of charcoal, broken bones, and a human skeleton, having a small, round and very thick skull. M. Morlot, assuming the Roman period to represent an antiquity of from sixteen to eighteen centuries, assigns to the bronze age a date of between 3,000 and 4,000 years, and to the oldest layer, that of the stone period, an age of from 5,000 to 7,000 years.—*Lyell*, p. 28.

This calculation is made on the supposition that the deposits were uniform, of which we have no evidence; if at first they were larger, the period would be very much shortened.

Every one who has studied ethnology is aware that there are two distinct theories of origin: one which would trace mankind to one single pair—not to go still further back to the ape, or even the primitive oyster; the other, which supposes a number of original pairs, varying from three to twenty-five. Those who hold the latter theory ground their opinion on the facts of different type of skull and language, as well as the difficulty of primitive races to change customs and habits of life. The first of these we have already spoken of, in comparing the stone-man with the bronze-man, and there can be no question that there does exist an amazing difference in different races in this matter; but it is equally a fact that new types are being continually formed, and old types changed by adopting new habits of life and a new climate. Not only is a different type formed by the intermixture of the European race with the African in America, but there is also a different type formed by the intermixture of the dark-skinned European with the negro and the fair-skinned with the same. Nor does the difference stop here: the Yankee of the North, though speaking our language, and to a great extent English by descent, is found to have a cranial type differing considerably from the English. The like change has taken place in language, and is certainly progressing: the everyday language of the Yankee is not the English of his mother country. The negro, though now he has become a native of the Western continent and islands, has created a dialect of his own, setting at defiance all rules of grammar. Mr. Wilson gives us some very curious examples of the formation of dialects by means of making one language comprehensible to the men of another nation, in order to do business: this is common to the Indian tribes who come to barter. One of the most singular specimens of this is at present in full operation in all the trading ports of China. Chinese is the most difficult language for an Englishman to learn, and so, no doubt, English is equally so to a Chinese. Accordingly, English has to be simplified: to do this all inflections and oblique cases must be got rid of. The following is an example:—A foreign resident introduces a friend to a Chinaman: ‘Me chinchin you; this one velly good flin belong me; me wantchie you do plopel pigeon along he, all same fashion along

'me: spose no do plopel pigeon, me flin cum down side me 'housie talkee me so fashion, me kick up bobbery along you.' To which the Chinaman will reply: 'Me savey no casion 'makery flaid; can secure do plopel pigeon long you flin, all 'same fashion long you.' To understand anything of this jargon, it must be borne in mind that 'pigeon' is the Chinese way of pronouncing the word 'business,' and that there being no 'r' in the Chinese, he generally substitutes 'l' for it. It is no doubt to this cause that we must attribute the general degeneracy of ancient languages. The Greek of the Lower Empire had to make himself understood to the Goth, the Slave, the Bulgarian; to do this he threw away many of his inflections, all his moods and tenses except one, and supplied their places with auxiliaries: so that now, if he wishes to read even the simple narrative of Herodotus, he must learn it as an Italian learns Latin. There are some of the native Indian tribes whose language is polysyllabic, others monosyllabic, but it would be a very unsafe conclusion to arrive at to say that the one is of Turanian origin, and the other Indo-Germanic or Malay.

On the matter of the unchangeableness of race, there is much more to be said. It is a fact known to all, that it is next to impossible to civilize a man of a wild tribe, and teach him to appreciate what we are accustomed to esteem the comforts of life, unless he is taught them in childhood; and even then the old savagery is liable to recur when opportunity presents itself. We have been told by officers of the army who have been resident at the Cape, that the children of Kafirs who have been brought up among Europeans, and, to all outward appearance, had adopted civilized habits and dress, and who, perhaps, had forgotten all about their paternal kraal, yet, on reaching it again, at once threw off all their clothes and habits, and adopted with delight the savage customs. There is but one power that changes them, and that is the power of the Gospel; by this and this alone have savage tribes been civilized. As far, then, as we can judge, the stone-man remained a stone-man to the last; he went on using his flint tools even after the advent of the bronze-man, just as some of the Indians of North America refuse to adopt the customs of Europeans, though they live among them. Like the Indian, he gradually melted away by that law which we mentioned before, of inferior tribes disappearing before the superior; and with him, as we suppose, disappeared also the gigantic mammals.

In all these, however, we trace an uniform and wonderful instinct. Whether on the European or American continent, we trace this uniformity; the flint tools, the hollowed canoes, the rude pottery, the megalithic structures, show us that it is the

mind of one family that is at work. When the bronze-man succeeded the stone-man, we often find that the former modelled his instruments after the pattern of the flint, though such shapes would never have been chosen had metals been known from the first. We find also, that, for certain purposes, probably religious, the flint tools were used when metals would have been much better.¹

To the bronze-man, in our own country, at least, succeeded the Kelt. We are not sure, judging from the condition of the Hebridean, or the Irish of Connaught of the present day, that this was a superior race, unless it has sadly degenerated. We have often stood in the hut of the former, and anything more wretched is difficult to conceive. It is generally built of stone, and thatched, without window and chimney; the only furniture, a few stools and a chest or two. The bed is merely a flat heap of stones covered with heather. A peat fire in the middle, with its eternal pot hanging over it, fills the place with smoke, which slowly escapes through the thatch, or the sometimes opened door. Not only does the whole family sleep together without removing their clothes, but one half of the hut is occupied by the cattle. The manure of the latter largely accumulates, being only removed once a year for the purpose of cultivation. And when, in addition to these objects of sight, we hear nothing but the harsh Gaelic spoken, we seem transported far back to prehistoric times; and when we further consider that savage races, to this day, in their primitive state, are using exactly similar instruments, and, as far as we can see, living a similar mode of life, we perceive a unity of existence that proves, more plainly than almost anything else, a unity of mind which could only come from one common origin.

We should hardly be doing justice to this subject if we passed over in silence all mention of a race—we cannot say of prehistoric times, for it existed, or was supposed to exist, nearly up to our own; yet its origin is certainly anterior to history—we mean the Fairies. Throughout the Keltic nations of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Scandinavians of the North, and Germans of middle Europe, to go no farther, a universal belief in Fairy folk has prevailed, with such wonderful harmony and consistency, that it is impossible to doubt not only a common origin, but an actual existence of beings who have given rise to the general belief; and we think that, if stripped of its supernatural aspects, and the accretions of oral and poetical tradition,

¹ A remarkable instance of this, probably familiar to our readers, occurs in the book of Joshua, v. 2, where Joshua is commanded to make sharp knives—knives of stone or flint, in the Hebrew and Septuagint—to perform the rite of circumcision. Perhaps this was a remembrance of the circumcision of Moses, Ex. iv. 25.

we may trace a substratum of reality, not only of great interest, but of real historic value. Our space will only allow us to give a bare outline.

In the first place, then, let us clearly understand what the real Fairy is, for modern fairy-tales have sadly perverted the true notion. The following description, given by one who himself believed in their existence, is the best we have seen. Torphæus, in his *Historia Hrolfi Krake*, quotes a dissertation of Einar Gudmund, an Icelander, in which is said:—‘I am firmly of opinion that these beings are creatures of God, consisting, like human beings, of a body and a rational soul; that they are of different sexes, and capable of producing children, and subject to all human affections, as sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, poverty and wealth; and that they possess cattle and other effects, and are obnoxious to death, like other mortals.’ In a word, they are entirely distinct from all merely spiritual beings, angelic or demonic. He proceeds to state, that they sometimes allied themselves to mankind; and he gives an account of one who bore a child to an Icelander, and, because of its Christian paternity, claimed for the child the privilege of baptism. They were supposed to inhabit the interior of mountains and hills, where they had splendid palaces. They were skilful workmen, especially as metallurgists. On moonlight nights, particularly at the full of the moon, they might be seen revelling and dancing to the sound of the sweetest music. Sometimes, but rarely, a lonely wanderer came upon them, and was permitted to join them, and even enter their dwellings, where he was regaled with food and drink of marvellous excellence. Most frequently, however, they were too much held in awe to be lightly intruded upon; and dark tales of the disappearance of those who rashly ventured on their privacy were often related. In stature they were small, delicately limbed, beautiful in form and feature, dark in eye and hair; presenting, in many of these respects, a striking contrast with the fair-skinned, blue-eyed Kelt and Scandinavian.

Supposing that these fairies were the remains of the bronze-men or the iron-men, who peopled Europe before the conquering wars of the Kynri swept westward, we can well conceive that they retired before the savage intruders to the mountain fastnesses and forests, in a similar manner that their conquerors receded before the Saxon and Northmen in later and historic times. Here they would in peace practise their ancestral worship, and cultivate their native arts; in the latter probably far excelling their ruder conquerors. These, hearing accounts of the superior accomplishments of the former, would naturally look upon them as supernatural beings, gifted with higher

powers and possessed of deeper wisdom; while, probably, the natural feelings of fear toward their conquerors, and hostility at their dispossessing them of their lands and dwellings, would induce the other to take opportunity to inveigle the solitary intruder into his power, perhaps only to wreak his vengeance or perhaps to offer him in sacrifice to his deity. If, as we have supposed, their religion was Sabian, we can understand how the dances and festivals would be held at the changes of the seasons, especially at the full of the moon. Fear of supernatural power would induce the Kelt to look with awe on their sacred hills and enclosures, and imagination would tenant them with eldritch visitants. This latter superstition has survived, not only in the Kelt, but in his Saxon conqueror: even yet the Scottish lowlander will not pass certain spots after dark; and the hard-headed Presbyterian declines to walk abroad on the eve of S. John the Baptist, and firmly believes in the potency of charms on Hallowe'en. We have before spoken of the manner in which the names of hills and valleys betray the prevalence of once existing Sabianism, so we need not pause now to connect those traditions with fairy life and elfish superstition.

From all the sources of information, we shall find it not improbable that the Finlanders of the present age—whose skill as metallurgists is well known, and whose language, poetry, and music are described as soft and melodious—are the present descendants of this once far-spread race. To these may be added with equal probability the Firbolgs of Ireland; and even in Scotland the blood of the same race may be detected. We have often been surprised, in watching the young people of a Hebridean village, to see in the midst of a family which showed the red hair and blue eye of the Kelt, together with the large and coarse features and limbs, one child of apparently alien blood and appearance, with black eyes and hair and beautifully-formed limbs and features, the small hand and foot which would have graced a ball-room. The two races had amalgamated, and yet often manifested their individuality.

ART. V.—*Memoir of Bishop Blomfield*. Edited by his son,
ALFRED BLOMFIELD, M.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THERE must have been a time when the friends of Charles James Blomfield believed they were witnessing the opening career of a great man. Those who watched that career were at the least impressed by the presence of a very remarkable man, and yet there may be some, old enough to be intelligent readers, who on seeing the two volumes before us, will be prompted to ask, 'Who was Bishop Blomfield, that he should be the subject of so elaborate a biography?' This indeed may be said of many, perhaps most of those who have played a distinguished part in the world; it is but the first touch of that oblivion which gradually withdraws name after name from the thoughts and knowledge of men; but the particular gifts and powers of the late Bishop of London were especially of the order to fill the minds of those who saw and felt them, and to be dependant on sight and hearing; for it was not only what he did, but the energy of the doing, that arrested attention; and characters of this order cannot make an impression on mere readers,—we will not say at all commensurate with, but,—which can in any way account for the influence they possessed in their own time. Influence that depends upon stir, movement, and action has this in common with the fame of actors, that it cannot be extended to posterity. Few men had greater weight in his own day than Bishop Blomfield, in the prime of his powers, and yet few men would now hope to strengthen an argument, or win adherents to an opinion, by adducing the example of that once powerful name. There was a time when Bishop Blomfield was thought to impersonate the Church of England, and when she too accepted him as her representative; but who in any question of doctrine or of discipline now refers to his practice or decisions? This change neither interferes with the value of his influence at the time, nor with the reality of his services to the cause of religion, but it argues what we mean by personal influence rather than that wider control over other minds and other times which belongs only to genius, strength of moral conviction, and knowledge of mankind.

So long an interval has elapsed since the more strenuous and notable acts of this busy life, that the biographer himself must have been affected by the sense of change and transiency in recording his father's work in the world; and no doubt realizes it as clearly as any of his readers. What a collapse there is between a grand energetic show of work in the doing, and the result in actual performance; what a waste of power there

must always be in a busy temperament! and yet few busy lives have so much to show for themselves when the labour of life is over, as we find simply recorded here. A great deal was effected; a great deal of good was done and evil averted, but it was not by influencing minds that influence others. It has been truly said that never in any act of his life did Bishop Blomfield lead opinion, and while this biography makes the fact apparent, it also shows us how it must be so; and how excessive business powers are really incompatible with this higher range of achievement.

If not a glory, yet Bishop Blomfield was essentially a credit, to his Church; and indeed to each system and individual in any way concerned with him; a credit to his parents, to his school, to his college, to his long list of patrons. And the world throughout his career always felt this; never was a more prosperous course; from his first prize to his appointment to the see of London, there was no halt nor stop. Everybody felt their own interest and reputation served in advancing him. His powers were just the very safest as well as the most serviceable that a man of our day and country could be endowed with; that is, they were administrative powers, neither checked nor deranged by any eccentricity, or even originality of thought, and directed by common sense. We may say that he was the hero, the apostle, the martyr of this latter virtue. So long as the light of common sense could serve him he was supreme. There is nothing that superiors, who want something to trust to and to give them no trouble, esteem like it. Common sense, which takes the obvious view, has no turn for logic, and can always temper extremes by its own intuition of how far to go and where to stop for the interests of order and public convenience, to which indeed extremes of all sorts are absurdities, because they interfere with the working of all systems;—working, the great thing paramount, the arbiter of all principles. It was this power which carried all before it in Charles James Blomfield's case, till men started up professing to be led by views which boldly defied the hints and inuendoes of common sense, and did not mind where their principles should land them. Whenever common sense is defied in this way, it never knows what to say, and this in the end was the poor Bishop's case, who never before had been without an answer. Things seem so clear to this safe but limited faculty, that in fact it cannot argue. It is oppressed by finding no common ground with the school of ideas. It was towards the close of Blomfield's career that these new lights appeared; till then he had been master of the situation, and made the world see with his eyes. Up to this period he was prosperous far beyond the common lot of men, and we can well understand and almost forgive

the puzzled testiness with which he received opposition when it came. Such opposites could never fairly understand one another. The Germans have a term for the common-sense, conservative, working element of society, which hates change and is jealous of new ideas, and of the pretensions of abstract reason, and call its members Philistines, as enemies of the light. To these new lights the excellent Bishop seemed a Philistine. What they were to him we can gather from his tone and his measures. But we are anticipating events, and taking up the Bishop's career at the time indeed to which the memory of most readers soonest turns, but which is farthest removed from the state of things which gave the bent to his energies, and for which nature best fitted him. He was a practical reformer, the very man to train, guide, or coerce men who knew themselves in the wrong. He could do nothing with people who ran counter to his views and whole system, and yet believed themselves in the right, and to be led by influences profounder than his own.

It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that Charles James Blomfield was son of a schoolmaster at Bury St. Edmunds, though in the anxiety to prove him a self-made man, justice was not always done to his father's social standing. It was as fellow pupil in his father's school that the future Bishop formed a friendship with the Marquis of Bristol—then Mr. Hervey—afterwards his zealous patron; and a schoolmaster with pupils of this class would naturally give a promising son every educational advantage. From his father's hands he went to the Bury Grammar School. His delicate health and nervous temperament did not interfere with, indeed rather marked him out for, scholarship. Even as a child he showed unusual industry, and would rise at four or five in the morning, to pursue some chosen study not included in the school routine. He excelled in school exercises, and also showed that turn for versifying which was a favourite amusement with him through life. He was a pattern boy at home, the affectionate companion of a large family of brothers and sisters, and his holidays were spent as good boys used to spend them before muscular sports were so much in fashion; he made an electric machine, wrote poetry, acted plays, and was fond of music. This love of family and home suffered no diminution from contact with the world, and from first to last simple domestic affection was one of the virtues and charms of his sensitive character. He was eighteen when in 1804 he began his residence at Cambridge as a pensioner of Trinity College, where he gained a scholarship the following year.

'In the wider sphere to which college life introduced him, he soon found that if he were to retain the reputation which he had gained at school he must study even harder than before. The boys at Charterhouse and Eton were more

than a match for the best scholar of Bury in some important parts of scholarship. Accordingly he began a system of reading which overtasked his bodily, though not his mental, powers, and the bad effects of which lasted perhaps throughout his life. During the first four months of his residence at Cambridge he read through Aristophanes, all the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and a great part of Cicero, spending sometimes sixteen or even eighteen hours out of the twenty-four over his books. He wrote every day a piece of Greek or Latin composition, and a translation from a Greek or Latin author, which latter he translated back again some days after, and then compared his version with the original. He had no private tutor, but at the end of his first academical year he was fortunately introduced to Mr., afterwards Bishop Malby, who was then residing at Buckden in Huntingdonshire, and taking pupils. Malby, with much kindness, seeing in his young friend the promise of much classical eminence, took him into his house as one of his pupils, for six weeks, without payment, and gave him some good advice as to the method of reading he should pursue; his previous work had been too rapid; he had neglected commentators, and had not written notes of his own.—Vol. i. 4.

Making allowance for some exaggeration—all Aristophanes, all Æschylus, all Sophocles, all Euripides, all Herodotus, all Thucydides, and nearly all Cicero in sixteen weeks. The duty and emulation of hard reading seems to have been strong in him, for observing a light burning very late in the room of an undergraduate living opposite him, he determined to sit up as late, and found afterwards that his rival student was not reading, but chess-playing. Of course young men can read indefinitely harder than their elders, because learning is the only thing they have to attend to, and their degree their only anxiety. This removes some of the wonder of these prodigious reckonings of daily hours. But probably there is exaggeration—an exception is taken for the rule. We are very sure that eighteen or even twelve hours a day cannot be persevered in without injury to more than health of body. Such protracted labours must work extensive mischief on some mental faculties. These stories of excessive reading always belong to times which admit no searching investigation; they belong also to times when tremendous reading was esteemed a way to extensive, well-digested learning, and a sound judgment. We suspect that the present day will not report such cases, not only because there are no such rapacious students now, but also because such efforts would raise no high expectations amongst ourselves. Such feats would be only estimated as evidences of strength of head, of a certain physical constitution which enabling a man to hold on a number of hours together, would also enable him to do other things he wanted to do. There is no direct connexion between excessive reading and subsequent power over men and things; that is, it is not the knowledge thus acquired that is effective; but it proves the power of work:

‘Blomfield found at Cambridge what he had not found at Bury, fellow-students who were his equals in ability; and this tended to check the self-

appreciation which might otherwise have degenerated into self-conceit. It was at Cambridge, too, that he first saw anything of what is called "good society," and this fitted him for his introduction into the world, of which he had seen so little. Yet a certain shyness, which might be observed in him occasionally in after life, is perhaps attributable to the fact, that it was not till he was passing the period of boyhood that he was thrown into any society but that of a country town.—Vol. i. p. 7.

We are prepared to hear reserve attributed to a student under his circumstances and temptations; it is a word that explains so much in manner that needs smoothing over.

'It will be readily understood that a life of such severe and unremitting study left far less time for social enjoyment than even a diligent undergraduate commonly finds. Nor was Blomfield at this, or indeed at any period of his life, one of those impulsive characters which invite familiarity, and are equally genial with every companion. But in the small circle of fellow-students among whom he spent whatever leisure he allowed himself, his talents were readily acknowledged, and his character warmly appreciated.—Vol. i. p. 6.

We have the testimony of a contemporary that his reading did not dull his wit; also a more valuable witness still to his uniform purity and uprightness of conduct.

'Few persons were equal to him in the point and liveliness of his talk; yet I never heard him originate or repeat an expression which as a bishop he could wish unsaid; and though he largely contributed to the vivacity of every party where he was present, and was the author of many witty and smart sayings which were handed about, he never forgot the decorum which belonged to the path of life he had chosen.—Vol. i. p. 6.

His reading was rewarded by the highest classical honours Cambridge had then to bestow, and in the less congenial field of mathematics he was third Wrangler. The excessive strain of his undergraduate labours left its traces on his constitution. Soon after taking his degree he had an attack which impaired his digestion for years, and so weakened his nervous system as to induce fears and tremors on the slightest alarm: indeed he was constitutionally timid, and to this has been attributed some of his mistakes in life. He had no idea of resting upon the laurels thus hardly won, but proceeded at once to apply his scholarship to some practical purpose by editing an edition of *Æschylus*, having previously reviewed Butler's edition in the *Edinburgh* with much of the sharpness and acrimony of the criticisms of that period. His reputation as a Greek scholar was high. 'There are but about ten men in England,' wrote Elmsley to Blomfield, 'who really study the *minutiae* of Greek,' of whom he was one. Again, Sydney Smith writes of him to Jeffreys, 'Blomfield is an admirable scholar:' and no doubt the world set him down as a mere scholar for life. But this was never his own view, or, we should say, line. Whether he had any distinct view for himself we do not know. He was not self-contemplative, but it was essential to him to be doing. In 1809 he was elected fellow of

Trinity. In 1810, then in his 24th year, he was ordained deacon and priest, and married: and, declining, with a well-founded idea of his own just expectations, the offer to become tutor to the sons of Bishop Pretyman, with a salary of 400*l.* and the promise of a living, took the curacy of Chesterford and received pupils. It must be owned that his language at this period is rather singularly without sentiment or unction. 'Before long you will have to address me as Reverend,' is the way he announces his ordination to his sister. Things seem to follow one another as a matter of course. He did not anticipate, but accepted the duties of each new vocation as it came. He was no sooner ordained than his friend, Lord Bristol, regarded his advancement as his peculiar charge. Blomfield soon has to describe an interview with that model patron, of whom the race, alas, seems to be dying out. He writes to his father:—

'August 20, 1810.

'His lordship stated that he had been for some time anxious to have a personal interview with me, and to know my wishes and plans of life, as he had felt a degree of embarrassment whilst considering the means of providing for me, from a want of information on this head. He considered me in every point of view, both from the regard which he had long felt towards you and for my own sake, as entitled to the *best preferment* in his disposal; and he was in some uncertainty when Mr. Macklin's illness rendered the falling in of Chesterford a probable event, whether it would be consonant with my wishes to be fixed there; this he considered the best piece of preferment in his gift, and therefore I was the first person he thought of.'—Vol. i. p. 17.

In the meanwhile he gives him the living of Quarrington, in Lincolnshire, where, there being no parsonage, he was not required to reside; and thus he became, (and remained for eighteen years,) one of the class he was afterwards so zealous to suppress, that of non-resident incumbents. In 1811 he was presented by another warm friend, Earl Spencer, to the rectory of Dunton, in Buckinghamshire, where he remained till 1817, and took pupils with such success that his terms rose from 150*l.* to 400*l.* though the charge of them in no way interfered with other and varied labours. Thus his seventy-two parishioners were carefully tended; he brought out his *Æschylus* and got immersed in literary polemics; he was made a magistrate, and used to ride to the petty sessions in yellow overalls; he kept his farmers in order, and got known and suspected by the squires as a liberal, because he supported the claims of the Roman Catholics, opposed county jobbery, and took in the *Morning Chronicle*.

We are struck with the place this man under thirty took—his early fixing himself in life, the effect he had on others; the demands of his nature all tending one way to his interest and advancement. In the days when he was only known to the world through his scholarship he was never a mere scholar; and scholarship will do much for a man when it only represents part

of him, though the term and the thing carries him very little way—in the nineteenth century at least—when it is not associated with other serviceable qualities; such as adaptation to the scene he finds himself in, prompt common sense in action, and what we will call power, that vigour of life and energy of will which some people have, and others, their superiors both in intellect and acquirement, are without; and which we see conspicuous in Blomfield. Every quality with him was, as it were, a marketable one; he had no exuberances or youthful extremes to set aside; no intellectual wild oats to sow. At the age of three or four and twenty he had published his ‘Prometheus Vincit,’ and the *Quarterly* congratulates the world upon the judgment, ability, and learning of this young scholar. His first work was recommended as this ‘very useful volume.’ Everything he did carried the weight of utility and service, of something men wanted to have. He was always supplying a need, applying his powers to some immediately practical purpose. He does everything that is natural to do without delays, and joyfully fulfils the duties and every collateral responsibility he entails upon himself. Everybody can appreciate powers of this sort—the pre-eminently capable and useful; there are higher and rarer qualities which it needs some touch of kindred genius to recognise. A man who at twenty-seven was a critic, a noted scholar and tutor, a magistrate, a commissioner of turnpikes, an esteemed preacher, and a patron and supporter of the great religious societies, must have excited no little attention and expectation. Lord Bristol, faithful to his promises, presented him with the superior living of Chesterford when it became vacant in 1817, and about the same time Bishop Howley, of London, appointed him one of his chaplains. At Chesterford, with a population of about 500, he entered upon his duties with ‘characteristic energy.’

‘Bishop Blomfield is still remembered at Chesterford for his activity and benevolence. He took a more prominent part in parochial business, and in the administration of local charities, than was usual among the clergy; so that one of his parishioners described his energy in a farmer’s simile: “I call him Mr. Snaptrace.” He visited the poor, one of whom described him afterwards as “a wonderful forgiving gentleman;” he superintended the schools which had been improved by Mr. Davys; he saw that the public-houses were closed in good time at night; he improved the vicarage grounds by planting and buying up the adjoining slips of land; and he continued, as before, to devote much of his time to study, and to the pupils whom he received into his parsonage.’—Vol. i. p. 53.

We have all along these intimations of a hasty temper, probably inseparable from this passionate love of occupation: we find him not only ‘snapping’ in his parish, but entering with zest into all the snappish business of critical literature, and probably in every case much too busy to consider whether the

hasty manner or sharp expression was likely to give offence. Chesterford afforded some peculiar opportunities for the development of his powers as a reformer.

‘One circumstance which at that time tended to mar a clergyman’s usefulness in the parish of Chesterford, and to lower the moral tone of its inhabitants was this: the village lay upon the high road between London and Newmarket, and the frequenters of the races at the latter place always stopped to change horses, and refresh themselves at the large inn near the church. This in itself was undesirable; but to make matters worse, at that time the first day of the Newmarket Spring Meeting was Easter Monday, and those who were to be present passed through Chesterford on Easter Day. The country people from the neighbouring villages flocked in to see the gentlefolks pass in their carriages, and a regular fair, and its apparatus of booths, was held on the open space in front of the inn: and while the vicar was celebrating the Eucharist in the adjoining church on the most sacred day of the Christian year, the aristocratic sportsmen would drive up to the inn in their open carriages playing at whist; and throwing out their cards, would call to the waiters for fresh packs. To quote the words which Bishop Blomfield himself used some years later, “More than forty pairs of horses have sometimes been changed there on Easter Day, a great proportion of them while I was celebrating Divine service. Not only all the servants and dependents of the inn, but a great number of the young men of the parish were taken away from their own Sabbath duties, to assist in this flagrant violation of them by others; not to mention that hundreds were engaged in observing their betters thus ostentatiously setting at naught the ordinances of religion; some urging with bribes, and others with execrations, the drivers of those poor jaded animals for whom the merciful provision of a Sabbath seemed almost to have been made in vain; while others were seen engaged in gambling, and scattering the implements of their unholy pastime about the road.”—Vol. i. p. 53.

Characters of this energetic and practical sort have their bent given them by the things that come immediately before them. At Chesterford he had seen flagrant violation of Sunday, and therefore he was ever after more rigid in this particular than might have been expected from other parts of his character—also these sporting men driving up in open carriages to the inn door on Easter Sunday, throwing out their cards before a crowd of rustics, gave him a horror of cards. He could not treat them in the abstract; he had so strong an objection to them that it would have shocked him to know there was a card at Fulham; and we may suppose he had expressed strong general feeling about them for the popular rumour to have got up the *canard* that he had formally complained of Bishop Bathurst to the Archbishop for whiling away his evenings with a rubber.

Blomfield was through life a teller of good stories. He had one on his only extempore sermon, delivered at Chesterford; though why so ready a man should not have succeeded better in making himself intelligible to the rustic mind we do not understand. It was probably useful to give point to his objection to the general practice:—

‘Walking over one Sunday to his duty at Little Chesterford, he found on his

arrival that he had forgotten to bring his sermon with him. It was too late to return ; so for the first and only time in his life, he preached *ex tempore*, taking for his text the first verse of the fifty-third Psalm : "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Being anxious to know how he had seemed to succeed in an unaccustomed effort, he asked one of the congregation on coming out, how he had liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough ; but I can't say I agree with you ; I think there *be* a God."—Vol. i. p. 55.

One main interest in these volumes lies in the information they give of the state of the Church, and ecclesiastical matters generally, early in this century, and of Blomfield's concern in them ; therefore the earlier chapters are the most attractive. The change in the clergy of our Church and his share in effecting this change are dwelt upon.

'In character, habits, attainments, social position, and general reputation, the ordinary clergyman of 1860 is a very different being from the clergyman of 1810. Exceptions, of course, occur in every rule ; and in some instances the type of the later epoch may be anticipated in the earlier, or the type of the earlier reproduced in the later ; but speaking generally, the remarks of Mr. Thomas Grenville, who died in 1846, at the age of ninety-one, may be taken as true, that no change which had taken place in his lifetime was so great as the change in the clergy of the Church of England. Even where we differ for the worse, we still differ : as our faults are not the faults, so our virtues are not the virtues, of our predecessors.

'The most obvious difference is the low standard of character and duties which then prevailed among clergymen, compared to what is now generally expected of them. Fifty years ago, a decent and regular performance of Divine service on Sundays was almost all that any one looked for in a clergyman ; if this was found most people were satisfied. The clergyman might be non-resident, a sportsman, a farmer, neglectful of all study, a violent politician, a *bon vivant*, or a courtier ; but if he performed, in person or by deputy, that which now usurped the name of his "duty," that was enough. We find Bishops of this period, in their Charges, insisting upon duties and qualifications which are now taken for granted, and deprecating practices which are now almost unheard of.'—Vol. i. p. 56.

And again, on the point of patronage, we read :—

'Patronage was often exercised with little regard to fitness for the clerical office, and orders were conferred by bishops with a fatal facility. On the subject of ordinations at this period, such anecdotes as the following are told—of which it may be said that, even though they are not true in every particular, it does not speak well for the Episcopal Bench that it should have been possible for them to obtain currency. The chaplain and son-in-law of Bishop North (1781-1820) examined two candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as one of the players. Bishop Pelham (1807-1827) performed the same duty on one occasion by sending a message by his butler to the candidate to write an essay ; the chaplain of Bishop Douglas (1787-1807) did it while shaving, and stopped the examination when the examinee had construed two words. The laxity of Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich (1805-1837), known to his Whig admirers as "the good bishop," with regard to ordinations, is well known, and involved him in a misunderstanding with Dr. Blomfield when Bishop of Chester. The natural consequence of this state of things was a very low standard of theological acquirements among the country clergy. When they were useful and well informed, they

busied themselves generally with matters foreign to their own profession. "They were eager politicians, or amateur farmers; they were constant readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, deep in the antiquities of the signs of inns, speculations of what becomes of swallows in the winter, and whether hedgehogs or other urchins are most justly accused of sucking milch cows dry at night."¹—Vol. i. p. 59.

As for this list of occupations, we cannot see that a country clergyman could find better relaxations than some of them afford. That a man should live in the country, and occupy his mind with none of its phenomena or simple facts, will not make him a better theologian. We are even disposed to cavil with Mr. Norris's expression, that to speculate on what becomes of swallows in the winter is 'foreign' to the clerical profession, as a harsh way of putting it; but we may be hypercritical. In other respects, though the change is now felt to be great, we have our fears that a reaction is already setting in. In some instances which have come to our knowledge, examinations of literates for orders, as they are now carried on, do not result in much better things than in these old days, though decorum is observed, and more pains are taken; that is, the ignorance which then might creep through unawares is now ascertained, but is not always treated as a disqualification. Nor can we see under the system pursued in some dioceses what safeguard there is against a return to a former state of things. If we introduce an inferior social rank into the Church, and it is done deliberately, and with much to argue in favour of the step, some of this change must be retraced. We can scarcely doubt but that an observer retaining in his remembrance what the clerical order as a body is now, if the system of literates continues, will in fifty years' time look back to the gentlemanly dignified clergy of his youth, refined even in their errors; and contrast them with the ruder manners and rougher vices of the time he writes in. A clergy derived from a lower order than that from which we are accustomed to see them taken, will not be freer from human frailties than their social betters, nor instigated by better motives in their choice of the sacred profession; but their frailties will show themselves differently, and probably in a more repulsive form. At present, and perhaps for a year or two longer, a literate who drops and misplaces his h's, reads like a charity-school boy, and preaches like a Methodist itinerant, gains some faint prestige from his clerical fellows of higher education and social standing, but as things go now this distinction must cease. It will very soon indeed cease to be taken as a matter of course that a clergyman is a gentleman; it will be no more assumed than it was a hundred years

¹ Rev. H. H. Norris, in *Churton's Life of Joshua Watson*.

ago: and where a man errs, he will err according to the temptations of his own class, unproved by the contrast of manners in the rest of his order. We are far from saying that the class from which literates spring is not as moral and religious as that in which men can give their sons a high education, and in which a tone and habits of refinement are acquired, but we are sure their position is more perilous, and beset with a distinct class of dangers. But we are digressing. Nor in candour should we lift up our testimony, without recognising the present difficulty in supplying an educated clergy; and moderating our alarm by the consoling reflection that the present inroad of ill-informed, ignorant deacons and priests is caused by no deadness to their duties in the higher powers, such as prevailed when bishops could complacently desert their dioceses, and leave them to manage themselves. The quotation on this point Mr. Blomfield gives from Bishop Watson is certainly amusing, and illustrates the fact one may so often observe, how much easier it is to satisfy both self and in many cases other people, by an entire neglect of duties than by an imperfect fulfilment of them. When the Bishop got the diocese of Llandaff, he writes:—

‘I pursued my intention of *retiring in a great measure from public life*, and laid, in the summer of 1789, the foundation of my house on the banks of the Windermere. I have now spent about twenty years in this delightful country, but my time has not been spent in field diversions, in idle visitings, in county bickerings, in indolence, or intemperance: no, it has been spent partly in supporting the religion and constitution of the country by seasonable publications, and principally in building farmhouses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, in making bad land good, in planting larches, and in planting in the hearts of my children principles of piety, benevolence, and self-government.’—Vol. i. p. 61.

The reform which Blomfield felt himself first called on to attempt was not one connected with laxity of manners or of a careless sense of duty. When chosen to preach the Visitation Sermon at Saffron Walden he came forward as a ritualist, declaring much the same opinions which he held through life, though they were strengthened or modified in expression by circumstances.

‘In the same year Mr. Blomfield published a sermon, preached at Saffron Walden at the Visitation of Bishop Howley, “On the Duty of a canonical Adherence to the Ritual of the Church.” This sermon is remarkable as enunciating the same principles which he afterwards repeated in his Charge at Chester, in 1825, and at London in 1842. The Church, he argues, must have a certain external splendour corresponding to her inward holiness, and men must be religiously affected partly through their senses; and since our own Church has made ample provision for these objects, we shall best do our duty by obeying her rules, observing the decent solemnity of her ritual, and imitating her reverent language.

‘In the notes to the Sermon he calls the attention of his brother clergymen,

with strong expressions of reprobation, to two practices sanctioned by some of them. The one is "the habit of holding those anomalous assemblies called 'Prayer Meetings,' which must tend directly to weaken, in the minds of their flock, the sense of the utility and importance of public worship." The other is "the irregular practice, to call it by no harsher name, which prevails amongst some of the clergy, who embrace the peculiar tenets of Calvin—the custom of curtailing and mutilating the service of Baptism, so as to bring it somewhat nearer to their own notions of regeneration. I mention the subject here," he adds, "chiefly as affording a satisfactory proof that some who impugn the doctrine of baptismal regeneration find the language of our Church in this solemn service too plain to be misunderstood, too strong to be eluded. Their only resource, therefore, is to blot out so much of it as they cannot digest, although it is difficult to say what is too hard for their digestion, who can wilfully alter and deprave the prescribed form of administering a sacrament, to which they have declared their unfeigned assent and consent. To those who think themselves authorized by a spiritual illumination thus to deviate from that line of public duty which they have solemnly bound themselves to observe, we may recommend the just and sensible caution of the fathers of our Church: 'It is not the part of a Christian, under pretence of the Holy Ghost, to bring his own dreams and phantasies into the Church.'" The reader will not fail to observe that there is in these remarks something of that "predominant desire to marshal and put in order all the rest," which could find its appropriate sphere of action only in the third and highest order of the ministry."—Vol. i. p. 63.

It accords with the character of the future Bishop that he should proceed in due course through all academical degrees. In 1818, therefore, he took his B.D., an affair which did not pass without distinction. A great crowd assembled to hear the disputation, led there by the fame of the respondent, whose thesis was so clever and so utterly confounding to his official opponent, that the schools were kept in continual laughter. It is equally in accordance with his course of action that, having lost his first wife in 1818, immediately after entering upon Chesterford, he should soon, but not too soon, marry a second time, choosing wisely, and fulfilling in each case every duty of the conjugal relation.

'In December, 1819, he married Dorothy, daughter of Charles William Cox, Esq. and widow of Thomas Kent, Esq. barrister; a union which was the source of unmixed happiness and comfort to him to the latest hour of his life. By her he was the father of eleven children, one of whom died in his infancy.'—Vol. i. p. 65.

About this time his warm patron, Lord Bristol, always on the watch for his advancement, represented his claims to promotion to his brother-in-law, Lord Liverpool; and the following year, on the promotion of Dr. Mant to an Irish see, the Premier expressed his wish to Bishop Howley that Mr. Blomfield should succeed him in the valuable living of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. The Bishop, in reply, claimed, in this case, the appointment as his own, but explained that it would make no difference, as *he* also should wish to give the living to Mr. Blomfield:—

'The preferment thus bestowed upon Mr. Blomfield, as it were, from two

different quarters, at once marks an important epoch in his life. The income of the living being large (something over 2,000*l.* a year in the gross), and the Bishop allowing him to retain Chesterford with it, he was enabled, for the first time in his life, to enjoy a comfortable independence, without the labour of tuition, and thus to devote his time more fully to the duties of his profession. By removing his principal residence to London, his new position brought him before the eye of the metropolitan public, accustomed him to habits of business, and quickened his natural promptitude in dealing with men; while the pastoral superintendence of a populous and crowded parish enlarged his sympathies, extended his knowledge of human nature, and gave him that particular kind of experience which afterwards, as the head of the London clergy, he found of such great and permanent value.'—P. 67.

This view of the benefit to the character of holding two good livings at once, though true in his own case, was one Bishop Blomfield could not be brought to see in that of others. It is remarkable, and his son notices the coincidence, that the great opponent of pluralities should, in his own case, have been a distinguished pluralist. We fully believe, however, that he would not have accepted a new sphere of duty upon an old one if he did not feel himself fully capable of carrying on the work of both. Again, his tone is singular from the concise business-like mode in which the matter is treated:—

'The Rev. C. J. Blomfield to Professor Monk.

'London, April 19, 1820.

*'The value of my new living has been over-rated as I supposed: it is about 2,100*l.* per annum. The clear annual income, after cu-rates, poor-rates, and other rates have been paid, will be about 1,600*l.* But even this is too good a thing to refuse, seeing that it is tenable with Chesterford, and that the Bishop does not object to my passing some months in the year at the latter place. The house is bad, but the Bishop thinks I may be able to exchange it for a better; or he will allow me to let it, and hire a better.'*—Vol. i. p. 63.

It is very true that 1,600*l.* a year is 'too good a thing to be refused,' and that most people find it so; but there is a way of doing things; and in the biographies we are accustomed to, these matters are conducted with a little more sentiment and declaration of pious motives, though, we believe, in no case could a new sphere be entered upon with more distinct and firmer resolutions faithfully to fulfil all the duties of it. At this period of his life he felt in himself such an inexhaustible fund of work, that it would probably have cost him nearly as much regret to give up the work of Chesterford as its pay. The Rev. Richard Harvey, Rector of Hornsey, who was one of his curates at St. Botolph's, testifies to his labours in the city parish in a letter which does equal credit to the writer and his subject, and gives us a picture of a model rector and curate in their relation to each other:—

'He was exceedingly kind and friendly, and most candid, both in telling me of my faults and commending what he approved. He had a kindness of

manner and winning smile which were perfectly irresistible. His activity was marvellous, and the number of things which he did hardly credible. . . . I used to see him nearly every morning, and tell him about the sick and poor, and what was going on in the parish ; also as to any particular cases which it was desirable he should visit himself. He was very attentive to all, and used to visit the sick, without reference to their being members of the Church ; and he took me with him generally, that I might learn how to proceed when by myself. He had a singularly quick eye, and often told me of seeing me in the distance, when I had gone into some house, and had no idea that he knew it. Just before I came, during the severity of the winter (of 1822-3), I was told that he was going round to relieve the distressed with other gentlemen. The people were relieved partly according to the number of their families. The Bishop thought he detected the same children in different rooms, and at last discovered that, as he went up and down stairs, the people let down children by the window from one storey to another. . . . Soon after I came he established a Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge Committee, for which he drew up admirable rules ; and shortly afterwards he allowed me to collect for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He did not then like to use tracts not on the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge list, but said, " Show me any good tracts, and I will get them on the list ; and accordingly he got many on, by Mrs. More, Mrs. H. Hoare, Mr. Davys, now Bishop of Peterborough, and others."—*Ibid.* p. 70.

'A parishioner' remembers him for his kindness to the poor, for whom his purse was always open ; for his visiting among the middle class of his parishioners as a neighbour and a friend, and for his frank and kindly manner to the Dissenters in his parish, with whom he was always on good terms ; noticing, too, that ' he was constitutionally of a warm and impetuous temperament,' but adding fondly, ' it was an impetuosity fired by an uncontrollable desire to advance the glory of God, and the good of 'his fellow-men.' It was one of his points of success in the rapid rise of his advancement, that he always seemed in the right place ; but, judging both from facts and his character as we see it, he was clearly never more in his right place than as rector of an important city parish. He was the very man for its members to be proud of ; and when, by that system of dovetailing through which his friends always secured to him the best of his old preferment to add on to the new, his Rectory of St. Botolph was held with the Bishopric of Chester, his parishioners seem to have been unanimous in exulting approval. His son observes, that at this time he was remarkable for a certain liberality towards Nonconformists ; and this we believe to have been his natural bent. His view of working the Church of England as he would a college or a parish, would not interfere with the utmost tolerance out of her pale. His concern was to turn his own Communion into an efficient instrument, to keep it in the best working order, and adapted to the greatest number. At this time, there is evidence of his regarding everything from an ultra-practical point of view. The way in which he and his friend Maltby discuss Calvinism

and religious enthusiasm, and 'the high merit of Faith,' argues, to say the least of it, no natural turn for theology. With Maltby, in familiar correspondence, 'mystical' and 'doctrinal' seem convertible terms, and both of them equally dangerous things to handle to those who have only the received version for their guide. Calvinism and Methodism alike arise from 'poring over the Epistles,' according to Maltby (p. 74); and the axiom by which Blomfield disposed of mysteries and difficulties was more convenient to the practical mind, glad to be furnished with a formula in such matters, than satisfying to the profounder theological intellect—'that where the Gospel is plain and precise, 'and the Epistles obscure and perplexing, the Epistles are to be 'interpreted according to the Gospels, not the Gospels according 'to the Epistles.' We can understand how abstract questions, even in religion, that have no immediate relation to practice, should seem to hamper and impede the excessive bustle of his activity; and these wholesale settlements of disputed points were, as it were, a justification of his own temperament. He could be tolerant to a different order of mind; but in the midst of this genial friendliness was, no doubt, a good deal of superior pity for the illusions of more fanciful natures. We are told that he was so far from failing to appreciate the merits of the so-called Evangelical party, that it was he who proposed Charles Simeon as a member of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. In fact, he recognised a kindred energy in Simeon; he saw him head of an influential party, and being superior to jealousy, he freely owned his claim on the Church, of which both were members. He might do justice but there was a barrier stronger than doctrine between himself and Simeon's school: he could not speak in their tongue; he could not fraternise with men who expressed themselves in conventional phrases (or what would have been such to him); and he seems to have been thrown upon the sober High Churchmen of his day, because they talked in a language in which he could join without violence to his nature. Doctrine did not assume with him the prominence it did with some; but he was a clergyman; he must be a good one; he must write, he must lead, and he must have some one to work with:—

'He began also at this time to take an active share in the proceedings of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel, "in both of which," he writes to Dr. Monk, "I am attempting to introduce considerable changes;" and also in those of the National Society, still almost in its infancy. He was thus brought into more immediate contact with the knot of zealous High Churchmen who at that time were taking the leading part in the proceedings of these societies; and this connexion may, perhaps, have insensibly modified his views on some questions (especially on Roman Catholic Emancipation, and on the amount of exclusiveness desirable

in Church of England schools), and may have made him more of a High Churchman than he was originally inclined to be. At all events, it was with these men that he mainly acted for many years; although on some points of expediency rather than of principle, he often differed widely from them. His was a mind which sought for the sphere of its activity not in any peculiar and eccentric orbit, but rather in paths already beaten, and in which he would find fellow-travellers; and there was almost no opinion on any speculative point, which he would not be ready to modify, or hold in suspension, rather than lack that co-operation which was essential to his ideas of usefulness.'—Vol. i. p. 80.

Perhaps the theologian's nicety and exactness of distinction is incompatible with being an apt man of business; which means being able to manage, control, and yield by turns. Such a man would find his occupation gone if he was bound to be inflexible in an unpopular opinion. Thus, a prominent man of business must be pliable in principles, not in an offensive sense; but,—as all men are biassed by their age in their line of thought,—he is superlatively under this influence. The opposite of this class are persons so inflexible in their views, as to be incapable of acting with others. In order to guide and lead numbers, and to direct general counsels, there must be a constant process of give and take, and mutual accommodation in what are called minor points, or, as here, speculative points. Besides, though Blomfield was, perhaps, too much a man of mere business to enter into the higher and spiritual character of Church principles, he took from the first to the High Church movement, because he saw its literary and historical claims. He took its view of the baptismal question, because it was a subject for literary criticism; that is, as to the interpretation of formularies, which he could accept in their obvious sense without curious inquiry, or any perception of the difficulties which beset some minds. As far as we can judge, he was never vexed with a speculative doubt, perplexity, or difficulty, in his life; opinions to be anything to him must be working opinions. Thus, when he found himself with a judicious and practical body of High Churchmen with whom it was satisfactory to act, and who recognised his worth, he seemed to accept more of their theory than perhaps he ever did accept; for theory, apart from practice and effects, found little place in his mind.

Perhaps it is in accordance with his character that he had no marked qualities of a good preacher. His son boasts of no natural gifts of 'pulpit eloquence,' but, of course, all that he did he was careful, in as far as he could, to do well. After speaking of a volume of sermons preached in Bishopsgate, he continues:—

'The style of his sermons remained much the same throughout his life, though they gained something in what may be called affectionateness as he grew older. Perspicuity of argument, simplicity and correctness of language,

and a happy application of Scripture, are the principal characteristics of his pulpit style. He sought to win attention by plainness, earnestness, and simplicity, rather than by elaborateness of illustration and flights of rhetoric; and even where he did not rise to eloquence, he never degenerated into platitude. Thus with less natural talent for preaching perhaps than some of his contemporaries, yet the genuine worth of his sermons, and his habit of doing to the best of his power anything which he had to do, made him one of the best preachers of the day. The effect of his sermons was heightened by an impressive delivery, a clear, musical voice, and, while at Bishopsgate, by a pleasing, though youthful, countenance, of which a friend once remarked, "She had never seen so *infantine* a face for a D.D." One who was his constant hearer at this time says of him, "No one could hear a sermon of his without feeling the depths of his heart stirred up by the enforcement of Christian truth, with an eloquence as chaste as it was practical."—Vol. i. p. 75.

He himself was critical about sermons as we might well expect, and was in the habit of saying that he wished he had ever heard a really good preacher, but he never had; correcting himself, however, in favour of Rowland Hill, whom he heard when a young man in company with Dr. Maltby. The English of the sermon was unexceptional, but unluckily the preacher hazarded two pieces of Greek criticism both wrong, and which set the young scholars winking at each other. It is, we will say, an amusing instance of our bishop's self-reliance and universal appetite for work, that on being asked by Bishop Howley while at Bishopsgate to edit the Old Testament for the proposed Family Bible, he at once undertook it on the honest ground, as he wrote in his diary, that holding a lucrative benefice in the Church, he was bound to submit to any labour which might promote the cause of religion. The scheme, as far as he was concerned, went off; nor is anything said of the amount of time he proposed to take from his numerous avocations for such a work. It was not, however, destined to be one of his monuments. Nearly at the same time Bishop Howley made him archdeacon, an appointment for which we may pronounce him better fitted. He held the archdeaconry of Colchester only two years, during which he made (in 1823) a general visitation of the archdeaconry, and delivered a charge. He had previously given a good deal of time to the study of ecclesiastical law, and his first care was to obtain a correct knowledge of the duties assigned to his office, with a view to performing them as nearly according to the letter as circumstances would permit. How to condense these duties into a definition of the office was not so easy as to learn them; but there is a story given of readiness at some sort of statement which is characteristic:—

'Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of 400*l.* a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, "What are the

duties of an archdeacon?" So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other house to obtain an answer to the question from one of the Bishops. The messenger met first with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as *aide-de-camp* to the bishop; and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, "The archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*." Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. "Go," said he, "and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer." To the Bishop of London the messenger accordingly went, and repeated the question, "What is an archdeacon?" "An archdeacon?" replied the Bishop, in his quick way, "An archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions;" and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.

It was about this time that he wrote the book of family prayer, wonderfully popular in its day, though that day is now past. His name removed many strange objections to the observance as being 'methodistical;' and, therefore, was instrumental to the general establishment of a practice till then generally neglected. Perhaps prayers to live and last should be composed in a scene of greater calm, but he did whatever came before him to do. We often find him indulging in the pleasure peculiar to the active temperament of summing up its labours.

'He writes to Dean Monk, March 22, 1823:—"I have had on my hands six charity sermons, a course of Lent lectures, an anti-Catholic petition, the management of the tithe question against the citizens of London, a weekly committee at Bartlett's Buildings, in consequence of Dr. Gaskin's resignation, two articles in the British Critic, &c. &c., all of which I have got through in the last four or five weeks, and am now ready for the Museum Criticum, notwithstanding that I have still to write a 'Spital sermon, a sermon for the Magdalene, three more charity sermons, and my visitation charge, all within the month.'—Vol. i. p. 89.

But these labours were soon to be in a more exalted sphere; he was indeed marked out for a bishopric, and at every rumour of a dying bishop his friends looked upon him as his successor. At length, in 1824, the see of Chester became vacant through the translation of Bishop Law to Bath and Wells, and was offered to him by Lord Liverpool, though his expectations were so good and the bishopric so poor (only 1,400*l.* a-year), that there were doubts of his acceptance of it. Indeed, on the first blush, a zealous patroness writes naively on the subject; her warmth expressing more secular friendship than strong sense of the spiritual nature of the office in question. People had not got out of the line of treating bishoprics unblushingly as good things, yet she was honestly labouring to put the best man in his right place; and no time can offer an example of preference bestowed more disinterestedly and on better motives.

'My dear Doctor,' he writes, 'I hope I need not tell you that I trust I shall soon have to shake you by the hand as Bishop of Chester. Don't be so indiscreet as to refuse it because it is a sadly poor one—remember it is the step which you must tread on to a richer one. All the old twaddles have dropped—young

ones don't depart so readily; and I am myself so old that I am impatient to see you seated on that bench where you will be so admirably placed, and so usefully disposed of. If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself, with all your London knowledge and experience, to be the bishop of this diocese, if you ARE on the bench—but then you must be, or my plan can't take place. Seriously, Lord Spencer and I are all on tip-toe to hear of your acceptance, for, though it may be present ruin, yet it will be *soon* future affluence; and why should you not keep your St. Botolph? Indeed, pray, pray give me a line, and pray think, reflect, and ponder with all your powers, before you refuse; for, indeed, I do think it a very different thing to refuse now than it would have been to have refused some time ago. I am so hurried and so bothered with all sorts of perplexities, that I am sure I must have written nonsense, and I cannot now read it over to be sure I have done so. Excuse me, my excellent friend, and take the intention of this note in good part, although it may be so inadequately expressed.

Ever affectionately yours,

‘LAV. SPENCER.’—Vol. i. p. 93.

Being allowed, however, to retain with his bishopric, *in commendam*, the living of Bishopsgate, as Lady Spencer had suggested, the main difficulty was removed; ‘and the prospect of a ‘laborious office in a remote province was to his mind only an ‘additional reason for gladly accepting the position.’ He was consecrated June 20th, 1824, by Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, and the Bishops of London and Exeter; the consecration sermon being preached by the Rev. John Lonsdale, the present Bishop of Lichfield, then domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at all times the warm friend and admirer of Bishop Blomfield. This appointment gave universal satisfaction. Even pluralities gave no offence in Dr. Blomfield's hands. He was so entirely, as far as work was concerned, three gentlemen at once, that no one, as far as we are told, grudged him the pay of three. In fact, he was a man of great generosity, as we shall afterwards have to dwell upon more largely, to whom ample means was an acknowledged necessity. His was one of those natures to which money is a requisite for their full and best development. He cared for it only for its use, and that more in his professional than personal character. He was all along indifferent about being rich, but he needed a large income that he might be forward in good works, and lavish in alms, and be able to carry out his ideal; and he never shrunk from the necessary steps to secure himself this competence, of which, when acquired, he was so profusely liberal. His first letter to his wife is on a practical subject, and one which shows our Bishop in his character of a reformer. ‘I am going,’ he says, ‘to call on the new Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Carr) to see whether he will try to persuade his Majesty to dispense with ‘our wigs;’ but George IV. was not to be persuaded. It was not till the reign of William IV. that an appendage which must have been so uncongenial a weight on that busy brain

could be cast off. It was then that Sir G. Sinclair, being at Fulham, asked if he could deliver any message for the Bishop to the King. 'You may present my duty to his Majesty, and say 'that at this tropical season I find my wig a great incumbrance, 'and that I hope he will not consider me guilty of a breach of 'court etiquette if I am induced to lay it aside.' The message was given for the King's amusement, who, however, replied in earnest that he disliked the wig as much as the Bishop could, and thus that bulwark of episcopacy, as so many Conservatives thought it, received its death-blow. The appointment, however, of the first Indian and West Indian Bishops some years before, who never wore wigs, was the first discouragement this curious head-gear received.

The bishopric of Chester was not less acceptable to its new occupant from the fact that it had been a neglected one, and had fostered a large accumulation of abuses. At thirty-nine, in the very prime of his powers, he rejoiced to try them to the very utmost, and to surround himself with an all but impossible amount of employment for head and hands.

All work, we know, seems a good deal when set down, especially routine work; and yet it is enough to take one's breath away to conceive the stream of business that constituted his life at this period. Thus we find constant epitomes of work done like the following:—

'August and September of the next year (1825, age 39) were occupied by his visitation, in the first six days of which he confirmed 7,991 persons at six different places, delivered his charge, and entertained the clergy twice; preached three times, and consecrated one church and four burial-grounds. In the autumn of 1827, he spent some time in the Lake District, to acquaint himself with the state of Church matters in those remote valleys and mountains. There was much to amend here; and he would often in later life relate anecdotes of the clergy in that district; of his going, for instance, into a poor man's cottage in one of the valleys, and asking whether the clergyman ever visited him; the man replied that he did frequently; but upon further inquiry, it appeared that the reason of the pastor's visits lay in the fact, that there were a good many foxes in the hills behind the house. The time which was not occupied in these visitations he spent either in London or at Chester. In London, besides preaching twice in his own church, and sometimes a third time elsewhere, and superintending the affairs of his parish, he was regular in his attendance at the House of Lords (when ecclesiastical matters were in debate), and was constantly to be found at committees of the *Bounty Board*, the *Church Building Society*, the *Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, and for the *Propagation of the Gospel*, the *Negro Conversion Society*, and at meetings for establishing King's College, or (in 1826) for administering relief to the distressed weavers of Spitalfields, and the operatives of his own diocese. At Chester, he did not forget that he had duties to perform, not only as Bishop of the diocese, but as the most important resident of the city. All local matters were actively taken up; the parochial schools especially were raised to a high state of efficiency; the state of hospitals and prisons, the improvements of the town, and its sanitary condition, did not escape his vigilant eye; so that it was the opinion of a Chester citizen, well qualified to speak on the subject, that the

affairs of the city had never been so well looked after, before or since, as during the short episcopate of Bishop Blomfield. He had an eye for every thing, and an ear for everybody. He lived himself in an atmosphere of work; and few of those around him could long escape the contagion of his example.—Vol. i. p. 108.

The Bishop was so reserved in the expression of his deeper feelings that it is only in his private journal we find the natural expressions of a good man in attaining so high and yet responsible an elevation. We are struck with the simple truth and nature of the feelings expressed.

‘He writes in his diary on New Year’s Day, 1826 : “I thank God that it has pleased Him to carry me through the past year without any calamity or great disappointment; and I humbly hope that I have been, by the help of His grace, useful in the ministry of His Word, and the government of His Church. But how inconsiderable and insufficient is all that I have done, or can do, in comparison with that which He has a right to look for from one whom He hath redeemed with the blood of His Son! Lord! enable me, I pray Thee, to serve Thee with greater diligence, and a more perfect singleness of heart!”’—Vol. i. p. 100.

The point of this passage, as far as it shows us the inner man, lies in the word ‘disappointment.’ He had as yet met with no serious disappointment, and he seems to have felt it the one thing to dread. His was a character made by success. He was sustained in the vigorous part of his life by a constant and visible course of success, and this was necessary in a peculiar sense to his well doing. He shrunk from disappointment, and, in fact, when it came, broke down under it. All the seeming energy and vigour of his character only sustained him while he could carry his point. Nor need he ever have failed or disappointed either himself or his admirers, had it been given him always to follow his natural bent in its appropriate field. Where men grossly failed in their duty, and knew they failed, he could enforce discipline, reform manners, carry the world along with him, and even influence and effect a real change in the subjects of his reproof. He could bring about a visible change for the better, which all appreciated and wondered at. But this might be, after all, but an ill preparation for the work the future had in store for him. He had begun his episcopacy by browbeating a careless body of clergy and drunken parsons, who had not a word to say for themselves; but the habit formed perhaps only unfitted him for more delicate dilemmas.

It is pleasant to read the warm approval of his friends at this period of his career, especially where it illustrates, as in the following letter from Archdeacon Bayley to Joshua Watson, the kindly genial temper of the churchmen of that time, and their honest joy at each other’s good deeds:—

‘You will, perhaps, be glad to hear something of this diocese, which is my native one; from our Bishop himself you will have received tidings of his marvellous activity and success. But at the same time, reports of his ultra-discipline, which

are very widely circulated, may have reached you. Having known and heard much of his proceedings at Liverpool, &c., and having witnessed them at this most important place, I can assure you that he has made an impression on the public mind and feeling, such as I never saw, or could have believed possible. With the utmost firmness, openness, and decision, he joins a manner of conciliation and a tone of persuasion quite irresistible. Every one sees that his whole heart is in his duty; that he does not seek popularity, and that his object simply is to do good. He has gained the Dissenters, not by compromise, but by boldly and openly avowing his decided attachment to the Church, and his full belief that in her services and communion the best rules and means of Christian conduct are to be found. At the same time, he judges liberally of all men; and imputes no bad motives to the less orthodox opinions of any person or sect. Really, all sorts of people seem to contend who shall speak most highly of him. The great secret of his popularity is manliness; speaking with authority, and trusting to the character of his office, and to the truth of his arguments, he convinces and influences all who hear him. In company, he is delightful. In short, I cannot picture to myself a more perfect image of a Christian Bishop. The only fault I can find is, that he will soon sacrifice his constitution, if he persists in working so outrageously both with mind and body. In addressing his ordines on the subject of amusements, he has deprecated fox-hunting, the Cheshire idolatry; and he is, therefore, represented by some of its votaries as proscribing all amusements, dancing, singing, cards, &c. The fact is, he has never, directly or indirectly, given any opinion on any one of these subjects; and if you happen to hear the thing mentioned, you may most unequivocally contradict it. His usefulness must not be crippled by such absurd reports; if he was in a private station, they would be unworthy of notice.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 106.

It is justice to Bishop Blomfield to give the following epitome of his real opinions on Church matters on his first admission into the episcopacy. It manifests so wide a divergence from the tone of those subsequently designated High Churchmen with whom he for a while acted, that we may easily understand the ultimate breach between them. The man who could insist upon 'a strict and punctual conformity to the Liturgy,' and yet, to say the least, lay no stress on daily service, clearly accepted words and terms in a meaning, and with modifications, which would incapacitate him for practical co-operation with men who desired to act on their literal meaning, whenever opposition and difficulty should arise. We see that there could never be likelihood of effective union between a superior whose character and opinions had been formed on this idea of reconciling old formulas with modern ideas and modern convenience, and still calling them the same—who, in fact, interpreted everything, unconsciously or not, by the usage of the nineteenth century—and the zealous restorers, and more than restorers, of former order who would force the same formulas into logical consistency, however much this was opposed to existing practice.

'And here, before leaving this part of our subject, it may be well to extract from his letters and other documents, his opinions on certain points, more or less important, which at a subsequent period became matters of controversy.—

'He censured the unnecessary use of Private Baptisms, and thought that the

clergy could not refuse non-communicant or illiterate sponsors; he insisted upon the gown being worn in the pulpit, alleging that the use of the surplice was a departure from the usual practice only found in remote and small parishes: he would not support the *Church Missionary Society*, disapproving of the principles of its management: he thought that charity was too much diverted to distant objects, to the neglect of those nearer and more immediate; he considered that the revival of an *operative* Convocation would be inexpedient; he refused to sanction any collection of hymns for use in churches; he declared that it was binding upon the clergy to preach the sole merits of Christ, and the corruption of human nature, but discountenanced Calvinistic opinions; he disapproved of Wednesday-evening lectures, as leading the people to over-value preaching and under-value prayers, and thought that where there were two full services on Sundays, such week-day services were not required; he would rather that the sermon should be omitted on Communion Sundays, than the elements administered to more than one communicant at a time; he questioned the propriety of holding oratorios in churches, and the profit of converting a dinner-party into a prayer-meeting; and in all his communications he maintained that the great duty of bishop and clergy is to act according to law. Lastly, in his charge of 1825, he insists upon the same principles with regard to rubrical observances which he had already expressed in 1823, and which he repeated in 1842: "A strict and punctual conformity to the Liturgy and Articles of our Church is a duty to which we have bound ourselves by a solemn promise, and which, while we continue in its ministry, we must scrupulously fulfil. Conformity to the Liturgy implies, of course, an exact observance of the Rubrics. We are no more at liberty to vary the mode of performing any part of public worship than we are to preach doctrines at variance with the Articles of Religion. If there be any direction for the public service of the Church, with which a clergyman cannot conscientiously comply, he is at liberty to withdraw from her ministry; but not to violate the solemn compact which he has made with her It is surely not too much for me to request, that in performing all the different offices of public worship, and especially the administering the sacraments of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord, your practice may be exactly conformable to the Rubrics by which it ought to be guided, and to the observance of which you are bound both in law and conscience; *with this proviso only, that the thing enjoined is practicable.*"—*Ibid.* p. 109.

The italics in the last clause are ours, for on it hangs the force of all that precedes it; and on this the question subsequently at issue between the Bishop and his obedient clergy, when words like these had to be worked out in the face of a violent opposition. With Bishop Blomfield a certain amount of objection and opposition on the part of the laity constituted this impracticability: with Mr. Bennett and others they did not. The biographer concludes with the remark that

'Those who are familiar with the Bishop's later acts will see from these extracts, that while the main bent of his mind, and the principles on which he acted in discharging his episcopal duties, remained the same throughout his life, he was guided in the application of those principles by the complexion of the times, the necessities of particular cases, and the fluctuations of public feeling on ecclesiastical matters. Hence he laid himself open to a charge of vacillation and inconsistency, and a temporising policy; the fact being, that it was his rule to give up or modify, if occasion seemed so to require, *everything except a principle*; while in deciding what *were* principles, if he took the usual liberty of individual judgment, he must of necessity differ on one side or the other from very many of his critics.'—*Ibid.* 111.

We see, now, that a quick, practical mind of this order, and worked up to the highest point of practicalness by all the powers being set and exercised in one direction, must necessarily seem 'vacillating' to minds of an opposite class; for he could not feel the intrinsic importance of many things, fundamental to theological minds, and therefore yielded to objections against them, as in his heart holding them non-essential; while he in his turn no doubt was constantly feeling tolerant in the highest degree for deferring to scruples, and seeming to enter into refinements and mysteries which had really no meaning to him, though they were of the very essence of religion to contemplative, speculative intellects. To add to the discrepancy between himself and the rising school of Churchmen, he now developed a new power, that of a ready speaker, which raised him at once into the Church's champion in Parliament, and this by the same array of qualities which had raised him to his high position;—his excellent common sense; his quickness to see and address himself to the point of every question; his natural sympathy with the popular view; his industry in getting up his facts; his self-reliance; so that he was wont to declare, in conversation, that he had never felt nervous, not even when addressing the House of Lords for the first time, in that maiden speech when, rising without a moment's preparation, he successfully bearded Lord Holland, and won both the compliments of his antagonist, and the esteem of the House. All good speakers have some one to say they are the best. Daniel Webster and Guizot are both quoted as having so pronounced him; and Bishop Copleston also calls him the best speaker he ever heard. He was one of those men who can express *all* that is in them, which often goes some way in making a good speaker; he had no sense of failure between the thoughts and the expression: and this would necessarily assist that complete self-possession which enables a man to bring all his powers to bear.

The first political question which arose after his elevation to the Bench was the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, a measure supported by his two patrons, Lords Bristol and Spencer, and which at one time he had advocated. He therefore laid himself open to the censure and satire of the Opposition, when he was found voting with the Government, and against his patrons. The change in him was a perfectly natural one. His opinions had, indeed, been gradually changing; but, in any circumstances, we are justified in saying that it would have pained him to stand alone, or almost alone, in the incongruous position of a liberal bishop. His being thus committed to opposition to the bill did not prevent the Government of 1827, who had resolved to pass it, from appointing him to the see of London,

on the removal of Bishop Howley to the primacy. His qualities and character pointed him out as the man, and they were such as would specially excite the Duke of Wellington's approval. His friends received the news of his advancement with jubilant rejoicing; and he himself did not disguise his satisfaction, which is very naturally expressed to Joshua Watson, as well as that self-reliance which, as we have said, was one of his most valuable gifts:—

'My removal to London is, indeed, an important event in my life—gratifying it must naturally be on many accounts; but the pleasure which it inspires is mingled with a deep and awful sense of the responsibility which I am about to take upon myself; yet not a *fearful* sense, because I have always been accustomed to put my trust in One who has never failed me, and who will not be wanting to me, in the arduous office to which he has been pleased to call me, if I be not wanting to *Him*. Whatever zeal and energy I may have felt or exhibited in less important stations, I shall carry with me in that which I am about to fill, with somewhat more, perhaps, of prudence and discretion; for I should esteem it no mark of real wisdom, if I did not profit by the experience of each succeeding year.'—*Ibid.* p. 145.

It would have been well, perhaps, if he had had more misgivings; and these would have visited him in the new and untried sphere to which he was called, but that his friends and the public voice had vied with each other which should give him the highest place. He was the victim, we may say, of the most tempting and insinuating of all flattery, that which is given from the heart; and his was a nature that lived and expanded in this atmosphere. It made him bold, manly, uncompromising, that is, to seem all this, and honestly to believe it of himself. But, in fact, in his heart of hearts he was timid. He could do anything backed by public opinion. He was powerless when public opinion really set itself against him. But of this condition of successful action he was, as little as his friends, aware. There had been a promptness, a decision so far, that seemed to indicate an inner fount of resolution, which could be relied upon not to fail when the hour of trial should come. No one, least of all himself, once apprehended ever to see him at a loss and forced to retrace his steps; but his previous career had been too free from disappointment to furnish the training and discipline most lives supply. He had never failed yet, why should he fail? Moreover, there was always an exterior of courage and independence enough to blind him to any other tendency. On his first accession to his dignity he refused to dine with the king on Sunday, which sounded spirited in those days. He preached a coronation sermon without any touch of flattery in it. He confronted the leaders of the attack on the Church's temporalities; gave hard hits, and returned blow for blow. He was a match for Sydney Smith

in the war of words. He had the whole attitude and manner of a champion. Yet it soon became apparent that this aspect of championship required to be maintained at some sacrifice; a reputation for influence can be deliberately sustained only at a serious cost of independence. A man who wishes to be regarded as the head of his class must suppress some private convictions; and confident in his own powers, and feeling it important for the Church's interests, that he should hold the helm, he soon showed himself willing to let minor convictions give way to this prime necessity. In the question of the Reform Bill it had been his decided conviction that the measure must pass. He had declared himself for it, and intended to vote for it, under the impression that others of the Bishops would adopt the same course. Nothing in the circumstances of the case had occurred to change his views, yet the fear of finding himself in a minority changed not his opinion but his acts:—

‘The Reform Bill, as passed by the Commons, was introduced for a second Reading by Lord Grey on the 3d October (1831), and the debate continued for five successive nights. But the position of Bishop Blomfield towards the Bill was not the same now as it had been some weeks before. For whereas it was then probable that at least a majority of the Bishops would vote in favour of the measure, on the understanding that its provisions might be modified in Committee, it now appeared that the entire bench, except the two professed Whigs, Maltby and Bathurst, and one or two more, intentionally or unavoidably absent, had determined to range themselves on the side of its opponents. To class himself with a party with which he had no sympathies, and to act in opposition to so many of his brethren, including one whom he so unfeignedly loved and revered as the Archbishop of Canterbury, was a course which the Bishop would not take if he could possibly avoid it. He determined, therefore, to avail himself of the reason which his recent loss (of his father) afforded, for absenting himself altogether from the House, on the memorable occasion when, at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 8th October, the Bill was thrown out by a majority of forty-one, of whom twenty-one were Bishops; though fulfilling at the same time his engagement to preach the sermon at the opening of King's College on the same day.’—Vol. i. p. 167.

These are the sort of things that make such a different figure at the time and in a biography. At the time there seem such excellent reasons why people should follow and yield to opinion. We assent to the prudence of this course. We admit that there are occasions when men must submit their private views to the effect of unanimity. But people who have their lives written are expected to have held their own ground under difficulties—to have had their moment of standing alone, unsupported, self-sustained, marks for the shafts of malice and misconstruction. We see how, too, that the practice of standing alone and enduring the obloquy incidental to that position, might have prepared the character for other trials of constancy hidden in the future, for which a career of success was so ill a preparation. However, the Bishop believed himself capable

as it was of enduring this obloquy: thus he supported the new poor law against the *Times* and the Bishop of Exeter, and allowed himself to be on the commission. In the matter of the Irish Church he supported the suppression of bishoprics on practical, arithmetical grounds, and drew down the reproof of the Duke of Newcastle, without flinching; who,

'In the course of the debate, took occasion to rebuke the bench of Bishops for looking too much to consequences, and too little to principles; and in allusion to the Bishop of London's conduct on the Reform Bill, hinted that he had lately "collated himself to the office of high priest in the temple of expediency." In reply, the Bishop said he did not hesitate to assert with Paley, that there were cases in which expediency might be our guide; and with regard to the office which the Duke had conferred upon him, he had no objection to receive the investiture, even at hands so little qualified to bestow it as those of his Grace.'—Vol. i. p. 183.

He had supported the bill, believing it final, and when, under Lord Melbourne's administration, an attempt was made further to cripple the Irish Church, and rob it of its temporalities, his spirited opposition, for three successive years, is asserted to have been the means of averting further legislation. Church temporalities and Church discipline in its moral sense, were, we now see, the points on which his mind and energies could work with most effect and success. His son regrets that in his second charge (1834):—

'It was the misfortune of the circumstances of that time that they compelled those who had the interests of the Church of England at heart, to dwell more upon her title to the endowments which she possessed, and less upon her moral and spiritual aspect, than they were naturally inclined to do. When every act of the Church, as represented by her clergy, was looked upon with the jealousy not of friends anxious for her reputation, but of foes rejoicing in the hopes of her disgrace; when no artifice nor falsehood was spared to prejudice her in the eyes of the people by "the Ecclesiastical Knowledge Society," and other associations of the more rancorous Nonconformists; when Mr. Binney, a well-known dissenting minister, declared that the Established Church "is a great national evil; is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land, and *destroys more souls than it saves*;" when a document, circulated among those least able to ascertain the falsehood of its assertions, stated as the income of each bishop *the sum total of the value of all the preferments in his gift*, in addition to the revenues of the see itself; by which means the Archbishop of Canterbury was represented as receiving 70,000*l.*, and the Bishop of Durham 91,000*l.* a year, and even Llandaff, not worth 1,000*l.* a year, was invested with the liberal income of 13,000*l.*;—when such was the position of the Church of England towards her enemies, it was her claims as an establishment which required to be put forward the most prominently.'—*Ibid.*, p. 137.

In this charge the Bishop points to the possible expediency of introducing such changes in the distribution of the Church's resources, as 'might have a clear and unquestionable tendency 'to increase its usefulness,' 'even at the expense of some of 'those ornamental parts of the system which have their uses,' but are yet 'not so important as that they should be suffered to

stand in the way of improvements, calculated to enhance and 'give lustre to the true beauty of the Church—the beauty 'of its holy usefulness.' Views which resulted in the Ecclesiastical Commission, of which he was subsequently prime mover, and where for a long time his power was supreme. The Bishop was not far-sighted, the demands of the present were paramount with him; and while he could remain at the helm he had a trust in his administrative talents not ill founded, which he relied upon for warding off ultimate mischief and dangers. At its commencement Bishop Blomfield was recognised as the soul of the Commission, both by friend and foe. His brother commissioners were quite willing to allow him this prominence. 'Till Blomfield comes,' said Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, 'we all sit and mend our pens, and talk about the weather.' In it he was autocratic, and the position of absolute power was undoubtedly enjoyed by him. Here Sydney Smith made him the mark for his wit. He called the commission the Bishop of London, diluted by some watery elements. He complained of his absorbing all the power:—

'The Bishop of London is passionately fond of labour, has certainly no aversion to power, is of quick temper, great ability, thoroughly versant in ecclesiastical law, and always in London: he will become the commission, and when the Church of England is mentioned, it will only mean *Charles James of London*, who will enjoy a greater power than has ever been possessed by any Churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the Church of England here upon earth. As for the commission itself, there is scarcely any power which is not given to it. They may call for every paper in the world, and every human creature who possesses it, and do what they like to one or the other. It is hopeless to contend with such a body, and most painful to think that it has been established under a Whig government.'—*Singleton's Letters*, Letter i.

Again, in alluding to some question of episcopal authority, he continues:—

'I think I remember that the Bishop of London once attempted this before he was Commissioner, and was defeated. I had no manner of doubt that it would speedily become the law after the Commission had begun to operate. The Bishop of London is said to have declared after this trial, that *if it was not law, it should soon be law*:¹ and *law* you will see it will become. In fact, he can slip into any Act of Parliament anything he pleases. There is nobody to heed or to contradict him; provided the power of Bishops is extended by it, no Bishop is so ungentle as to oppose the act of his most Rev. Brother; and there are not many men who have knowledge, eloquence, and force of character to stand up against the Bishop of London, and, above all, of industry to watch him.'—*Ibid.*

Sydney Smith, though an opponent, certainly does justice to powers which were of an order especially to attract his practical

¹ 'The Bishop of London denies that he ever said this; but the Bishop of London affects short, sharp sayings, seasoned, I am afraid, sometimes with a little indiscretion; and these sayings are not necessarily forgotten because he forgets them.'

common-sense mind. His very strictures make us realize the light in which Dr. Blomfield was regarded in his days of success, though naturally he could not resist a laugh at industry approaching in his eyes to fussiness, as—

‘I have heard that the Bishop of London employs eight hours per day in the government of his diocese—in which no part of Asia, Africa, or America are included. The world is, I believe, taking one day with another, governed in a about a third of that time.’—*Ibid.*

And also will hazard some doubt of his temper and discretion ; as after owning him ‘a man’ of very great ability—humane, placable, generous, munificent, and very agreeable—he questions his being fit to be trusted with great interests, where calmness and judgment were required, complaining of his ungovernable passion for business and constitutional impetuosity. There is a good story which, at the risk of our readers having heard it before, we must quote as his view of this latter feature of his character :—

‘The Bishop had been bitten by a dog in the calf of the leg, and fearing possible hydrophobia in consequence, he went with characteristic promptitude, to have the injured piece of flesh cut out by a surgeon before he returned home. Two or three on whom he called were not at home, but, at last, the operation was effected by the eminent surgeon Mr. Keate. The same evening the Bishop of London was to have dined with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Just before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd, and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith’s comment was, “*I should like to hear the dog’s account of the story.*”’—*Memoir*, vol. i. p. 220.

The biographer, without committing himself to the good on the whole, accruing from the Commission, claims that it was only during its more palmy and promising days that his father was the prime mover of its designs. Every one will be ready to admit that the Bishop’s intentions were good, and that his administrative powers were remarkable ; but as he had also to do with the construction of the Commission, its failure, ‘its subsequent decline and fall,’ throws doubt on his possessing anything of the higher legislative faculty. He was, in fact, so accustomed to manage things, to carry his ends through the mere momentum of his energy, that knowledge of men in any large sense was not necessary to him, though indispensable in every lasting plan of usefulness. In everything that he originated, he instinctively depended upon himself for carrying it out ; and in what he did not originate, he seems never to have looked further than his own power of controlling its working. Thus, in that great error, the Jerusalem Bishopric, it seems that the deference paid to himself by Bunsen and the King of Prussia misled him as to the real character of the scheme, and he had a feeling that he could manage and uphold it in spite of the inherent

rottenness of the foundation. Nor is it very reasonable in Mr. Blomfield, in his apology or defence of this scheme, to lay the blame of failure upon the choice of bishops for this anomalous see :—

‘That the scheme of the Jerusalem bishopric has failed to produce the results which its projectors anticipated from it, whether in converting the Jews, conciliating the Eastern Christians, or drawing together the Churches of England and Germany, is to be attributed rather to the deficiencies of the agents employed than to any inherent viciousness in the project itself. Both the Bishops selected for this difficult post have been men singularly unfitted for the work, and so it has come to pass that a design, from which men not over sanguine, nor wanting in foresight, hoped for such large fruit, has become an “offence to the East, and a byword in the West.”’—Vol. i. p. 299.

For, in fact, it was next to impossible to find a fit instrument for working out a scheme beset with difficulties because it was heterodox.

We have purposely taken this biography more for the character of the man than the acts of the bishop. The subjects of doctrine and ritual, which occupy a considerable part of the second volume, have been so largely discussed in these and similar pages, that we designedly abstain from more than allusion to them here. Bishop Blomfield's reputation does not rest on a theological basis. Indeed, it has been said that, of theology proper he knew nothing. His views rested on the interpretation of an intellect, more quick than profound, of the articles and formularies of our own Church, tempered by his conception of our ecclesiastical position. His opinion on all the questions which have agitated the minds of Churchmen for the last quarter of a century are not important beyond his practical concern with them, and the bias given at the time by the weight of his authority. His celebrated charge is not quoted in our day as a judgment to be deferred to; it solely illustrates the difficulties—great as they were, and needing no common wisdom for safe steering through them—of his own position, and his own characteristic treatment of these difficulties, as well as failure under them. Never did the practical man, never did matchless business powers, sustain a more complete break-down. It was, indeed, these very habits of business, by which he had been accustomed to carry all before him, which now betrayed him. The most incapable man in common action, if endowed with observation and habits of thought, if only he had found leisure for a calm study of the times, would have done better: better, on the one side, than to write the charge at all, as foreseeing consequences; better, on the other, as *knowing* what he was writing, and standing by it when written. The Bishop was betrayed by the very flattery which had followed him through life, to a blind and we may say arrogant confidence in his power

to lead and enforce; a confidence as unbounded as any weak monarch's in his prerogative, and giving way, astonished, like his, at the first breath of real stalwart opposition. He neither understood the temper of clergy nor laity; lulled by the tone of respect and implicit deference in his immediate surroundings; and, indeed, who does understand his own day who never pauses in his work, or gives himself time for calm, disengaged, deliberate thought? There were, probably, few lookers-on so blind as the Bishop as to the effect of his charge. Who else would expect the Islington clergy, backed by a numerous, clamorous band of 'influential,' wealthy lay followers, to obey the charge without dispute or disturbance? Yet so little was the Bishop prepared for it, so astonished and dismayed at the first breath of remonstrance, at the first realizing of unpopularity, that he gave way, without knowing what to give way involved, without considering that to yield to one body or class was to abandon the whole. We need not revive the troubles and trials of this time. Perhaps we might add, on the other hand, our wonder that, knowing the Bishop, some should have seen in his words signs of the uncompromising attitude and bold front they attributed to him; that they should have forgotten his advocacy of expediency; that they should not have known his catalogue of reservations, modifying and tempering the grammatical meaning of his words; that they should not have observed that his practice was not in accordance with their interpretation of his directions and counsels. The perplexed Bishop could not for a time realize the actual state of things, and told his correspondents and sympathizers that, no doubt, these awkward appearances would soon die out, and things return to calm and common sense; but his biographer has to relate that—

'These expectations were not realized. The Bishop found himself in a very false position; for while, on the one hand, not having directly ordered the observance of the disused Rubrics, and having left the time of their introduction to the discretion of the clergy, he could feel himself justified in making such concession to scruples as he had made in the case of Islington; on the other hand, he could hardly, with any consistency, refuse to uphold those clergy who considered the lawful directions of their Diocesan of greater weight than the prejudices of their congregations. All that he could do in such cases was to say, in private letters, that he would rather see his own wishes set aside, though in themselves both reasonable and in accordance with the intentions of the Prayer-Book, than the peace of the Church disturbed. But even this was too much, and he was accused, not unnaturally, of deserting those who obeyed him best, while he connived at, or even applauded, the contumacy of those who set his authority at naught. The fact was, that he had little anticipated the storm of fanaticism which his Charge was destined to evoke. In common with every reasonable man, he could separate in his own mind the vagaries of the extreme Oxford school from the good which its more moderate members had done to the Church, in reviving her ritual, and reinvigorating her worship; and he forgot to consider that in the minds of a large section of the Church the two things would be

inseparably blended, and that if he spoke well of the good he would certainly be represented as abetting the evil, however strongly he might, in fact, condemn it. He calculated on the existence of a far larger amount of genuine attachment to the Church, and a far smaller amount of sour and rigid Puritanism than the event showed. Nor did he, perhaps, foresee that under the shelter of his authority a small number of the clergy would introduce into the services of the Church observances which he disliked and disapproved, as well as those which he recommended; and that the former, being used almost exclusively by persons who had since joined, or were now joining, the Church of Rome, would tend to bring the latter into discredit.

‘Thus between those who refused to act up to, and those who persisted in going beyond his injunctions—between his unwillingness to retract words advisedly and deliberately spoken in his official character, and his readiness to sacrifice everything that did not involve a principle, in order to secure the peace of the Church, Bishop Blomfield was perplexed and harassed beyond anything which he had yet experienced.’—Vol. ii. p. 52.

On the Bishop’s dispute with Mr. Bennett, and the contemporary disturbances about Papal aggression, the biographer touches as slightly and gingerly as in honesty he can. Here the Bishop’s admiration for a liberal, generous spirit, and his desire to express his sympathy for those Churchmen who had been startled and discouraged by the Gorham judgment, led him, perhaps, into warmer terms of commendation at the first opening of S. Barnabas than his judgment could entirely sanction; for we cannot believe he ever saw anything with Mr. Bennett’s eyes. But when the Papal pretensions were made public, and Lord John’s Durham Letter, pointing to S. Barnabas as the worse Popery of the two, roused to frenzy that public which it had always been his aim to satisfy; and when, apparently, the Bishop really shared some of that public’s fears, he hastened to retract, and to censure with an air of panic and precipitation which certainly reads but poorly, and shows a mind not fitted for the highest exercise of authority; nor potent either to foresee or to allay popular tempests. In truth, the men who shine on occasions of this sort know how to take things quietly. Stir and bustle were too congenial to our Bishop’s nature for him not always to give them a meaning and weight beyond their deserts, and to be carried away by them.

These are occasions to prove the truth of an analysis of his character, which we derive from a private source, that ‘he was not a wise man, though the quickest of men. He was always ready with an answer on any subject at a moment’s notice, from the highest doctrine to the slope of a school-desk. Of course these hasty judgments were now and then fatally wrong; but they were generally right, by reason of his preternatural quickness of thought.’ Amongst his unwise acts, we will class his resignation of his see, not from private conviction of its expediency, but from that timidity and fear of opinion and hostile criticism which so often

beset him. It was a sacrifice to the public, and involved him in the misconstruction and annoyance that such sacrifices naturally entail.

From public affairs and his busy exercise of the episcopal office—and who shall not call it notable and honourable, in spite of some failures?—his son passes to his concluding years, when, stricken by illness, and dispirited by the loss of power, and probably with something of that disappointment at heart which he had dreaded, and which is inseparable from every career, he prepared in comparative retirement for the end which could not be far distant. He dwells on his honesty of purpose, his freedom from jealousy and mean passions, his excellence in every private relation, his disinterestedness, his superabounding munificence, his fidelity to old friends, his piety, and deep sense of unworthiness before God. His faults were, he pleads, those of his position, his virtues deep and genuine.

'All these and kindred qualities, scarcely known to the world, have endeared the memory of Bishop Blomfield to his familiar friends with a reverence far deeper and more sacred than can be stirred by the recollection of his abilities, his labours, or his zeal. Nor, perhaps, can it be expected that the world should believe in qualities hidden under a reserve of temperament, a quickness of manner, a decided, if conscientious, assertion of authority, which concealed his real nature from the eyes of the multitude.'—Vol. ii. p. 228.

As one of 'the multitude,' we must demur to this very common form. A man is *always* showing his real nature, not only in the bosom of his family, or to intimate friends; only he often shows one part of himself at home and another abroad; but they are both, and equally, himself. When a man snubs us, or is unpleasant, or ungracious, it is of no use saying 'You do not know him: you should see him at home.' The retort is fair which answers, 'It is you that do not know him. I am acquainted with a part of his character with which you have no experience.' Thus, his many excellences are not more true than, to borrow from the former sources, 'that he was of a 'quick and hasty temper, unconscious of giving affront, always 'grating on sensitive minds, and treading on sentimental corns. 'Still he was ready to make amends—except in the one great 'case of those who obeyed his charge of 1842, and remained 'consistent to it. He betrayed them, and then treated them as 'though they had betrayed him; but this was in his declining 'years, and he knew that by his timidity he had lost the last 'great chance of showing himself to be a great man.'

But who shall not see excuses—in the times, in the circumstances of his rapid rise, and brilliant career, as well as in that human infirmity which allows none to excel without counterbalancing shortcomings—for these blots and errors? It is an

ungracious task, where there is so much to admire and commend in a life of unexampled labours for the Church and in the service of God, to dwell upon blemishes. We will conclude, then, with the testimony of the observer already quoted. 'But his great and crowning virtue was his princely liberality;' and this not only in his public capacity, and for public ends—not only his church-building and endowments, and lavish charities, which were before the world: 'I knew the curates and wretched incumbents whom he has helped munificently over and over again; and he was always ready to give his money, even when the objects of his benevolence were proved to be unworthy.' Rich in revenues, he left little money behind him. Not only in time, but in wealth, his rule seems to have been to spend and be spent. Nor is it a slight testimony to the principles of action and singleness of aim which directed his own course, that the son who writes with such affectionate respect and pride of his father, and at the same time with such general fairness and candour, is now the incumbent of one of the most miserable districts in London, thus showing himself content to succeed his father in his labours, though that father had not used his position in the Church to endow his son with its good things.

- ART. VI.—1. *Grande Collection de Guides et d'Itinéraires pour les voyageurs: réunissant les Guides-Joanne, les Guides-Richard, et les Guides de la Bibliothèque des Chemins-de-Fer.* Paris: Hachette et C^{ie}. 140 vols.
2. *Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française du XI au XVI Siècle.* Par M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Paris: Bance. [In progress.]
3. *Notice Historique et Descriptive sur la Cathédrale de Toul.* Par M. L'ABBÉ C. G. BALTHASAR. Paris: Lebeux. 1848.
4. *Description de la Cathédrale de Chartres: suivie d'une courte notice sur les Églises de S. Pierre, de S. André, et de S. Aignan de la même ville.* Par M. L'ABBÉ BALTEAU. Chartres: Garnier. 1850
5. *Histoire de l'Antique Église de Saint-Saturnin du Taur, actuellement N. D. du Taur, à Toulouse.* Par ALPHONSE BRÉMOND. Toulouse: Hayret, Preidel, et C^{ie}. 1860.
6. *Une Visite à N. D. de Noyon.* Par M. L'ABBÉ LAFFINEUR, Supérieur du Petit-Séminaire à Noyon. Noyon: Andrieux Letellier. 1858.
7. *Monographie de la Cathédrale d'Albi.* Par M. HIPPOLYTE CROZES, Ancien Maire. Albi: Chaillol. 1861. &c. &c. &c.
8. *Le Pèlerinage de Sainte Anne d'Auray.* Par le P. ARTHUR MARTIN, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 4^{me} Edition. Vannes: J. M. Galles. 1852.
9. *Histoire de toutes les Saintes Reliques conservées dans l'insigne Basilique de S. Saturnin.* Par ALPHONSE BRÉMOND. *Non est in toto sanctorum orbe locus.* Toulouse: Leopold Cluron.
10. *Vie de la B. Germaine Cousin, Bergère, et notice sur la procès de sa Béatification (1 Juillet, 1853).* Par LOUIS VEUILLOT. Toulouse: Delsol. 1854.
11. *Le Curé d'Arles.* Par L'ABBÉ ALFRED MONNIN, Missionnaire. 2 vols. Paris: Dormiol. 1861.
12. *Almanach Historique et Liturgique du Diocèse d'Evreux.* Evreux: Cornemollot et Régimbat J^{ne}. 1859.
13. *Calendrier Normand et Analectes.* Publiés par L'ABBÉ MALAIS, Curé de S. Martin l'Église, par Dieppe. Rouen: Lebrumat. 1860. &c. &c. &c.

14. *Instruction Générale en forme de Catéchisme*. Par ordre de Messire GEORGE-LAZARE BERGER DE CHARANCY, Evêque de Montpellier. Nouvelle Edition. 4 vols. Paris.
15. *Catéchisme du Diocèse de Périgueux et Sarlat*. Imprimé par ordre de Mgr CHARLES THEODORE BAUDRY, Evêque de Périgueux et Sarlat. Périgueux: Bonnet. 1862.
16. *Catéchisme à l'usage du Diocèse d'Orléans*. Par ordre de Mgr DUPANLOUP, Evêque d'Orléans. Orléans: Gatineau.
17. *Catekis Treguer* [Treguier]. Imprimet otre urg an autroun Escopa Guemper [Quimper] DOMBEDEAU DE CRONSELTRES, E. Montroulez [Morlaix]. Lédan. 1845.

IF an ecclesiologist were offered the highest enjoyment that an impossible miracle could give him, his choice would probably soon be made. He would ask for a month's tour in England of the thirteenth century, with the faculty, when retranslated into the nineteenth, of retaining his impression. The whole conventual and canonical systems, the real spectacle of a mediæval cathedral in full work, one actual day of such abbeys as S. Albans or Glastonbury, or S. Victor at Paris, are probably utterly beyond our power to realize, however faintly. The London or Paris, or Norwich or Rouen, of 1300—not one building, secular or religious, jarring on the general æsthetical effect; Christianity stamped everywhere; such quaint old-world customs; such extraordinary, as well as gorgeous, ritual; such brilliant processions;—as far, probably, exceeding the present splendour of the most gorgeous Western Church as that exceeds the meanest chapel.

A French ecclesiologist of the seventeenth century, Le Brun, enjoyed an opportunity which, if far short of what we have being fancying, nevertheless could scarcely have again occurred. In the years that elapsed between 1680 and 1700 ancient ritual was, in that country, fast going out of use. Rood-screens were everywhere being removed, customs, that had degenerated into farce, were being forbidden; but still, much remained. Many of the abbeys yet existed in their mediæval reality; most of which were in the eighteenth century to transform themselves into the red-brick square houses, with endless rows of manufactory-like windows, and all to be swept away in the hurricane of the Revolution. Our author, writing under the name of the Sieur de Moleon, published in 1697 a volume of 'Voyages Liturgiques en France,' a most valuable contribution to ecclesiology. It embraces, indeed, but a comparatively small portion: Poitou, Auvergne, and the Lyonnais form his southern boundaries; Maine his western: so omitting those very parts

where old customs have been held to with the greatest rigour, Bretagne, Quercy, and Rouergue (the two latter now forming the departments of Lot, Aveyron, and Caatal).

It is the object of the present paper to glean a few of the traditional or actually existing peculiarities of French ecclesiology, taking the word in its broadest sense. As an excuse for attempting so extensive a task, it may perhaps be said that the writer has, in the last fifteen years, taken eight or nine ecclesiological tours in France; has visited by far the greater number of its cathedrals; and has travelled in nearly every single department, with the exception of those that compose ancient Franche-Comté and Provence.

One feature, most honourable to the French Church, is the astonishing number of monographs which have been written, generally by ecclesiastics, on her cathedral and collegiate churches. Especial mention ought also to be made of the railway 'Guides-Joanne,' profusely illustrated with admirable woodcuts, very trustworthy—devoting their principal attention to antiquities, written with very good taste, and a marvel of cheapness. That, *e.g.* of the 'Lyons à la Méditerranée' contains 490 pages, 3 maps, 82 engravings (several of them steel), and costs 4 fr. Eleven of the engravings represent churches.

We will begin by reminding the reader that in 1789 the Church of France consisted of the following sees:—

Archbishopric.	Suffragan.
PARIS . . . Chartres, <i>Meaux, Orleans, Blois, Versailles.</i> 5.	
Reims . . . Soissons, Châlons-s.-Marne, Senlis, Beauvais, Laon, <i>Amiens,</i> Noyon, Boulogne. 8.	
BOURGES . . Clermont, <i>Limoges, Le Puy, Tullés, Saint-Flour.</i> 5.	
LYON . . . Autun, Langres, Macon, ¹ Châlons-s.-Saône, <i>Dijon, S. Claude.</i> 6.	
ROUEN . . . Bayeux, Avranches, <i>Evreux, Sees, Lisieux, Coutances.</i> 6.	
Sens . . . Troyes, Auxerre, Bethléhem, Nevers. 4.	
TOURS . . . Le Mans, Angers, Rennes, Nantes, Quimper, Vannes, S. Pol-de- Léon, Treguier, <i>Saint-Brieux, Saint-Malo, Dol.</i> 11.	
Alby . . . Rodez, Castres, <i>Cahors, Vabres, Mende.</i> 5.	
BORDEAUX . . Angoulême, Agen, Saintes, Poitiers, Périgueux, Condom, Sarlat, <i>La Rochelle, Luçon.</i> 9.	
Auch . . . Dax, Lectoure, Comminges, Convenans, Aire, Bazas, Tarbes, Oleron, Lescar, <i>Bayonne.</i> 10.	
Narbonne . . Beziers, Agde, Nîmes, <i>Carcassonne, Montpellier, Lodeve Uzès,</i> Saint-Pons, Aleth, Alais, Elne. 11.	
TOULOUSE . . Montauban, Mirepoix, Lavaur, Rieux, Lombez, Saint-Papoul, Pamiers. 7.	
Arles . . . Marseille, S. Paul-Trois-Châteaux, Toulon, Orange. 4.	
AIX . . . Apt, Riez, Fréjus, Gap, Sisteron. 5.	
Vienne . . . Grenoble, Viviers, <i>Valence, Maurienne, Geneva.</i> 5.	
Embrun . . . Digne, Grasse, Vence, Glandive, Senez, <i>Nice.</i> 6.	
Cambrai . . . Arras, S. Omer, Tournay, <i>Namur.</i> 4.	

¹ Macon and Châlons were united before 1789; so Dijon and S. Claude.

BESANÇON . . . Belley. 1.
Trèves . . . Metz, Toul, Verdun, Nancy, Saint Die. 5.
Mayence.
Avignon . . . Carpentras, Vaison, Cavaillon. 3.
MALINES . . . Strasburg, Liège, Ypres, Ghent, Antwerp, Ruremonde, Bruges. 7.
Tarentaise . . . Chambey, Manana, Accia, Ajaccio, Sagone, Nebbio, Aleria. 7.

Of these, it will be seen that several—as, for example, the whole province of Malines—do not belong to France. Several, having been lost to her, have been recovered by the Cession of Savoy.

By that monstrous bull, *Qui Christi Domini* (Nov. 29, 1801), all these were suppressed: those in italics being re-established as bishoprics, those in small capitals as archbishoprics. Hence the separation of the '*Petite Église*'—a chapter of Church History which has yet to be written. But was ever such a blow inflicted on a National Church? One whole province blotted out—Arles, severed of every diocese save the metropolis ceased to exist; Reims, the cradle of the French Church and monarchy, not even retained as a simple bishopric! Well might the Pope doubt his power thus to re-constitute a National Church!

But, after the Restoration, it was soon discovered that the newly-erected dioceses were, for the most part, utterly unmanageable. By the Concordat of June 11, 1817, forty-two of the suppressed sees were re-created; though several of these were not actually filled till some years later; and a few—Laon, for example—that were included in that Concordat have not even yet been re-established.

Bordeaux is a very favourable example of the Concordat itself: let us see how it stands.

Before the First Revolution it had as suffragans:

Agen, Angoulême, Saintes, Poitiers, Périgueux, Condom, Sarlat, La Rochelle, Luçon. 9.

By the Concordat:

Angoulême, Poitiers, La Rochelle. 3.

At present:

La Rochelle, Périgueux, Agen, Luçon, Poitiers, Angoulême. 6.

But to these must be added the new sees of Fort-de-France (Martinique), Re-union, and Guadeloupe; and the old number is kept up again.

In many instances the name of an extinct see has been added to one still existing—thus: Périgueux and Sarlat; Aire and Dax; Nancy and Toul; Soissons and Laon: and so with archbishoprics—Toulouse and Narbonne; Lyon and Vienne; Arles, Aiz and Embrun.

One of these sees has a curious and little-known history. What place is that Bethlehem which stands third as suffragan to Sens? The veritable Bethlehem of the Holy Land! In 1167, William IV. Count of Nevers, was seized with the plague at Ptolemais, and, finding himself at the point of death, expressed a desire to be buried at Bethlehem. He at the same time left the village of Clamécy (which is a suburb of Nevers) to the see of Bethlehem, in order that, should the Christian kingdom of Palestine fall into the power of the infidels, the Bishop might have a revenue and a settled habitation. Accordingly, Régnier, who was consecrated in 1204, on being expelled by the Saracens, came over into France; and from his time the succession was continued at Clamécy, till the suppression of the see in 1790.

Of course, it need hardly be said that the above list comprises buildings of every possible degree of excellence, from the highest magnificence to the lowest bathos. We might divide them, perhaps, into five classes. The first would contain those five or six glorious erections which the rest of Europe cannot match; the second, those cathedrals which, though they fall short of these, whether in size or magnificence, yet might match almost any buildings in other countries; the third, those which, though vastly inferior, are still unmistakable cathedrals; the fourth, the patched-up, half cathedral, half parish churches, of which there are so many; the fifth, modern buildings.

In the first class we should place: Reims, Chartres, Bourges, Rouen, Metz, Amiens, N. Dame, and S. Ouen at Rouen.

In the second: Senlis, Laon, Bayeux, Evreux, Le Mans, Seez, Troyes, Tours, Albi, Strasburg, Auch, Rodez.

In the third: such as Noyon, Nevers, Bayonne, S. Pol-de-Léon, &c.

In the fourth: such as Dax, Mende, Beziers, Lyon, Maurienne, &c.

In the fifth: Boulogne, Avranches, Pamier, and the like.

How many glorious pictures of these cathedrals must the French traveller hang up in his mental gallery! The 'Angelic' church of Le Puy, mounted high on the steep 'Rocher Corneille'—a flight of 133 steps leading to the entrance of the narthex—the latter an open crypt, above and over which the cathedral towers, and looks down on its little rival, the small chapel of S. Michael, crowning its needle-like peak; while the volcanic mountains of Auvergne gird in the horizon. The lovely Flamboyant façade of Vienne, terraced up by a broad flight of steps from the swift Rhone; the dark frowning mass, half castle, half cathedral, of Beziers, crowning scarped rocks and decaying mediæval fortifications, and looking quite in keeping

with the Abbat's terrible speech in the sack: *Cœdite omnes: novit enim Dominus suos!* the massy gigantic stone spire of S. Pol-de-Léon, hollow from top to bottom, and each of its eight sides pierced with diminishing quatrefoils: S. Ouen, raising that most majestic choir and octagonal tower so peacefully from the massed foliage of the Abbey garden: the four great towers of Laon, crowning the precipitous hill up which the city climbs, and across the vast plain saluting Reims to the S.E., Soissons to the S.W., S. Quentin to the N.E.

We lamented, a little above, the extraordinary hurry with which most English travellers rush through France, for Italy, or Germany, or the Alps; and we fear that ecclesiologists are liable to the same censure. How many Englishmen, we wonder, have seen that little gem—built by English hands too—N. D. de Lepine? How many have wondered at the *monolithic* church, also English, of S. Emilien? How many have stood on that Land's End of France, the Abbey of S. Matthew, deafened by the roar and churning of the Atlantic in the wild caves of the *Baie des Trespassés*?—that Abbey within sight of which pagan gods had their last European altar, their last priests, and their last sacrifices, and that down to 1690; of the little oratory, the *Fontaine du Roy*, near Beaucaire, where S. Louis, on going to his first Crusade, is said to have quenched his thirst at the fountain; the exquisite *Sainte Chappelle* at Riom, that ultra-Romanesque church of N. D. du Pont, at Clermont-Ferrand; or the venerable treasury of Conques, unsacked in the First Revolution; or the tapestry hangings of the choir of *our own S. Paul's*, in the cathedral of S. Saviour, at Aix; or that Romanesque jewel, the chapel of S. Odile in the Vosges; or *Sante-Foi* and S. Georges, at Schlestadt; or that other tapestry at the *Chaise-Dieu*, famous for the exile of Soanen; or the castle-church of Royat, in a gorge of the Puy-de-Dôme, of which an Auvergnat poet thus sings (and we quote the verses to show how completely—not 300 miles from Paris—the patois becomes a written language):—

'Là non zauren, seu nous donna de vanita,
 Tout ce que l'ho de bian devé notre côta:
 Tout le soulei levant, tout l'aspect de la biso,
 Qu'ei tant sein ei galiar, tout ce que l'ho aviso,
 Tout quello vegudo da qué riche marej,
 Et tout devant lau zeux le Montfarand dan rei.'

To diverge for a moment from our immediate subject. It may be said that the Dorsetshire peasant speaks a patois as far removed from English as the above from French: witness one verse of those most delicious Dorset Idylls of Mr. Barnes, for

which he has so deservedly been placed on the list of literary pensioners of Government :—

‘ When evemen shiades o’ trees da hide
 A body by the hedge’s zide,
 An’ twittren birds, wi’ playsome flight
 Da vlee to roost at comèn night,
 There I da santer out o’ sight
 In archet, where the place once rung
 With laefs a-rised an’ zongs a-zung
 By vaices that be gone.’

And so of the Lancashire, as so beautifully given by Mr. Waugh :—

‘ One likes to see hearty folk wortchin,
 An weary folk having a rest,
 One likes to yer poor women singin
 To th’ littlé things laid o’ their breast;
 Good cooks are my favorite doctors,
 Good livers my parsons shall be,
 An ony poor craytur at ‘s clemmin
 May come have a meawthful wi’ me.

‘ Owd Time, he’s a troublesome codger,
 Keeps nudgin us on to decay,
 An whispers, “ You’re nobbut a lodger;
 Get ready for goin away.”
 Then let’s ha’ no skulkin nor snivin,
 Whatever misfortins befo;
 God bless him that fens for his livin,
 An hounds up his yed through it o’.

Very true; the difference is nearly the same, so far as the language goes. But here is the distinction. Were you to ask a Lancashire workman to pilot you across the Furness Sands, or to be your guide to that most curious Walney Island, or across Dudden Mouth, as he spoke to his fellow-workmen so he would speak to you. He has no idea of a regular declinable patois. Whereas you may have a guide up the Puy-de-Dôme, or the Mont Lozère, and he will converse with you in French, not only passable, but rather purish; and then if you have occasion to go into an auberge or cottage, will smile and say, ‘ Monsieur, I suppose, does not understand patois;’ *they* thinking, he it observed, that patois means Auvergnat. This by the way.

If we were called upon to institute a general comparison between English and French ecclesiology, under the three heads of cathedrals, minsters, and village churches,—in the first, the advantage would decidedly, but not overwhelmingly, lie with France; in the second, beyond all shadow of comparison, with France; in the third, almost as decidedly with ourselves.

In cathedrals, the vertical height is the main feature which

decides the question of sublimity. Now, when we recollect that we have only two cathedrals which surpass or reach 100 feet (Westminster, 101; York, 99), and that the next—Salisbury—is only 84, we see at once how far short we fall of the French. There are at least a dozen cathedrals in France which pass 100; while—to say nothing of such a monstrous effort as Beauvais, 153—we have Amiens, 142; Metz, 125; Bourges, 111; Toul, 108. Not that the height to the apex of the gable is in the same proportion greater; but that our unfortunate system of taking the spring of the vaulting-ribs so low throws away so much space in the roof. Lincoln, for example, is only 83 to the vaulting—a height surpassed by many second-rate churches in France. We must, however, remember that in length we excel our neighbours in the like proportion. We have four cathedrals which exceed 500 feet:—Winchester, 554; York, 524; Ely, 517; Canterbury, 514—also S. Alban's; and Glastonbury was more than 600. Lincoln is 498, and there are nine others over 400. Whereas, in France, there are very few which pass that number. Reims, the largest, is 440; that is, would reckon ninth in our list—between Salisbury, 452, and Durham, 420. But Bourges is only 340; that is, is shorter than any un mutilated English cathedral, except Rochester, Oxford, and Bath. A notable difference, too, between the two countries is the symmetry in the western façade, generally attempted in the one, almost always neglected in the other. Some French ecclesiologists have laid down as a rule that only metropolitan churches had any right to a symmetrical façade. But it seems a mere fancy, perhaps only caught up from the fact that it is so, or all but so, at Reims. It is so at Lyons, certainly, and at Vienne; but then how often—as at Sens, for example—it is not so! And there are instances where—as at Toul—a simple cathedral church is perfectly symmetrical. It must be understood that these remarks apply, almost entirely, to the churches north of the Loire; those of the south are to be judged by very different rules.

If we come to minsters (by which we mean churches of all but cathedral size, but which were never cathedral; sometimes collegiate, sometimes merely town churches), here we can have no doubt of the superiority of France. We can count by units such churches as Beverley, S. Alban's, Wimborne, Christchurch Twynam, Romsey, Sherborne, Hexham, Southwell, S. Mary Redcliffe; *they*, by tens, such as S. Ouen, Fécamp, Pontigny,¹

¹ It is not often that M. Viollet-le-Duc can be accused of undervaluing a great mediæval church; and no one knows better than himself how to unite technicality of details with poetry of description. But this is what he says of Pontigny:—'L'ennui, vous saisis dans cette grande, froide, et irréprochable église. C'est là l'œuvre de gens parfaits, mais totalement dépourvus de goût,

S. Riquièr,¹ Abbeville, Thann, Dijon, N. D. de Lépine, Chalons-sur-Marne, N. D. Riom, S. Quentin, S. Georges, Boscherville.

But when we come to village churches—though we most willingly allow that, in some districts, as in the Isle de France, in parts of Champagne, and in parts of Normandy, the details are exquisite beyond description—on the whole, our early churches are better, purer, more perfect, style against style (Romanesque excepted). Our lovely lancets do not degenerate into sprawling apertures with a pointed top. ‘Perpendicular’—sad fall as it is—is not Flamboyant; neither is the number of Third Pointed churches comparatively so great with us as in France. Our own invasions of France made hastily-built, ill-constructed, poor, weak churches necessary after the liberation by the glorious heroine of Domrémy. It does not seem that, to any great extent, the Wars of the Roses thus influenced our architecture. But it is difficult to understand why, in these later French churches, the windows are so generally unfoliated. We are not aware that French ecclesiologists have resolved the question. Were they originally, for haste, so built? or, from whatever cause, have they been gutted since? In a foreigner, it may seem presumptuous to offer an opinion. Yet, seeing that this want of foliation principally occurs in those Flamboyant churches which we know to have been made necessary—e.g. in the Orleanois, in Maine, and in Anjou, after the English wars of the fifteenth century, while nowhere does equal carelessness occur in an earlier style (on the contrary, details are generally more exquisite in the best French than in the best English churches), we are disposed to regard the want of which we have spoken as due to the poverty of a depopulated country, and the necessity of a new church.

If we had to point, on the one hand, to the most glorious English, on the other, to the most glorious French cathedral ‘prospect,’ we should say, the north-eastern view of Lincoln; that of Wells from the Palace garden; and, perhaps, Beverley from the north-west end of the nave. On the other, the western façade of Reims; the chevet of Amiens, from about halfway down the nave; and the first burst of Bourges as you enter at the western door.

qui tirent vanité de leur simplicité puritaine. . . . L’aspect des chœur, avec ses colonnes monolithes et ses chapelles rayonnantes, a cependant quelque chose de grand qui saisit au premier abord. Mais quelle fâcheuses proportions! Quelle pauvreté dans les détails.’

¹ We most earnestly recommend this almost unknown church to English ecclesiologists. It is only six miles from Abbeville, and, therefore, within a few hours of Boulogne; and in the excursion thither the field of Crecy comes naturally in.

But we have dwelt too long on French cathedrals, and must hasten on to other subjects.

The Concordat of 1801 not only destroyed scores of bishoprics, it also destroyed almost all saints' days. It suppressed these—till then holidays of obligation :—

Circumcision.	Conception of the Blessed Virgin
Candlemas.	Mary.
Lady Day.	S. Stephen.
S. John Baptist.	Easter Monday.
Nativity of the Blessed Virgin	Easter Tuesday.
Mary.	Whitsun Monday.

While it remitted to the next Sunday—

Epiphany.
Corpus Christi.
SS. Peter and Paul.

And retained only—

Holy Thursday.	All Saints.
Assumption.	Christmas.

It is curious to see how gradual the diminution of saints' days has been. In 1521, there were, in the diocese of Rouen, sixty-two holidays of obligation—more than a sixth part of the year. In 1522, the Archbishop, George II. d'Amboise, suppressed the following at one stroke :—

Feb. 22. Chair of S. Peter.	July 4. Tr. S. Martin.
May 3. Inv. of the Cross.	Aug. 1. S. Pet. ad Vino.
" 5. S. John Port. Lat.	" 3. Inv. of S. Stephen.
June 19. SS. Gervasius and Pro-	Nov. 23. S. Clement.
tasius.	" 29. S. Thomas of Cant.
" 25. Tr. of S. Eligius.	And Whitsun Wednesday.
July 3. S. Martial.	

About 1650, Easter Wednesday was suppressed.

The Archbishop, by Mandement of Nov. 8, 1699, suppressed these feasts additionally :—

Jan. 22. S. Vincent.	Aug. 29. Decollat. S. John B.
" 25. Conv. S. Paul.	Sep. 14. Holy Rood.
Feb. 24. S. Matthias.	" 21. S. Matthew, <i>after Mass</i>
Apr. 25. S. Mark.	<i>only.</i>
June 11. S. Barnabas.	Oct. 9. S. Denys.
July 22. S. Mary Magd.	" 18. S. Luke.
" 25. S. James, <i>after Mass</i>	Nov. 2. All Souls, <i>after Mass</i>
<i>only.</i>	<i>only.</i>
" 26. S. Anne.	" 25. S. Catherine.
Aug. 19. S. Laurence, <i>after Mass</i>	Dec. 6. S. Nicolas.
<i>only.</i>	" 21. S. Thomas.
" 24. S. Bartholomew, <i>after</i>	" 28. Holy Innocents.
<i>Mass only.</i>	And the Octave of Corpus Christi.

While the Dedication of every Church, till then kept on Oct. 1, was put off to the next Sunday.

1739. July 25.	S. James	} <i>after Mass.</i>
	S. Laurence,	
	S. Bartholomew,	
	S. Matthew,	

Finally, a Mandement of July 28, 1767, suppressed—

	Michaelmas Day.	Dec. 27. S. John Evangelist.
Nov. 11.	S. Martin.	And Whitsun Tuesday.
„ 30.	S. Andrew.	

Sixty-two holidays have thus been reduced to four. It is curious, at Christmas, to see the gradual progress. In 1521, the four days following were obligatory ; in 1522, the last is suppressed ; in 1699, the third ; in 1767, the second ; in 1801, the first.

We have seen the tremendous blow struck by the Concordat of 1801 on the Church of France. It need hardly be observed that the suppression of the monasteries had been the work, not of the see of Rome, but of the General Assembly of 1789. How complete it was, let the various barracks, casernes, national lyceums, besides the miserable ruins, besides the huge workshops, besides the thousand other ways in which Church property is now employed, tell. So complete, that, when in that Valley of the Shadow of Death, the reign of Louis Philippe, one or two feeble attempts were made to establish religious houses for men, the law-officers of the crown expressed serious doubts whether such institutions were legal. The writer remembers that when, two-and-twenty years ago, he was going from Abbeville to Amiens, in a very small tow-boat, it passed a newly-established Benedictine house, in the grounds of which a few of the monks were walking. Forthwith a rush was made to that side of the boat, for the purpose of seeing the novelty, in numbers which speedily brought about us the hearty objurgations of the captain. Now, the same institution might be passed, and not an eye be turned towards it.

It is remarkable that, as in England, so in France, there were two epochs of ecclesiological destruction. In England, the Reformation and the Great Rebellion ; in France, the Huguenots of 1562 and the First Revolution. We very much doubt whether the horrible sacrilege of which those Huguenots were guilty, between 1560 and 1565, has ever been brought home to English readers—nay, not even to English Roman Catholic readers. God forbid that we should for one moment excuse the Massacre of S. Bartholomew ! Readers of the *Christian Remembrancer* know well how, more than once, this

subject has been discussed, and always in what terms; but we are bound also to remember the other side. There is not a Protestant lecturer earning his bread from Exeter Hall, who has not S. Bartholomew at his fingers' ends. We wonder how many Englishmen are acquainted with the *Nones of Haarlem*, or the *Bloody Vespers of Toulouse*. Open any local guide to any town in France, and there read the horrible devastation, the utter, reckless waste, the murders, the tortures, the rapine, which, especially in that sad year of 1562, the partisan leaders of the Protestants inflicted on miserable France. Most of us have read, in that spirited ballad of Lord Macaulay,—

'And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled in his blood;
And then we thought of vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember S. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.'

But how many have wondered whether, if the S. Bartholomew had not taken place against Protestants, it would have been carried out against Catholics?—how Paris would not have become the Catholic shambles that Toulouse was all but becoming?—how many, pitying Coligny's murder, for murder it was, richly as he deserved execution, have thought upon that scene, the Franciscan garden at Angoulême, when, after the capture of the city, a poor friar, protesting against the horrid sacrileges there committed, was, in cold blood, hung on a mulberry-tree, (shown to this day,) Coligny standing by; and how he said, 'Thou, who now orderest my execution, shalt thyself 'be thrown out of a window in Paris, and thy dead body 'dragged naked through the streets'?

And then, again, the First Revolution. The Great Rebellion in England, however much it injured all, did not utterly destroy many churches; but 1790, in the cities and towns of France, secularized two out of three, besides suppressing all those that belonged to religious houses. One example is better than a thousand generalizations. Let us take the city of Angoulême. Here there are now the following churches:—The Cathedral, S. Andrew, S. Martial, S. Antony, S. James, Notre Dame des Bergines. There were suppressed in the Revolution:—S. John, Notre Dame des Peines, Little S. Cibaud, Notre Dame de Beaulieu (part of this has been given back to the church), S. Antony, S. Paul, S. Yriex, S. Martin. There were destroyed in 1562:—S. Vincent, S. Laurence, S. Roch, S. Eloi, and the Chapel of S. Augustine:—that is, there are now remaining five; eight were destroyed in the Revolution, and five in the Huguenot troubles: five out of eighteen remain. And this is by no means an overcharged view of the havoc.

wrought by those two accursed epochs. Besides these parochial churches, there were in the same city those of the (1) Jacobins,¹ now the Palais de Justice; (2) the Cordeliers—a bit of this has been given back to the Hôtel Dieu; (3) the Capuchins, now the caserne; (4) the Minims, now built over by private houses; (5) Jesuits—their buildings turned into the State College; (6) Carmelites—this is at present a religious house of education, under the care of the Sisters of Chavanne; (7) Ursulines—utterly destroyed; (8) Tiercelettes—destroyed to make way for a former Palais de Justice; (9) Carmelites (Convent), now a caserne; (10) Filles de la Foi (a small local order), now the gensd'armes; (11) Sisters of Charity—suppressed in 1793, restored in 1803, and then put in possession of a small portion of the former house of the Ursulines. Thus we see that, in 1560, there were thirty churches, parochial or religious; there are now, reckoning most favourably for the destroyers, seven. And this is the first instance on which we happen to have opened. We might take an extreme example, such as Chalons, where, out of fifty-four churches, nine only have been preserved.

Let us, however, turn to a less mournful subject. No country seems to have had so many quaint ecclesiastical customs, such odd holdings of estates from the Church, such extraordinary and sometimes indefensible rites as France. The processions of dragons and giants are by no means even yet extinct. That of the Tarasque at Tarascon is at this day the most popular holiday in Provence. This monster is commemorative of that which is said to have been slain by S. Martha. It has six legs, the head of a lion, the body of a bull, with a tail of immense length. On the second Sunday after Pentecost (which of course is now, in France, by the Concordat, Corpus Christi), as it leaves the church, you hear the cry, '*La gadou ! la Tarascou !*' It then parades Tarascon, furious and bellowing. But the joke consists in its vibrating its tail so as to knock down many bystanders; and, when it succeeds, the mob shout out in their patois, '*La Tarascou a ben fa !*' There is another procession on S. Martha's Day; but on this occasion it is tame and gentle, and led by one of the prettiest girls of the place. This Tarasque is a sort of tutelary law to the town, much what the Mannikin is to Brussels. At Reims the procession of the *Bailla* has been dropped. This was an osier dragon, with wings and movable jaws. On the Rogation Days it led, and on Trinity Sunday followed, the procession from the church of S. Timothy. The crowd threw into its mouth pieces of money,

¹ The reader will remember that in France the Dominicans were always so called from the dedication of their principal house in Paris.

cakes, gingerbread, and the like. Whatever found its way into the *Bailla* was the perquisite of the Canons; what fell on the ground was scrambled for by the boys. The procession of Giant Gayant at Douai, on a day, not fixed, in July, attracts thousands of spectators. It was instituted in commemoration of the deliverance of Douai from the Normans, who, in one of their raids, had all but seized it. Giant Gayant is an osier figure, thirty feet in height, moved by six men concealed in his legs. The giantess is proportionately tall. Their three sons, Jaco, Filiou, and Binbin, are about fifteen or twenty feet tall. We have been told, on good authority, that on some late occasions the number of spectators has amounted—incredible as it may seem—to 300,000! It is scarcely possible to walk through a street in Douai without hearing the air Gayant; the Ranz des Vaches of the Douaisiens.

One of the strangest processions, long since abolished, was that *des Harengs*, after Tenebræ on Holy Wednesday, at Reims. The Canons went, in single file, from the Cathedral to Saint Rémy, nearly a mile, each drawing after him, by a string, a herring, and endeavouring to tread on the herring of the Canon who preceded him, while protecting his own from him who followed. But some of the customs at Reims were scandalous. On Holy Innocents the deacons chose from among themselves an *Evêque des Fous*; he was vested episcopally, and took his seat on the throne, whence he bestowed on the multitude a ribald benediction. He then celebrated High Mass; the assistants laughing, dancing, eating, and drinking, as it proceeded: they censured him with a pair of old shoes, set on fire for the purpose. What marvellously strong faith there must have been in those ages, not to be utterly shattered by such licentiousness!

Connected with such processions were those half-religious, half-popular fêtes, the delight of mediæval France. Such was that of S. Clair, at Coudrieu on the Rhone, in commemoration of a concession made by the House of Arces of the Rhone-dues to the Maladrone and to the town. On the eve of S. Clair, Jan. 1, the bachelors chose a king and a bannerman, and went to mass in great state. After vespers, the king went through a mock auction of the Rhone-dues. Next day, procession to the village of S. Clair; dance under an elm; supper in the streets of Coudrieu at night. On the 3d, after breakfasting at the Recollets, the bachelors took 'the Box of S. Nicolas' and an iron bar, and paid a visit to all the couples who had been married in the preceding year: those who refused to contribute a trifle to the box were liable to have their doors beaten down. On the 4th, a jar of wine was drunk at the

principal street-corners; when emptied, it was hung by a walnut-branch from the gate *des Granges*, and stones thrown at it till it was thoroughly smashed. Then every one went home, singing—

La Saint-Clar e morta,
Je nin soi pas causa.
Laissi veni l'an que vins,
No serons be mé de gins.

La Saint-Clair est morte :
Je n'en suis pas cause.
Laissez venir l'an prochain :
Nous serons bien plus de gens.

The visit thus paid to the newly-wedded couples brings to our recollection a somewhat similar custom in the very farthest extremity of France, Rennes. In the Convent (now, the caserne) of S. George was a sisterhood of noble nuns, which held seignorial rights over a large part of the town. On Mid-Lent Sunday all the bridegrooms of the past year, holding of S. George, were bound to ride furiously through the market-place, crying '*Gare la chevauchée de Madame l'Abbesse!*' and overthrowing the stalls that might happen to be in their way. On the First Sunday in Lent the new brides had to repair to the Church of S. Helier, a dependence of the Convent, and there, a stone of a foot in height having been set up in the nave, they were compelled, in the sight of the crowd, to leap over it, while they sang—

Je suis mariée,
Vous le savez bien :
Si je suis heureuse
—Vous n'en savez rien !

There were singular ceremonies, in many parts of France, connected with the beginning of Lent. At Bizanos, now in the Department of the Basses Pyrenees, the neighbouring population celebrated the Funeral of the Carnival on Ash Wednesday. On that day, assembling in the cabarets and their gardens, each was bound to swallow the Lent viand, the salad of *broutous*; while, at the same time, they sang in chorus—

Si t'en bas, jou que demouri :
Adiü praübe Carnaval !

Or, in French—

Si tu t'en vas, je demeure ;
Adieu, pauvre Carnaval !

After this, they proceeded to the execution of *Mardi Gras* dressed up as a little puppet.

Only compare this adieu to the Carnival with what most

undoubtedly gave rise to it, the Farewell to Alleluia. On the one side, think of the two doggerel lines, as above; on the other, of—

V. Thou shalt go, O Alleluia; thou shalt have a prosperous journey, O Alleluia.

R. For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

V. Thou shalt go, O Alleluia; thou shalt have a prosperous journey, O Alleluia.

R. And again with joy thou shalt return to us, O Alleluia.

But a far more curious, though, we are bound to say, more offensive, keeping of Shrove Tuesday is that at Donzères on the Rhone. Here, not the Carnival, but Lent itself, is represented as the little monster which is to be killed, and that under the name of *Caramantran*, patois for *Carême entrant*. Here, also, a dwarf or manikin is set upon and supposed to be put to death.¹ But the most curious part follows: a scenical representation of the tale of Theseus and Ariadne; the labyrinth being represented by lines traced on the ground, the scarlet thread duly fastened down, and the Minotaur duly slain. This, doubtless, is owing to the Phocæan colonizers of that part of France, who have left clear influences on the language—witness the famous street *de la Cannabière* at Marseilles, manifestly derived from *κάνναβις*.

But the burlesque was carried much further, and to an extent which cannot but seem to be all but blasphemous, in Rouen Cathedral. Here Caramantran was brought in on a bier, and placed as corpses usually were. One of the 'dignified clergy' actually said a mass of requiem, wearing his stole wrong side out and his chasuble reversed; after which the ceremony was over.

There are however, here and there, and, singularly enough, quite as much in the north as in the south of France, relics of little mediæval rites of no questionable character. At Coutances and at Etretat, on the Eve of the Epiphany, the boys run about with lighted straw torches, which they call *Coulines*; at S. Valéry-en-Caux they call them *Vadets*; in other parts of

¹ Donzères is about halfway between Valence and Orange. Although it is certainly not immediately connected with ecclesiology, the writer may, perhaps, relate what he once saw, on the same tour which showed him Donzères, only a few leagues higher up the river. He had left the train at the station of La Coucourde, with the purpose of visiting the glorious basilican Church of Cruas. His attention was attracted to an eagle, hovering for two or three minutes high in the air: presently it swooped down on a field adjoining the road, and in a few seconds soared up again with a fox in its talons. After attaining a considerable height, it allowed the wretched animal to fall on a bed of rocks, about a hundred yards from the river. The fox was not killed, but lay apparently struggling in the agonies of death. The eagle swooped upon him a second time, took him up in the air again, and again let him fall nearly in the same place, this time killing him: the bird then came slowly down and carried him off. The writer was told that this was not a very uncommon thing, and that eagles have the greatest dread of the bite of foxes even when mortally wounded.

Normandy, *Farfadets*. On the Sunday *Lætare* (the Fourth Sunday in Lent) at Aumale, and perhaps elsewhere, they distribute bread and fish to the poor: it is, as has been well said, the gospel for the day put into action. On Good Friday, at Dieppe, or rather in the villages surrounding it, they employ, instead of bells, wooden clappers, they are usually called *claquets*, to call the people to Church: it reminds one of the *Hagiosidera*, or *Hagioxyla*, of the Eastern Church. In some of the villages round Rouen, on Whitsun-Day, within living memory, a white dove was held in the hand of the priest at the beginning of the sequence, and let go at the end of the first verse. In the parish account-books of many Norman churches the price of these white doves is regularly entered. The writer believes that the same custom is, or was in 1852, kept up in the Cathedral of Valencia in Spain. It is not so long since, on the Translation of S. Ursinus (June 11), which in that city took precedence of S. Barnabas, the canons of the then cathedral church of Lisieux had the temporal jurisdiction of the diocese; so that any plaintiff who knew the Bishop to be unfavourable to his cause, and could secure a majority of the chapter, took advantage of the day to have his question settled. At Havre, on the 26th of July, S. Anne's Day, it is usual to give the children small cakes, with crosses floriated in sugar, in commemoration of the repulse of an English attack by, as it was said, the intercession of S. Anne. In some of the villages round Bayeux, and Coutances, and Evreux, the representation called, we believe from an unknown reason, *Mitouries*, is still rudely kept up on the Assumption: it represents, by means of theatrical contrivances, the elevation of the Blessed Virgin into heaven. The name of S. Romanus, the great Archbishop of Rouen, so long commemorated by the custom that each new archbishop, on his entry into that city, should have the privilege of setting free one prisoner condemned to death, and which, till 1707, was, by a licence almost unique, mentioned in the *Confiteor* throughout the diocese, is still dear to the boys and girls of Norman villages by sundry processions of dragons, wyverns, dragonlings, and dragonets, made of combustibles, and after having been dragged about the streets, blown up. On the 27th of October, in many Norman parishes, after compline, there is still the joyful shout of 'Noel': a month before the 'keys of Advent,' that is, the earliest day on which Advent Sunday can fall.

The hurry in which travellers usually run through France hinders them from forming any idea of the great extent to which pilgrimages are, even at the present day, kept up and carried out: and these, not only in the more distant parts of the

country, but even in such perpetually-visited provinces as Picardy and Artois. It matters not that in so many instances, either in the fatal 1562, or during the Revolution, the body of the saint was dragged from its shrine and burnt, the ashes being scattered to the winds: the place is holy still. Let us glance at a few of the more remarkable shrines visited at the present time.

Corbeny, in the diocese of Laon, has been, for at least 800 years, frequented by those suffering from scrofula. The shrine, containing the head of S. Marcoul, is here the object of devotion: he was an abbat at Coutances, in the sixteenth century. All the kings of France, from S. Louis to Louis XIII. inclusively, made this pilgrimage, in order to acquire the power of 'touching' for the king's evil. When the king entered the little town, he was met in procession by the monks, who placed in his hands the relic, and he carried it into the church, and replaced it on the altar. Next day he heard mass, offered his devotions in the church, and then touched. It was done by making the sign of the cross on the patient, and pronouncing the words, '*Le Roi te touche, Dieu te guerit.*' Henry IV. touched 1,500 persons every year. Louis XIV. was the first king who did not personally visit S. Marcoul. In 1654, the year of his coronation, war was ravaging Picardy: the shrine was therefore carried to S. Remy, at Reims; and then, after communicating, the young king touched 2,000 persons in the garden of the abbey. The case was the same with Louis XV. A letter is extant of Louis XVI., in which he excuses himself from personally undertaking the journey, on account of the badness of the roads; but requesting the shrine to be brought to Reims. When Charles X. was crowned in 1825, he followed the same procedure. A certain André Laurent, chief physician to Henry IV., published, in 1609, a treatise, '*De mirabili sanandi strumas vi solis principibus Christianissimis concessa.*' He does not seem to have been aware that our own kings claimed the same power—only deriving it from their descent from Edward the Confessor. It was dropped by William of Orange, who, however, was once prevailed on to touch one patient. His formula was characteristic: 'God bless you, poor woman, and give you more sense!' Anne, as is well known, was the last who touched.

A curious pilgrimage was, till very lately, made at Laon. About 1340, three brothers, mayors of three villages in the neighbourhood, Barenton-Bugen, Barenton-Cal, and Barenton-sur-Serre, having been put to death on a false accusation, their mother, says the legend, to prove their innocence, drove three nails into a large stone in the cloister, thence called the *Pierre*

a Clous. The inhabitants of the Laonnois attended in pilgrimage an annual mass for the repose of the murdered men, on August 4.

A very celebrated pilgrimage of the present day is that on the Assumption to N. D. de Liesse, in the ancient diocese of Laon. The writer has seen as many as 600 or 700 pilgrims bound thither in July. The Laon branch of the Brussels Railway brought them to within two miles of the place: thence the sick were taken in carriages; the rest, preceded with their banners, on foot. The church itself is a pretty little Flamboyant building, rather early in the style: the western façade is a very beautiful composition, with a remarkable gallery for benediction, over a sort of narthex. The origin of this is interesting. In 1153, three brothers, Knights of S. John, who were born at Eppes in Picardy, were taken prisoners by the Moslem lord of Ascalon, and by him sent to the Sultan at Cairo. The Sultan determined to effect their conversion to '*Maumetrie*,' and to that end inflicted on them, but in vain, the most horrible tortures. Thus baffled, he resolved to try whether the beauty of his daughter, Ysmeria, could be more successful, and confided to her the keys of the dungeons. She, however, was herself converted by them: and hearing so much of the Blessed Virgin, was earnestly desirous to possess her image. As the knights were asleep at night, they were aroused by a glorious light in the prison: it proceeded from an image miraculously conveyed into their cell. This of course clenched Ysmeria's conversion; she promised to procure their deliverance: and from their consequent joy comes the name of N. D. de *Liesse*. They fled, intending to take boat on the Nile; and on their way to that river, they lay down for some hours' rest. On waking, they saw a peasant playing the flute; Ysmeria addressed him in Arabic: he replied in French that he did not understand. Their eyes were opened; and behold, they were at their own Eppes! They resolved to carry the image to Laon; but as they were passing the spot where the church now stands, it became so heavy, that it was impossible to move it, which they took as a sign that S. Mary would have her church in that spot. Ysmeria was baptised by the Bishop of Laon, and called Mary: they then founded a little hospital, where the knights in common, and Mary, conjointly with the mother of the three, ministered to the sick. In this same church they are buried. The original image was destroyed at the Revolution: a very poor one was substituted for it: in 1857 another, of first-rate workmanship, took its place. On Sept. 8 of that year, its coronation was attended by a large body of French bishops. Many of the kings of France made this

pilgrimage: Louis XIV. several times. On the birth of the Prince Imperial, in 1856, the Emperor and Empress made a present of 5,000 francs to the church, which was expended on a bell.

The pilgrimages in Bretagne are, as one might imagine, more common than in any other part of France. Like our own Cornwall, it has saints utterly unknown to any other church. Who, for example, ever heard elsewhere of S. Drel, S. Cumfol, S. Bihi, S. Bili, S. Liz, S. Ignoraa, S. Gomla, S. Mouloff, S. Pazanne—all, by the way, ahemeres? But, undoubtedly, the most famous pilgrimage in this province is that of S. Anne of Auray. There was, as early as the sixth century, a chapel under the same invocation in a hamlet called Keranna (the village of Anne), which formed part of the parish of Pluneret, about eight miles from Vannes. Here the good Bishop S. Meriadec, ended his labours: here the holy king S. Judicael also finished his course. But it had been destroyed for nearly a thousand years, when, in 1625, a certain Yves Nicolazic, a labourer on the farm of Bocenno, moved thereto, says the legend, by certain marvellous lights and other prodigies, made an excavation where the old chapel was said to have stood, and discovered an image of S. Anne. The people immediately began to venerate it. The rector of the parish, Dom Rodiez, and the *curé* (in Bretagne a curate, in our sense of the word, is called *curé*, and not *vicaire*), Dom Thominec, opposed this veneration with all their might. It grew in spite of them. The Bishop of Vannes took up the matter, the image was declared authentic, a church was built for it, and the devotion is now the most popular in Bretagne. The church was entrusted to the Carmelites; and the court of the monastery has sometimes contained 20,000 pilgrims at High Mass on S. Anne's Day.

One of the most popular ballads in French Bretagne is the 'Cantique d'Arzon.' Forty-two sailors of that parish, before joining their ship in the Dutch War, solemnly commended themselves to S. Anne at Auray; and on their return home composed the song in question. These are some of the verses:—

'Nous avons été de bande
Quarante et deux Arzonnois
A la guerre de Hollande
Pour le plus grand de nos rois.

'Ce fut de Juin le septième,
Mil six cent septante et trois,
Que le combat fut extreme
De nous et des Hollandois.

- ' Les boulets comme le grêle
 Passaient parmi nos vaisseaux,
 Brisant mats, cordages, voile,
 Et mettant tout en lambeaux.
 ' La merveille est toute sure
 Que pas un homme d'Arzon
 Ne reçut la moindre injure
 De mousquet ou de canon.
 ' Un d'Arzon changeant de place,
 Un boulet vint à passer,
 Brisait de celui la face
 Qui venait de s'y placer.
 ' L'Arzonnais la sauvait belle ;
 Eut l'épaule et les deux yeux
 Tout couverts de la cervelle
 De ce pauvre malheureux.'

And the *réfrain*, sung after each verse, is—

- ' Sainte Mère de Marie,
 Par un miraculeux sort,
 Vous nous conservez la vie
 Dans le danger de la mort.'

A very remarkable pilgrimage is that of Evron in Maine. The legend is this:—A pilgrim returning in 684—there is nothing like particularity of dates—from the Holy Land, brought back a relic which he had received from some Syrian peasant, to whom he had done some good service—a few drops of the Blessed Virgin's milk. Wearied with his journey, he laid down to sleep, having hung up this relic on the branch of a hazel. When he woke, he found, to his astonishment, the tree grown so much, that he was no longer able to reach the treasure he had entrusted to it. Tidings are taken to S. Hadouin, Bishop of Le Mans, who comes down with all speed to see the marvel. He without any difficulty detached the relic from the branch; and on the spot that magnificent church was raised which, even in this, so far as France is concerned, un-ecclesiological age, attracts so many a traveller from the station on the French Great Western. There is, at present, in connexion with the church, a house of Sisters of Charity. We shall not easily forget the way in which, clearly wishing to believe the legend if she could, clearly not being able to believe it though she would, the Superior showed us the work which, however piously mistaken might be the original foundation, is now scattering around it, through the whole neighbourhood, the blessing which some sixteen or eighteen Sisters confer on an otherwise neglected and desolate place.

One other pilgrimage, that of Notre Dame de Folgoët, in Bretagne, is to be noticed. There lived, somewhere about the year

1350, at Kerbriand, a poor idiot, by name Saläun, that is, Solomon. He was sent to school, whatever kind of instruction there might have been in Brittany in the fourteenth century, where he could never learn anything further than the two first words of the 'Ave Maria.' The legend continues, that taking up his abode by the side of a fountain, he continually repeated these two words, and these alone; when he sat by the wayside, when he begged, and in every action and circumstance of his life. It continues, that, on his death, it being believed that he could in no sense be called a Christian, he was buried by the side of the fountain which he had always frequented. In a few months, the Bretagne chroniclers add, a lily sprang up from the grave with the letters *Ave Maria* impressed on each petal. During the whole course of Solomon's life that most bloody contest for the dukedom of Brittany had been carried on between John de Montfort and his saintly competitor Charles de Blois.¹ When the decisive battle of Auray had deprived the latter of his dukedom, together with his life, John, who had vowed, in case he won the battle, to found some church in his duchy, bethought himself of this, then recent, wonder; and hence the magnificent church, so glorious even in its decay, of Notre Dame de Folgoët—(Fol-goët, the Wood of the Fool). The exquisite beauty of its details must delight every visitor; but it stands first, absolutely first, in Europe for its mediæval altars; that, now called of the Rosary; the high altar; that of the Angels; and that founded by the Cardinal de Coëtidy, which is, though of stone, in the shape of a six-legged table with double trefoils

¹ Those who are acquainted with the history of the Duchy of Brittany know well that there is scarcely any more touching example, in which it has pleased God that the wrong cause should triumph over the right, than that of this most Christian hero. In a disputed succession, he undoubtedly had the right to the Duchy of Brittany. It was his desire to resign it, and to repair into a monastery; but, being told that he was not at liberty to resign the succession for others, most thoroughly against his will he continued the war. The life he led—a life, in its difficulties and hardnesses, to be compared to that of the Chevalier in Scotland—only gave him occasion for such sayings as these: 'God be praised for all that He sends to us;' 'Blessed are they that suffer for righteousness' sake;' 'Good friends, take courage and console yourselves; all this will turn out for our good.' When at last, in the fatal battle of Auray, he met his opponent, a singular presage of the victory is recorded by all historians. Charles de Blois had a favourite little antelope, which, as is the case in some of our English regiments, was accustomed to accompany him into all the noise and danger of a battle. The evening before the battle of Auray, this animal left his camp, traversed a space of something like three or four miles, and was found licking the hand of his enemy John de Montfort. This will be found chronicled in the rude sculpture of many a Bretagne church. The canonization of Charles de Blois was almost completed, when, to the disgrace both of John de Montfort and of Urban V., such a sum was paid down to prevent a continuation of the inquiry, that it thenceforth fell to the ground. There is scarcely any chronologist of France at that period, who, whatever his political views may have been, does not state this as a then well-known fact.

between each of the feet. The Kersanton stone, which with time takes the colour of bronze, is so easily worked at first, and then becomes hard as marble, adds to the glory of this most magnificent church.

But the most remarkable pilgrimage which at this day exists in France is that of Font-Roméu, in Roussillon. Roussillon has retained more mediæval customs and rites than any other province of France, not excepting Bretagne. In addition to this, one must remember the nearly semi-tropical character of the country itself, the marvellous grandeur of the Pyrenees, and which have so poor an equivalent in the vast heaths and dolmens and menhirs of North-western France. Let us suppose the reader to have reached Perpignan by railway, and from thence to make his way to Mont Louis. By the fortified church of Saint Félice d'Amont; by the scarped rock of Mas de la Juliane; by the Romanesque church of Ille; so to Pradès.¹ We suppose that few travellers are aware of the wonderful beauties and curiosities of the natural history of Roussillon. As you plod your way along the sea-coast, bound to Elne, the ancient Illibris, thinking, it may be, of the canons of its councils, you are startled by the appearance of four glorious flamingos to your right. You ask your way, and are answered in a Catalan patois; for French, except in one or two of the towns, is not understood. Lizards, sparkling with the colours of all precious stones, bask on the stone walls. You may catch a sight of a *Pudent*,² a *mustela*,³ a *gat-fagi*,⁴ skulking among the hedges, as you may also see, soaring far above you, a *vultur*, a *falco*, or a *beca-figas*.⁵ We will assume that you are not bound for the baths of Molitg; we will also assume that you take no interest in the fortifications of Mont Louis. There, however, you may sleep, and on the following morning, if it be the 8th of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, or the 2d of July, the Visitation, you will enjoy a sight never to be forgotten.

Font-Roméu, its chapel and its fountain, are situated on a green plateau, scarped on every side, save to the south-east; in that direction a down. Look southward, and the eye glances over the French villages of Eyne, Llo, Vedrinyans, Err, and Pallau; to the right, each throned on and, as it were, guarding its mountain pinnacle, Caldégas, Hix, and Cedret; to the left, in valleys, the greenness and loveliness of which a poet, not a poor reviewer, must describe, Planès, Saint-Père-dels-

¹ The writer cannot but recommend, in this most singular Pyrenean town, the *Hôtel Januari*.

² *Pudent*—Catalan for *skunk*.

⁴ *Gat-fagi*—Catalan for *stoat*.

³ *Mustela*—Catalan for *weasel*.

⁵ Catalan for *vulture*, *falcon*, and *fly-catcher*.

forçats, and Bolquera; then, in the distant sweep of the horizon, far away to the west, the heights that surround that droll little republic of Andorra; facing you, to the south, the mountains that look down upon Urgel; and, shading off to your left, the flatter region of Catalonia; beneath you the little town of Llivia—Spanish territory, in fact, though, to all appearance, thoroughly surrounded by French territory.¹

Let us imagine ourselves, then, to be standing on the plateau of Font-Roméu, at nine on the morning of the Nativity of S. Mary. Up from all quarters they pour, each to be distinguished by their dress, the Languedocienne, the peasant of Foix, the Gapçinaise, with the kirtle, wavy, as the heralds would say, of blue and scarlet, and the dark petticoat, with its bright border of yellow; the Cerdagnole, with the crimson net, in which she wears her hair, which hangs down behind in a pig-tail, decorated with gold and silver spangles—heirlooms from one generation to another; the dress open in front, and the chemise buttoned with one button at the neck, by an agate, or such-like stone. Their husbands and brothers, in the meanwhile, are bringing pigeons, cheeses, fish, wild birds of all kinds, game, wheat, such manufactures as the country affords, sheep, goats, pigs, sacks of flour, maize, oats, barley, everything, in short, that the country produces, as an offering to the priests of Font-Roméu. In like manner, others bring small casks of wine, bowls of milk, curds; and all are deposited, for the present, outside the chapel, but within its sacred precincts. By-and-by they will be sold by auction; and, in anticipation of the pecuniary transactions which will then take place, there are present, on the one hand, two or three Government officials, charged to gather in the old coin—*livres* of Louis XIV., *sous* of Louis XV., *francs* and half-francs of the Republic and the First Empire—and supplying, in their stead, the sharp, handsome, ringing coinage, with the spread-eagle of the Second Empire. On the other hand, merchants from Toulouse, from Agen, from Cette, and even from Marseilles, offer the various articles which, in the one case, the inland commerce, in the other the same trade from the Levant, brought in. Mass begins at ten o'clock. The church, though almost of cathedral size, is not large enough to contain the tenth part of those who kneel around it. The object of

¹ The reason why Llivia is Spanish affords a good example of both French and Spanish honour in keeping the exact words of a treaty. By that of Bidassoa, which, in 1659, settled the boundaries of Spain and France, it was agreed that all the *villages* of Cerdagne should thenceforth appertain to France. They were thirty-three in number, and they were at once surrendered. But Llivia was not a *village*, it was a *town*; and actually, on the strength of this quibble, this town, the most poor, beggarly, wretched place that one can imagine, remained, to the whole extent of the parish, Spanish territory.

this assemblage, which, indeed, should have been stated before; is to carry down the image of S. Mary from Font-Roméu, a place inaccessible through drifted snow in winter, to the Church of Odelló, where it remains till the following Pentecost. Mass over, follows the auction of the offertory; and that brought to an end, commences the interminable dance of Roussillon, so pretty and piquant for ten minutes, so very tedious (to the bystanders, at least) if prolonged to hours, and here it scarcely ends till late vespers. Then the image is carried with great solemnity, the procession uniting in Catalan hymns, to its winter home.

But of all saints whose memory has sustained itself in local pilgrimages, S. Quentin had, and has still, the highest reputation. Till the First Revolution, in the adjoining dioceses (S. Quentin itself was never more than a collegial, of which the king of France was *ipso facto* premier canon), three of his festivals were holidays of obligation: his passion, Oct 31 (and in those dioceses not only was the Vigil of All Saints put back to the 30th, but the festival over-rode a Friday, and flesh was eaten): next, the invention of his relics by S. Eligius, Jan. 3; which went by the name of the *Allumerie*, because at matins the choir was lit up into a blaze of light, in memory of the light which, according to the legend, led to the discovery of the martyr's body. The third was the Elevation, when it was removed from the crypt into the upper church (May 2, 1228). His shrine was annually visited by thousands, as it is still by hundreds of votaries, who were seeking relief from diseases, or other help: especially those who were suffering from dropsy or other swelling. In the meanwhile, it is worthy of notice how Picardy, Artois, and Hainault are *alive*, even now, with memories of the saint. There was, till lately, and may be still, a curious house, in the town itself, called Le petit S. Quentin, whence, in the Rogation Monday procession, a girl used to come forth, and to place a wreath of flowers on the shrine. In the dungeon, which occupied the place where the cellars of that house now are, the saint was held to have been temporarily confined. But a far more curious fact is this:—in the little village called Marteville, near Vermand (the poor remains of Augusta Veromanduorum, to which the present town of S. Quentin succeeded), no blacksmith is, or has ever been, permitted to exercise his craft. Why not? Because tradition will have it that the nails which were driven into the glorious martyr were forged by a blacksmith at Marteville.

We might enter into an almost innumerable series of the curiosities of French ecclesiology. We might compare the

various catechisms of different dioceses which not only retain their place to this day, but are renewed, and frequently altered by every succeeding bishop. Let us only imagine what difficulties would arise if every English bishop were to put forth his separate catechism. Yes: but why? Not that in France the variations on points which, however essential, are not of the faith, are not as great between different bishops as they are in England: the one Ultramontane, the other Gallican; the one Jansenist, the other Molinist: but because there the Chapter is a real, moving, living power; a power without which the bishop cannot act, and which therefore, on the whole—whatever his peculiar tenets—keeps him pretty much to the general expression of the faith. For many years it has been the first aim of the writer, on entering the shop of the Episcopal bookseller in a French cathedral city, to procure, in Central France, the *Catéchisme*; in North-Eastern France, the *Catéchisme*; in Southern France, the *Chatéchisme*; of the Diocese. The question naturally arises, which, on the whole, is the better system: that which limits the authorized Catechism of the Church to one, or which, retaining the same doctrine, varies it according to the requirements of the diocese. For example; in the Bretagne Catechisms of eighty years ago, the eighth (then seventh) Commandment was dwelt on with especial regard to the terrible sin of wrecking; the only difference being (and it is a difference worth noting) that, on the southern coast, wrecking was counted against the eighth,—on the northern, as a sin against the sixth Commandment: the robbery, in the one case, being so much more necessarily followed by murder, active or passive, than in the other.

We have more than once before spoken of the various Missals and Breviaries of French dioceses: and have lamented how they are now in process of being swallowed up, one and all, by Rome.¹ We had hoped to give a list of those dioceses which have yet retained the inheritance of their fathers, but have been unable to do so. We trust that, on some future occasion, we shall be enabled to present such a list to our readers.

We had intended, when we commenced the present article, to dwell on several other subjects, equally connected with the Church of France, and, perhaps, of at least as much importance to

¹ To those of our readers who are liturgical scholars, we may point out, that the present is the time to obtain Gallican liturgies, in the diocesan city where they have been cast off, at the cheapest rate. Casting our eyes round the room in which we are now writing, we can see (and the reader must remember that each breviary is in four volumes) a Nantes, small octavo, which we purchased for eight francs: a Metz, quarto, for six francs: a Toulouse, quarto (a very handsome copy), for five: a Clermont, M.S., for ten: a French Premonstratensian, duodecimo, for six: and again, an Amiens psalter for 2½d.: the Paris Hours for one sous, &c.

English ecclesiologists. We have, however, already overshot our limits; otherwise, we should have liked to treat of some especial peculiarities in French symbolism—as exemplified, for instance, in the roof-frescoing of Alby, the stained glass of Chartres, the great western door of Angoulême, and the marvellous tapestry of the Chaise-Dieu. We should have a word to say on the influence which is possessed by the French Church with respect to railways; and to bring forward some singular examples of that power as regards difficult cuttings or all but impossible tunnels. Especially we could have wished to say a word on the French belief in ghosts: how, even in provinces like Bretagne, where any ‘superstition’ would be likely to hang about, it seems to find no home; and when it does, it is not under the name of *revenants*. Two little anecdotes shall close a paper, already, we fear, too long.

We had just taken up our abode for the night in a most dim, out-of-the-way, ghostly-looking inn in a country-town in Bretagne. Just before the time for going to bed we heard voices engaged in earnest discussion above us. The question, it seemed, put by one of our fair companions to the landlady, whether they had any traditions of *revenants* in such a place, brought forth a most emphatic denunciation of the folly which could believe in such appearances. The town was Vitry.

It happened (by way of contrast) to the writer to sleep one night where, probably, scarcely any tourist makes his way,—in a little country-inn in the Cevennes, near Mende, which he had visited for the memory’s sake of good old Durandus, once bishop of that see. He had heard during the evening the howling of the wolves, which, by hundreds, haunt the mountain-woods, whence the department gains its name, Lozère. As the landlord was lighting him to bed, the writer made some remark on the howling of these beasts. ‘There are worse things,’ replied the host, ‘than *leur*.’¹ At first we did not understand; but at last, finding he was speaking of something supernatural, mentioned *revenants*. ‘*Revenants ! mais qu’est ce que cela veut dire, ces revenants ?*’ He had never heard the word, though he meant the thing: and then we found that the proper term for such appearances in the Cevennes was *brucolacques*. But how remarkable a thing that the modern Greek *Vrukolakes* should have planted itself in Central France!

Should the preceding paper possess any interest to our readers, we can only say that we should be most glad to continue the subject in another.

¹ He pronounced it *leu*, not *loup*; and it is worth observing that the children’s game of hide and seek, where he that hides is the wolf, goes by the name of *leu-leu*, not *loup-loup*.

ART. VII.—*The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.*
By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1863.

MR. KINGLAKE'S two volumes have received an amount of attention, and provoked an amount of hostility, which is rarely bestowed upon an historical work. They appeared at the beginning of the year; and before spring had ended, all the Reviews to which people look for guidance on such topics had declared with no uncertain sound against the accuracy of the narrative and the spirit of the narrator. Yet the book has reached a fourth edition, and is still eagerly read, and the ingenuity of the managers of circulating libraries is still severely tried to find reasonable excuses instead of copies to appease their customers. It is much in the present day for a work to retain its popularity during nine months; but it is too much to expect that the subject will be in men's mouths many more months. And before the interest has quite flagged, and before any fresh volumes appear, and now that the first burst of controversy has subsided, we have brought the book into these pages; not with any wish to reopen the well-worn question of historical veracity, but because its character, and the excitement which has attended it, raise it out of the level of passing literature, and seem to demand some sort of special notice.

The author of 'Eöthen' could write nothing slovenly or dull; and a certain interest always gathers round a man who has once done a thing singularly well, and makes no second venture. For people imagine, either that he disdains the ambition which stirs the breasts of common mortals, or that he is awaiting some golden opportunity by which he can make sure of surpassing his first success. In the present instance Mr. Kinglake had been long promising, and often postponing, and expectation was raised high. It was known that a mass of confidential papers had been entrusted to him, and that he was busy in gathering oral information, and that he had been an eye-witness of the scenes which he purposed to narrate, and a constant companion of the chief actor in them; and together with such opportunities, it was surmised that there was no lack of literary capacity for the task, for though he had spoken but once before in print, and that almost a quarter of a century ago, he had spoken in tones so fresh and vigorous, that numerous readers were attracted, even against their judgment, and wondered that he should be silent so long an

intervals afterwards; and it was more than suspected that living characters, and events which are hardly yet of the past, would be unsparingly handled: so the book was looked for with no ordinary interest. And it has come; to gratify a few, to disappoint many, but to fascinate all. For whether it is praised, or whether it is condemned, it is universally read. But when people had satisfied their curiosity, they began to ask themselves, how far they ought to let their judgment be carried along with the current of those brilliant pages. Those polished and elaborate sarcasms, those indignant outbursts of vituperation, those bitter stinging inuendoes, must surely reach their mark; but are they the genuine offspring of honest anger, or are they the keen indiscriminating thrusts of a pitiless partisan? And that humorous narrative of negotiations, does it unravel the threads of an involved diplomatic struggle, or is it but a plausible theory, which it needs but the courage for the study of a few volumes of parliamentary papers hopelessly to shatter? And is the battle such an one as actually took place on the banks of the Alma, on those three sunny hours of the 20th of September? was thus our countrymen fought and conquered? was it thus they fell and died? or is the whole the fanciful picture of a skilful writer, touching with his own imaginative and picturesque pen the details of the confused fight, the smoke-enveloped advance, and the bewildering conflict? These, or the like of these, are the questions which nearly all the world—for the book has been in the hands of the whole of educated England, and half France—has been asking. The answers which have been received, though confident and unhesitating, are strangely at variance; and are such as to leave the perplexed, but still fascinated, reader as much in doubt as ever. It is not our purpose to attempt to find their solution. We will rather substitute two or three other inquiries, and set ourselves the less arduous task of seeking some explanation of them. Why is it that the book has been so universally read? And why has it met with such vigorous opposition?

The cause of the first is not far to seek. It is to be found mainly in the surpassing interest of the subject, and partly in the wonderful brilliancy of the narrative. The Crimean war is of a date neither quite of the past, nor yet entirely of this present own time; so it combines history and politics. The chief actors in it have passed away: the Emperor Nicholas, Lord Raglan, Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Lyons—and now the list must contain Lord Clyde—are all dead. These however, if we except the Emperor, though the actual combatants and commanders, were subordinates. Of the prime movers, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Herbert indeed have gone, but the Emperor of the French,

Lord Palmerston, and Lord Stratford, and many more in high places, who, far more responsible than generals or admirals, pulled the strings which caused fleets to sail and set armies in motion, still survive, and are still before the eyes of the world to defend or to continue the same policy.

History, of whatever date, or of whatever people, or whatever be the events with which it has to do, has its own special attraction; but this attraction is increased threefold when the period is recent, and the interest is national, and the subject is of war and victory. And Mr. Kinglake, presuming that that which no long time ago had called forth all the passion and energy of the nation, would, when it came to be told, again kindle some of the same old impetuosity, wisely resolved to write not from a purely military or political, but from a national point of view. He who recollects the agitation and the warlike ardour which were disturbing to their very depth every layer of English society in the autumn and winter of 1854, will not be disposed to be contented with barren military annals, or a technical narrative of a campaign. The Crimean war resulted in shifting the whole European system as it then existed, and establishing the relative positions of the Great Powers on a new basis; but to the ordinary reader its personal interest is far more engrossing than its political. Men love to hear again the deeds of those campaigns, not on account of the diplomatic points which were established, not because they inaugurated a new alliance between the two hitherto hostile western nations, not because they curbed the power of Russia, and saved for the time the tottering State of Turkey from utter dissolution; but because they serve to show that the spirit of England, though latent, had not expired, as the English peace party and continental politicians appeared to think; that it would blaze forth as fiercely to check the overbearing ambition of an empire Asiatic as well as European, as it had blazed forth half a century earlier when a hostile armament was menacing the shores of the Channel. The war, in its objects and in its beginnings, was a statesman's war; but as soon as blood began to be spilt, it became a national one. Not one man in a hundred who morning after morning tore open his papers to look for news from the seat of operations, and then burst out into fiery denunciations of the inefficiency of ministers and the ferocity of the Czar—not one man in a hundred who submissively bore his share of the burden of the 100,000,000*l.* which the Crimea engulfed—could tell on what specific grounds, or with what immediate purpose, our arms had invaded the territory of Russia. It was enough that we were at war; at war for the weak against the strong. Pugnacity is slow to argue; and the greater and the more distant interests are always swallowed up in the nearer and the

lesser. And when it came to this, that almost every Gazette spoke not only of victories achieved, or assaults repulsed, but of the death or the wounds of some husband, or son, or brother, or friend; or by its happy silence brought relief to some anxious hearts; or by its single word of praise a thrill of pride to others; then diplomatic points and strategic movements, and a questionable alliance and a defective organization, shrunk into matters of secondary moment; and the individual citizen was praying for the safety or sympathizing with the glory of some dear one, while the nation at large was counting the cost and looking to the end. And the park, and the 'once-merry country-house, and 'the vicarage, and the way-side cottage of the old Peninsula 'officer,' and the hamlet, the flower of whose strength the war was consuming, became, whether in hope or in fear, the centre of an irrepressible anxiety.

And beyond the mass of individual anxiety which vibrated at the breath of every rumour carried across the sea, which is inseparable from every great national undertaking, there was another circumstance peculiar to this war which brought it in a particular sense home to every one. It developed a new power, which seemed to proceed from the people generally, while in reality it was lodged in the hands of a few—and which seemed to admit them into a separate share of the control of State affairs, while, in fact, no one individually was a whit the more influential. What this fresh circumstance was, Mr. Kinglake has forcibly described:—

'And with this invasion there came something more than what men saw upon the battle-fields of the contending armies. In one of the Allied States, the people, being free of speech, and having power over the judgment of their rulers, were able to take upon themselves a great share of the business of the war. It was in vain that the whole breadth of Europe divided this people from the field of strife. By means unknown before, they gained fitful and vivid glances of the battle and the siege, of the sufferings of the camp and bivouac, and the less dismal scenes of the hospital tent; and being thus armed from day to day with fresh knowledge, and feeling conscious of a warlike strength, exceeding by a thousand-fold the strength expressed by the mere numbers of their army, they thronged in, and made their voice heard, and became partakers of the counsels of State. The scene of the conflict was mainly their choice. They enforced the invasion. They watched it hour by hour. Through good and evil days they sustained it, and when by the yielding of their adversary the strife was brought to an end, they seemed to pine for more fighting. Yet they had witnessed chequered scenes. They counted their army on the mainland. They watched it over the sea. They saw it land. They followed its march. They saw it in action. They tasted of the joy of victory. Then came the time when they had to bear to see their army dying upon a bleak hill from cold and want. . . . What they hoped and feared in all these trials, what they thought, what they felt, what they saw, what they heard, nay even what they were planning against the enemy, they uttered aloud in the face of the world; and thence it happened that one of the chief features of the struggle was the demeanour of a free and impetuous people in time of war.'

The war has an aspect of peculiar interest and usefulness to the ecclesiastical student, however much its religious character was veiled by subsequent secular interests, and however opposed to the character of modern times, and of one at least of the nations engaged. It was formally in its commencement, and actually on the part of one if not two of the belligerents, a religious war. Nor can Mr. Kinglake's manifest want of sympathy with such influences prevent the recognition of the fact that the Holy Places, and particularly that sanctuary which was the birthplace of Christianity, were real and potent elements in the struggle. But for a dispute about a key, the war would not have taken place then, and might not have taken place at all. And this serves to show that considerations once so dear to Christendom, and long thought obsolete, have still a hold on the thoughts of men unknown to themselves, but which yet declare their existence, when circumstances and opportunity bring them once more to the surface. To most of our readers the particulars of the dispute are fresh and familiar; but some brief notice is necessary to illustrate our purpose.

By an unhappy fatality, the only spot where the old differences between the Eastern and Western Churches burn with their former bitter animosity is the Holy Land. And the spot where this rivalry is fiercest and most intolerant is the Holy City. It would be idle to go back to the origin, or to attempt to trace the progress of the quarrel. By a treaty made between France and the reigning Sultan in the sixteenth century, the Holy Places, and the monks who ministered at them, were placed unreservedly under the protection of the French Crown. And from that time till 1740, when their privileges were renewed, the Latins maintained a precarious supremacy in Palestine. But in 1757, the petty quarrels which had hardly ceased between the two Churches—the Greeks ever assaulting the position of their adversaries, the Latins with difficulty supporting their own, and the dominant Moslem holding with a trembling hand the balance between the two—broke out into open warfare. The case was referred, as it always had been, to the Divan at Constantinople. And an Imperial ordinance was promulgated, depriving the Latins of many of their privileges, and handing them over to the Greeks. So the struggle drew on. At the beginning of the present century, the sovereigns of France and Russia, announcing themselves as the respective champions of the Eastern and Western Churches, thought it necessary to send envoys into Syria to uphold the claims and secure the rights of either party. The list which M. Marcellus, who was despatched by the French Government, drew up of what he called the possessions and prerogatives of the Latin Church in Palestine, is a curious document. It contains

seventy-five items, and discloses a miserable state of things, to which centuries of jealousy and contention have reduced the common sanctities of Christendom. The priority in the use of a key, or the position of a symbol, or the occupation of a gallery, have a real significance, but it is saddening to read in a grave state paper, that among the prerogatives which from immemorial usage attach to the Christians of the Western Church within the walls of Jerusalem, it is forbidden to take the clothes of the monks, or to compel them to accept base coin. This careful enumeration of Latin privileges served no further purpose than that of affording a scope for the ingenious research of the precise and vigilant envoy; for before matters could come to any definite settlement, negotiations were broken off by the outbreak of the Greek Revolution. And troubles and difficulties of a more pressing nature occupying the East for many years afterwards, some sort of truce was established down to 1852, when, under pressure or instigation from without, the claims of the rival Churches again began to be heard, and whether from the restless ambition of Russia, or the meddling diplomacy of the French Emperor, the old schism of Eastern and Western Christianity was again preparing to disturb the peace of the world. The quarrel, however, was not to be fought out 'at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine,' nor was it destined long to remain a difference upon minute questions of precedence among hostile sects of monks, or their right of property in infinitesimal fragments of a convent. It gradually came to absorb the attention of the world, and to arouse the passions and exhaust the resources of three mighty nations.

It has long ago been demonstrated that no war is so bitter as a religious war. Yet, with this maxim in view, it will be a matter of regret to some, but of sincere congratulation to others, that at home, religious matters were carefully kept unmixed with the questions in dispute. No holier motives were appealed to than public policy and the national will. The Queen in the declaration of war openly disclaimed any ecclesiastical objects; and they would have come oddly from the sovereign of a Christian Church, taking up arms in defence of a Mahometan power. 'Her Majesty is persuaded that the pretence of zeal for Christianity [put forth by Russia] will be used in vain to cover 'an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and 'its pure and beneficent spirit.' France having begun as the champion of the Latin Christians, laid aside that character at an early stage, and proclaimed herself to be actuated by no other than secular and material purposes. But ever since the successors of Mahomet, driven by a fierce spirit of proselytism, overran Europe, in all Mahometan countries the national religion

holds the foremost place in the state system. The embers of her former fiery zeal are yet alive in Turkey, and in spite of some twelve millions of her population belonging to the Greek Church, the Moslems rose eagerly and fiercely to defend their frontier against the infidel. They proved that nations, long enervated by social and political corruption, and seeming to stand on the verge of destruction, can ward off their impending ruin, and rise to be a brave and devoted people when animated by the spark of even a false religious fervour.

The same religious zeal, or whatever we choose to call it, whether we elevate it into an ennobling sentiment or brand it with the name of fanaticism, was burning at the heart of Russia. The Russian peasantry are a pious and simple race. Like all true sons of toil, for countless generations kept uneducated and ground down by despotism, and rarely moved away from the soil on which they laboured, they are easily roused and easily led. To their eyes the Czar assumes a form almost superhuman, at once their emperor, their priest, and their father; and when, for some purposes of State ambition, or from a sincere desire to promote the welfare or extend the boundaries of the Greek Faith, it pleases the irresponsible monarch who reigns at St. Petersburg to inflame those millions of docile serfs with some sentiment, some longing, some feeling of injury which has its object in Holy Russia or the Orthodox Church, he can mould them to his single will, as if he were the potter and they were the clay. This piety and loyalty of theirs was a real impulse of action. 'From the serf in his hut even up to the Great Czar himself, the faith professed was the faith really glowing in the heart, and violently swaying the will.' What they received was what their priests taught them, and what they believed to be the will of Heaven and the cause of God on earth. Nor was their devotion any the less genuine because it was capable of being turned into a warlike channel. Whether the Czar pronounced that the cause was to be served by patience and submission, they obeyed and waited: or whether he proclaimed a crusade, and summoned them to march against the schismatic Latin and the infidel Moslem, they obeyed and went to battle. How far the Czar himself was influenced by their zeal, or how far he wilfully excited it in his people, and then directed it to purposes of State, no man can positively determine. But it is impossible to read his proclamations and the narrative which is given of his private life, and particularly of the few days preceding his death, without coming to the conclusion, that however much Nicholas may have given the rein to his boundless ambition, the cause of his Faith was no pretext.

The manifesto which was read in the Russian churches when

the Czar caused his forces to pass the Pruth, and his declaration to the world at large when war was declared against Turkey, and again when he was about to embark upon his contest with the Allied Powers, abound in expressions which represent to the Russian Empire and to Europe generally the holy cause which was supposed to be driving him to a state of war. These are the terms in which he justified his military occupation of the Principalities on the plea of his violated right to the protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey:—

‘It is known to all our faithful subjects that the defence of the Orthodox Religion was, from time immemorial, the vow of our glorious forefathers. From the time that it has pleased Providence to entrust to us our hereditary throne, the defence of those holy obligations inseparable from it was the constant object of our solicitude and care. But to our great grief, recently, in despite of our efforts to defend the inviolability of the rights and privileges of our Orthodox Church, various arbitrary acts of the Porte have infringed those rights, and threaten at last the complete overthrow of the long-perpetuated order to so dear orthodoxy.’

In his proclamation of war against the Turks three months later, after a preamble to the same effect, but in more glowing terms, he concludes:—

‘We are firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will join the fervent prayers which we address to the Most High, that His hand may be pleased to bless our arms in the holy and just cause which has ever found ardent defenders in our pious ancestors.’

Six months after that, rising to still loftier tones, he declared in his manifesto against England and France:—

‘Russia fights not for the things of this world, but for the Faith. England and France have ranged themselves by the side of the enemies of Christianity against Russia fighting for the Orthodox Faith. But Russia will not alter her Divine mission. May the Almighty assist us to prove this by deeds. And in this trust, taking up arms for our persecuted brethren professing the Christian faith, we will exclaim, with the whole of Russia, with one heart, “O Lord, our Saviour, whom have we to fear? May God arise, and may His enemies be dispersed!”’

The war, of which this was the precursor, was a war for religion, and if eventually secular influences and political purposes altogether swamped the religious element, it was at the commencement of differences, the outbursting of smouldering ecclesiastical animosities, the widening of the schism of creed from creed.

It is a subject thus nationally momentous and thus individually engrossing, and of such political and ecclesiastical interest, which Mr. Kinglake has undertaken to treat. How he has fulfilled the half of his task, the public by this time have been enabled to judge. The taste of the present day declares itself against any sustained and marked literary display. It is thought to be a symptom of weakness or of a blamable vanity when an author labours to polish his sentences, and does not shrink from letting

the marks of his studied carefulness remain. With many judges, a great style is an absolute defect. To discuss a grave subject in a way which will raise an occasional laugh is held by them an offence against all correct criticism. History especially is nothing unless it is sombre and stately, and a trifle dull. To expect accuracy or impartiality from an author whose every page glows with brilliant narrative or sparkles with keen wit, proves a most hopeful disposition, but a very narrow experience. To write an account of a memorable war in a manner which carries the reader captive and forces him while he is under the spell to adopt the theories and the sympathies, the heroes and the hatreds of his author; to throw a glow of humour over long solemn negotiations; to invest with a dramatic life and clearness a tangled succession of ambassadors, and missions, and notes, and manifestoes; to draw a likeness with a few rapid touches; to describe a battle with all the vividness and reality of an eye-witness, together with the elaborate polish and the beautiful imagery and all the arts and effects at the command of an accomplished writer: for an historian to attempt all this, and to succeed passingly well, is, as some critics would persuade us, to commit a dangerous error. It is the danger, however, which every man encounters who places his literary standard high and refuses to range below it.

A more dispassionate criticism than the living generation can deliver must determine whether or not Mr. Kinglake has established an historical reputation; but no doubt can remain of his literary powers, and the extent to which they have added to the fame of his work. His style, though now and then it may degenerate into mannerism, and one might wish that a pen had been passed through some tiresome repetitions, and that the sentences had been cast into a form which does not necessitate the constant recurrence of the impersonal 'men say,' and similar expressions, is singularly free from ordinary blemishes. It is eminently direct and clear, and free from allusions, and is brilliant without being antithetical. He has written with strong national sympathies, and his language corresponds: both the structure of his sentences and the roots and the formation of his words are sound, vigorous English. It is not infected with the taint which pervades so much of the public writing of the present day; it is studiously kept free from bits of Latin, and Americanisms, and, what is more creditable, for in one chapter the temptation must have been pressing, scraps of French, and all those polyglot vices which, more than anything else, are corrupting the purity of the English tongue. To say that the book is carefully and grammatically written would be almost as far short of the truth as to call it slipshod and hasty; for it is put together with

such art and elaboration, the rhythm of the periods has been so admirably proportioned, and their structure so exquisitely polished, that many chapters rise almost into a prose epic. There is hardly a sentence which does not bear the trace of having been touched and touched again; and the result of this is, that in one part the book reads with the natural cadence of fine poetry, in another it palls upon the ear from its sustained artificial polish. With a writer of a less cultivated ear and less refined taste, this unswerving elaboration would become altogether wearisome. And even here we should welcome a more simple and natural narrative. An occasional page of positive dullness, the detection of a common-place epithet or a superfluous particle, would give a little breathing-time to break the tedium of the march of his stately periods. In finishing off a sentence with some ludicrous bathos, or in piercing the object of his hatred with some quiet cutting thrust of satire, or in painting in magnificent colours the movements of armies or the charge of troops, Mr. Kinglake most of all excels. At times, his style becomes magniloquent and a world too wide for the attenuated events and personages which it is clothing; but when the dignity of his subject requires a corresponding framework of words for its setting, he is fully equal to the occasion. The march of the Allies from Old Fort to the banks of the Bulganak is a master-piece in this way:—

‘Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer’s day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly along the hills. . . . In each of the close massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than 5,000 foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and except at the spots where our horsemen were marching, there was nothing but air and sunshine, and at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless lulling sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere form of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the slow monotonous unit of strength which walks the modern earth when empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.’

The description of the battle of the Alma abounds in passages of similar beauty. The charge of the Light Brigade into the

great Redoubt, and the duel of the 7th Fusiliers with the Russian Kazan column, are instances of the same vivid colouring, lighting up the same real picture of actual war. An account of a battle, if it goes at all into detail, is necessarily disjointed. The 250 pages at the end of the second volume manifest this want of unity; but the gain of clearness, and of positive knowledge how a battle is fought and won, of what separate regiments had to do and did, how individual men conduct themselves in moments of danger, and in what way they really kill their enemies, more than compensate for the frequent breaks and digressions and episodes.

Mr. Kinglake has not needlessly multiplied detail or incident, nor has he been content with drawing out an indistinct and conventional battle-scene, in which the smoke and the intricate evolutions of the armies and the crash of the conflict altogether obscure the action, and any insight into the manner in which it is fought. But by dwelling for a while upon the movements of separate brigades, and by passing from one part of the field to the other, by introducing occasionally marked feats of individual prowess, he has contrived to give a dramatic and personal interest to what might otherwise have been a confused collection of high-sounding martial sentences, or a bare technical report of military tactics. From the opening of the Russian cannonade, from which 'at first no one fell; but presently an artilleryman, riding in front of his gun, bent forward his head, handled the reins with a convulsive grasp, and then uttering a loud, inarticulate sound, fell dead; and the sight was so strange to the young soldiers near, that they imagined their comrade had fallen down in a fit'—till the closing decisive charge of the Highland Brigade, when 'smoothly, easily, swiftly, the 42nd seemed to glide up the hill,' and 'on its left the fiery 93rd came storming over the crest,' 'and above the swell of ground on the left near the 93rd, yet another array of the tall bending plumes began to rise up in a ceaseless line, stretching far into the east; and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward;' and till the finishing stroke, when the 'slaughter that is wrought by artillery upon retreating masses was all that remained to be fulfilled;' throughout the struggle, Mr. Kinglake never lets his readers or his story flag. It is a great thing to have got a narrative of a modern battle, which makes no circumlocution to avoid military terms, and is yet intelligible to civilians; and which is so managed, that while all sanguinary details of slaughter and death, all that is merely shocking and revolting, is passed over, the writer never forgets that amid the pomp of war and the passions of the fight, it is a

battle he is writing of, in which human beings are being struck down on every side, maimed, and pierced, and shattered; which appeals to the loftier tragic feelings without descending to satisfy that morbid curiosity which longs to listen to all the horrifying effects of cannon-balls or bayonet-thrusts.

While paying a high tribute to Mr. Kinglake's literary powers, we do not mean to speak with unqualified admiration of the use to which he has put them. A later part of our subject will supply an occasion for referring to instances of abuse by which his great gifts are almost neutralized. At present we are concerned only with the literary art, and the fine, graceful, polished, sparkling diction of which he is the master. The Crimean war is a subject so complete and with so strong a hold upon the minds and memories of the present generation as to offer a rare opportunity to any writer who could appropriate it. Mr. Kinglake has seized and brought out the unity and completeness of his theme. His fondness for tracing events up to their immediate cause, and for investing his characters with dramatic passions, has involved the necessity of endowing those upon whom rested the origin and the management of the war with dominating resistless wills. As Napoleon, as Lord Palmerston, as Lord Stratford, as Sir R. Airey willed, so followed the course of events, and to them all beings of weaker volition bowed down and obeyed. The way in which this belief of the irresistible action of mind upon mind pervades the book, gives it much of a poetic character. In this light many seem inclined to regard it. But whether posterity shall judge it to be a romance founded upon fact, or a veracious but fallible history, it will continue to be read as a work which has raised the standard of pure English writing in the present generation.

Among the many causes which have created a vigorous animosity against the book, the most exciting one is the episode which treats of the antecedents of the French Emperor. Louis Napoleon has so securely established his personal authority and possibly even his dynasty; he takes into his mouth so readily the words of a man whom a kindly disposition and deliberate preference would lead to govern constitutionally, but whom the stern exigencies of his position and the undeveloped political capacities of his people compel now and then to play the tyrant; he stands at the present time so manifestly the foremost man in Europe, and has behaved in the main so fairly towards this country, that people are apt to forget there was a period when a French alliance and an intimate connexion with the French Emperor were regarded with mistrust if not aversion. It is one of the attributes of a powerful minister to be able to force the nation to sanction and to adopt his schemes. The popularity

of Lord Palmerston has accustomed men to acquiesce in this his favourite measure; for it is idle to deny that the alliance was his work.

It is distasteful to most men to have questions upon which they have long ago come to a decision reopened; and to be told that for nine and a half years they have been aiding and abetting the personal ambition of a knot of disreputable conspirators, and bringing dishonour upon the name of their Queen and the moral position of their country. When a country neighbourhood has made up its mind, not without anxious thought and many mental reservations saving its dignity, to be civil to a new neighbour about whom no one knows anything, and he is discovered to be a presentable being after all, and then after a few years of social and rather friendly intercourse, there starts up some pestilent fellow with a long memory and a free choice of language and no compunction, to tell his neighbours that they have been grossly good-natured, for their new friend is an affluent pawnbroker, who having spent the greater part of his life in cajoling men out of their money, has devoted the rest to cajoling them out of their exclusiveness, every one of them is sure to vote their informant a bore and a meddler, to deny his information to his face, and impute all sorts of underhand motives to him behind his back. Nothing in this world is so disagreeable and intrusive as the whole truth; and no friend is so insufferable as a very candid one. So when Mr. Kinglake, with much bitter invective, with merciless research, and with all the literary gifts at his command, has laid bare the antecedents of the French Emperor and his colleagues, he raises at once a storm of angry opposition; not because he has maliciously falsified history, but because he has outrageously disturbed the convictions into which men, wilfully ignoring the past, had suffered their opinions to settle. Upon a mind tossed about with hesitation no relief can be found so grateful as a strong unquestioning decision; but when a man after much distraction has selected and kept true to a certain course of conduct, nothing is more provoking than to have all the reasons for the opposite course collected together and pressed upon his notice. For many years the English nation has been congratulating itself upon the French alliance, and now it is irritating to be reminded of what they had chosen to ignore, that all this while they have been glorying in that which in the 'eyes of the mistaken world has given the sanction of the 'Queen's pure name to the acts of the December night and to 'Thursday the day of blood.'

Upon the political importance or expediency of the French alliance we do not now wish to enter. Its value is recognised by both the great parties of the day: and in obedience to that

inexplicable law which unites opposites, and which by an odd bond of sympathy seems to draw the Americans towards Russia, and so many of the extreme liberals at home towards any abnormal development of despotic power which may present itself, especially noticeable in the liberal patronage of Federal tyranny, it is one of the favourite articles in the political creed of the Radical section. This remarkable unanimity is a tribute doubtless to the value of the alliance, and an unmistakable exponent of the feeling of the country, but it somewhat hampers those who adhere to it. For when any one of sufficient power to make his voice heard comes forward to denounce the course which all parties, whatever may have been the opinions to which they have previously been committed, have thought it advisable to support; then comes the necessity of answering and discrediting him. It is most provoking to be forced to reconsider the grounds upon which, with some little sacrifice of consistency, a position has been taken up and maintained against all comers for many years. Hence, a man who undertakes to write a formal history of events so recent that the passions which they excited have hardly yet subsided, and the results of which are not yet matured, must look to encounter contradiction to which party bias and political pledges contribute much.

Many maintain it to be a radical error to begin with, to set out upon such a task, because any one who has sufficiently thrown himself into his subject, to be able to undertake it, must inevitably have contracted prejudices and antipathies, and whether consciously or not, must be only sitting down to work out premises to a foregone conclusion. The difficulties we admit, but not the inference which is drawn from them. Contemporary history loses in impartiality what it gains in vividness of colouring and accuracy of detail; it is less comprehensive, but more minute; it lays aside its judicial character and assumes one of an actor or a spectator. The historian of the present or of the immediate past stands on a level with his subject, and from the nature of his position miscalculates the relative sizes of things around him, magnifies the nearest, diminishes the more remote, and beholds all through the hazy discoloured atmosphere in which he lives: but he who writes of the distant past takes up a station above his subject, and looks down upon it from thence, and though distance gives indistinctness to his view, and the eye cannot catch much which it passes over, yet surveying the entire scene with a calm criticising gaze, he is able to give to every object its due prominence.

The Crimean war represents the weaknesses and the advantages of either position. Mr. Kinglake's remarkable chapter on the last French revolution, which more than any other part, has stamped the entire work, is made up partly of a searching ac-

count of the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, and partly of an unsparing, severe, bitter examination into the past lives and the conduct of the French Emperor and his followers. The former is a matter of history, and can be related and weighed, and if necessary, condemned as well now as a generation hence; the character of the latter must be determined upon their whole career, not from a single passage in it. But because Napoleon has governed his country with a strong hand, and stands so prominent before Europe, and has made offensive alliances and commercial treaties with us which have not been unprosperous, a writer who recalls circumstances in his pre-imperial existence which we should be mutually willing to leave in oblivion, stirs up a blaze; and this part of his book comes to be criticised, not on the ground of its veracity, its research, or its literary powers, but almost entirely with reference to the question whether it was politic or fair, or even prudent, to publish it. It is called a 'mischievous book;' the personage most concerned is said to have styled it 'ignoble,' a quality of mind with which the Imperial Critic may be supposed to be familiar; it is asked, 'what man or system it has served?' and its incidents are judged, not according to the preponderance of truth or falsehood in them, but on the ground of their gravity or absurdity. Now, taking it for granted that the exigencies of the new Emperor's position required him to embark upon a foreign campaign, and considering the insatiable desire for glory which possesses the French nation, and the cause and traditions which were supposed to be incarnate in his name, and the necessity he felt of 'piling up events' between him and the past, and the moral support which a close and exclusive alliance with England would give him, and especially considering the comment which the restlessness of the Emperor's foreign policy has since afforded to the famous Bordeaux proclamation, for the army has never been idle, and all its wars, including the sanguinary Italian campaign, have been equally aggressive—it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he was one of the main instigators of the Crimean war. Conceive two nations under these circumstances: one, with the people averse to disturb things as they are, with a Ministry divided and its chief an open partisan of peace, and eventually drifting into war upon intricate diplomatic grounds; the other, with the people eager for a campaign, with all the ruling power centred in one man, and he driven by every motive past and present, political and personal, to move out of his isolation into a closer confederacy with an ally, and that confederacy only to be cemented by war, and possessed of an untiring perseverance and a resolute will to work out his ends. Can any one reasonably doubt that when an alliance was formed, and war was proclaimed, the

individual will of that ruler, actuated by whatever purposes, was one of the most prevailing causes of the war which ensued?

Mr. Kinglake has offered one explanation of these purposes; and if his theory leads him back to transactions which we and France would wish forgotten, it is not he who is to blame nor his theory, but those who were the doers of deeds which they now shrink from hearing of. Had this chapter appeared ten years ago, it would have been received by the majority of the English people and by the Legitimists and Republicans of France as a well-merited castigation of the perpetrators of a great crime. But English feeling, or a considerable portion of it, has undergone a change, and those who assume to guide it would now persuade us that the nature and character of an act of the past has changed too. Every great political transaction, equally with the act of an individual, must be judged by the intentions and motives of the actor, not upon grounds of expediency or of contingent results; these latter may mitigate, they may not reverse, the condemnation of the historian. 'The treason which was wrought on the 2nd December may produce or accelerate a better order of things, but nothing can excuse the traitor.' Such was the sentence pronounced immediately after the President and his coadjutors had overthrown the Constitution, by a journal which would now have us believe that because the story of their treason has been retold, certainly without any sympathy or palliation, the traitors 'become, from bad men who should be objects of our hatred, martyrs and victims to be pitied!' The contingency which was then contemplated has come to pass: order and strong government prevail in France, but does that end justify those who, not from any disinterested love of their country, but for their personal aggrandizement, wrought such a deed as the December revolution? Granting full weight to the alternative which was imminent, had Louis Napoleon not imperilled his fair fame to save society, the treason and the perjury still cling to his name; in his hands are still the treasures and the boundless resources of his country; and beneath his feet yet lies prostrate the freedom and the intellect of France.

What that alternative was can be best expressed in the words with which M. de Montalembert gave in his adherence to the new state of things: 'To vote for Louis Napoleon is not to approve of all that he has done; it is to choose between him and the total ruin of France; it is not to say that his government is that which we prefer to every other; it is simply to declare that we prefer a prince who has given such proofs of resolution and cleverness to those persons who are now showing their principles of revolution and murder. Elsewhere

'I see only the gaping gulf of victorious socialism.' There are not wanting men who do more than insinuate that this dread of the gaping gulf was propagated and worked upon by the adherents of the President, and that the 'crisis of 1852,' which he averted, was an imaginary phantom generated in the scheming brains of the clique at the Elysée. But be the provocation and the excuse what they may, nothing can excuse the prostitution of religion in devoting a solemn national thanksgiving in honour of those who had reduced France to such a state as this—we quote from the same journal which now, in courageous, if not insolent, contrast to its former judgment, is ready to forget the events of that time:—'All the institutions of the 'country overthrown, all constitutional authority dissolved, the 'streets of Paris a human slaughter-house, innocent strolling 'spectators in public walks and at drawing-room windows 'wantonly massacred, hundreds of the most honourable and 'eminent men of the nation imprisoned like felons!' These evils, grievous as they undoubtedly were, may have been more tolerable than others impending, but it is worse than unreasonable now to pretend, after a decade of quiet years, that they were not evils, and the worst of political sins. And no one can fail to sympathize in the interests of morality and religion, with this burst of indignation, provoked by the impious attempt to stamp them with the sanction of Heaven:—

'On the 20th day, computed from the night of the 2nd December, the rays of 12,000 lamps pierced the thick wintry fog that clogged the morning air, and shed their difficult light through the nave of the historic pile which stands marking the lapse of ages and the strange chequered destiny of France. There waiting, there were the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Roman branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. These bishops, priests, and deacons stood, thus expecting, because they claimed to be able to conduct the relations between man and his Creator, and the swearer of the oath of the 20th December had deigned to apprise them that again, with their good leave, he was coming into the "presence of God." And he came. . . . When the Church perceived that the swearer of the oath and all his associates were ready, she began her services. Having robes whereon all down the back there was embroidered the figure of a cross, and being, it would seem, without fear, the bishops and priests went up to the high altar, and scattered rich incense, and knelt and rose, and knelt and rose again. Then, in the hearing of thousands, there pealed through the aisles that hymn of praise which purports to waft into heaven the thanksgivings of a whole people for some new and signal mercy vouchsafed to them by Almighty God. It was because of what had been done in France within the last thirty days that the hosannas rose in Notre Dame. Moreover, the priests lifted their voices, and cried aloud, chanting and saying to the most High, "Domine, salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem"—"O Lord! save Louis Napoleon." What is good and what is evil? And who is he that deserves the prayers of a nation? If any man being scrupulous and devout was moved by the events of December to ask these questions of his Church, he was answered that day in the Cathedral of our Lady of Paris.'

The strong anti-Gallic sentiments which pervade Mr. Kinglake's book, and especially the unsparing fashion in which the Emperor

and his adherents are handled, we believe to be the main causes of the violent antagonism which it has provoked. Of the degree of reliance to be placed upon the account of the French Revolution, we have not spoken. In its main facts it is unassailable; and its details are such that absolute truth is not to be obtained. Nothing, for instance, is proverbially so slippery and fluctuating as an estimate of probable numbers. With all the evidence of impartial eye-witnesses, with every facility of inquiry, and with no obstacles raised by any interested in concealing the truth, it would be literally impossible for one to obtain an exact list of those who were killed in the New York riots a month or two ago. So it need hardly be matter of astonishment that so much discrepancy should exist between the various estimates formed under every conceivable difficulty, of the French citizens who perished by actual slaughter in the streets of Paris, or on board the hulks, or in the pestilent swamps of Cayenne, ten years back. The 'Quarterly' at the time thought it not improbable that the number of killed was 2,400, 'to say nothing of thousands of prisoners and thousands transported.' At present the same Review adopts the more moderate calculation of 191. If the French alliance continues another ten years, the notion that certain persons were shot in the streets of Paris on December 4th, 1851, will have become one of those myths which enlightened historical criticism has altogether exploded. The exact truth never will be known; all computations are only more or less remote approximations to it; and any estimate, however wild, if based upon legitimate evidence, may speak much for the credulity, but cannot discredit the veracity of any writer.

So with respect to the obloquy which Mr. Kinglake has brought upon himself by his allusions to the defects in the Emperor's personal courage. The matter has been much exaggerated, and, after all, is only one of opinion, not admitting of any specific or absolute determination. The charge is, that with much coolness and endurance, and with every variety of passive courage, the Emperor has not the dash nor the spirit to carry him through a desperate adventure; it is suggested, after a psychological analysis of his temperament, and a careful comparison of the results with his public career, that he is wanting in that brilliant audacity, that high animal daring, which 'belongs to a true king of men in the hour of danger.' The same might be said, with perfect truth, of ninety-nine men out of every hundred, but the world does not call them cowards; they pass through life with a reputation for a fair amount of bravery, because they are not thrown into such exceptional circumstances that that highest development of courage, personal recklessness combined with unshaken presence of mind, is needed. It is one thing for a man to rush wilfully

with eyes open into almost hopeless danger; another thing for him to sit still when danger is thrust upon him, and pass through the crisis without reproach, or even with credit. And it is a fair inference from events, which only positive evidence upon the other side can overthrow, that Louis Napoleon, together with an overwhelming majority of his fellow men, can command the latter, but not the former class of courage.

It is to be regretted that a writer who has sacrificed his popularity by declaring himself the antagonist of a man and a policy which so many of his countrymen are delighting to honour, had not rendered his position less easily assailable by a little caution and self-control. Not only right feeling, but ordinary propriety and literary correctness are thrust aside in order to point a sarcasm, or pierce an adversary with a more biting taunt. The truth is often only discovered through the assiduous application which personal animosity instigates; but in the eyes of impartial observers, it looks more like the truth, and is more readily accepted as such, when the antipathy of its promulgator is less obtrusive. Allowing the antecedents of the coadjutors of the French Emperor to be as disreputable as is asserted, they have been many years the representatives of France, and by the state fiction which has no knowledge of the way they attained their position, are entitled to the ordinary courtesy which one great nation accords to the representatives of another. In all grave and responsible writing, it is customary, in introducing living men, to affix some title to their names, except in the case of reigning sovereigns. And this custom is only departed from in favour of some who are supposed to have established their fame firmly and irrevocably before their death, as men speak of Tennyson, and used to speak of Wellington and Macaulay; or else with a view to studied contempt. We cannot but think that Mr. Kinglake has frustrated his own purpose in descending to such insults, and others like them. For a writer who has such keen and fatal weapons of legitimate literary warfare ready at hand, it is not only an offence against good taste, but an error of judgment, to make derisive allusions to the personal appearance of the objects of his attack, or bring them upon his page with the appendage of a nickname. Mr. Carlyle first gave way to the practice of nicknaming in his historical portraiture: and it is to be regretted that Mr. Kinglake, whose diction is singularly free from vicious elements, should have followed such a fantastic model.

By covering with pungent and taunting abuse the victims of his aversion, and by moulding in heroic proportions and investing with romantic attributes the persons of those whom he is pleased to favour, and through never shrinking from anatomizing

the characters of his contemporaries, he has given a personal tinge to his whole history; he has failed in that highest literary art of merging himself in his work: his likes and dislikes are always on the surface; and the freewill of the reader, disdaining to be bound by any shackles however bright, revolts and breaks loose from his guidance altogether. If Lord Stratford or Sir R. Airey had been less idealized, or Marshal St. Arnaud or M. de Maupas less ridiculed, the gain in positive accuracy might have been little, but no one's compassion would have been excited, and no one's tendency to rebel against infallible characters would have been provoked, and the whole work would have been criticised more dispassionately, and more upon its own merits.

No one expected much solemnity or reverence, or much sympathy with sacred places, or pilgrimages, or outward devotion in any form, from the author of 'Eöthen.' We cannot conceal from ourselves that the state of religion in the Holy Land is not such as to command the admiration of even a more severe writer. Yet, with every indulgence for an author who only touches upon ecclesiastical differences incidentally, and because his theme forces them upon him, there is much in his later work at which religious minds will take offence. Mr. Kinglake's volumes would have been more gratefully received, if he had shown more consideration for that vast number of his countrymen whose hearts are stirred, and whose faith is quickened, by influences of whose existence he appears to have little conception. His chapters on the Holy Places contain much that is attractive, and many very beautiful passages. In no part does he wilfully shock us: what we complain of as helping to mar the many high gifts which the book manifests, is the light and scornful tone on religious topics which pervades it.

Another ground of prejudice and antagonism is one which could not have been obviated. It is an inconceivable thought to a soldier that a civilian can understand campaigning, or the constitution of armies. Partly from this ineradicable jealousy on the part of military men, and partly from the confused notion which any individual officer has of an entire fight in which he takes part, and of what is going on at the same time in parts of the field remote from himself, the historian of a battle, more especially if his own profession is a civil one, must reckon on meeting a host of hostile critics. The impressions left by the same conflict upon different men who fought in it, are necessarily diverse, often contradictory. So doubtless it is in perfect good faith that the facts of the historian are assaulted; but so long as the world lasts, the details of a well-fought field will be matter of endless dispute.

We have dwelt at some length upon the chapter which is taken up with what is called 'a singular passage in the domestic history of France,' because it is that which has excited the most notice and the most opposition. Other parts of the book have been equally canvassed, ridiculed, and pronounced incredible, but they are only detached incidents. We have not entered upon the wider field of Mr. Kinglake's historical veracity. Whether his theories are sound, and his assertions accurate,—whether the irrepressible zeal of the Russian people and the ambition of the Czar, or the personal exigencies of the new French Emperor and his friends, whether the indecision of the English Cabinet and the imprudence of its chief, or the extravagance of the peace party, or the inherent pugnacity of the English, preponderated among the causes which brought on the war—we have not concerned ourselves. Nor have we followed him through the battle of the Alma, and endeavoured to moderate between conflicting accounts. We may mention, by the way, that Mr. Kinglake has not signified his intention of making a hero of Lord Raglan; and if, as is asserted, Lord Raglan left his own troops, and galloped into the midst of the enemy's lines, led, not by any deliberate purpose, but by a golden chance and by a soldier's ardour, to the place where the fight was thickest—it is a matter of fact whether he did so or not, and Mr. Kinglake, who rode by his side, had the best means of knowing the truth. It is no contradiction of it to retort that it detracts from Lord Raglan's generalship. Nor have we attempted to hold the balance between the assailants and defenders of controverted statements. The dispute about the wilful or accidental displacement of the buoy which marked the landing-grounds of the two fleets of transports, is yet undecided; and, though there is the evidence of principals on either side, seems likely to remain so. So with respect to the curious incident of the Ministers falling asleep during the reading of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch. It cannot be rejected solely on the ground of its absurdity or improbability. Mr. Kinglake says deliberately, 'I know the truth, and I learnt it under circumstances which gave me a full right to disclose it;' though in claiming the right, Mr. Kinglake fails to vindicate the propriety or courtesy, of telling the story. Thus it must remain till there is denial of equal emphasis and assurance: and then there comes a conflict of evidence. We have kept clear from such dangerous and inflammable topics, and have contented ourselves with seeking for an explanation of the reception which a remarkable book has met with, and of the reasons why passing politics and the passions and influences of the day have interfered with a calm judgment of its merits.

ART. VIII.—*The Life of the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.* By the REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A., Vicar of Hursley. Oxford. 1863. [*Anglo-Catholic Library.*]

‘It is the prerogative of Christianity to blend and intermingle ‘these two kinds of life’ [the active and the contemplative], ‘and nowhere do they seem more thoroughly blended than in ‘the mind of S. Ephrem.’ What is here said of the Syrian saint by the translator of his *Rhythms* may be repeated concerning the English Bishop whose biography now lies before us. For proof of this statement we need only refer to the concluding volume of his works in the *Anglo-Catholic Library*, which was issued with the *Life*. That portion of it which is entitled ‘*Parochialia*’ is sufficient evidence of Bishop Wilson’s active, while that which is styled ‘*Private Thoughts*’ exhibits his contemplative, character. But the equal balance between action and contemplation, for which Bishop Wilson’s mind seems to us to be remarkable, is not so much to be found by referring to two separate portions of his works, but is rather to be gathered from the whole course of his life and acts. That these should be anew set forth by the faithful pen of the revered Vicar of Hursley, is a fact upon which churchmen may well congratulate themselves. We believe that these volumes close the valuable series of works comprised in the *Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology*. Much as we may regret the omission from the list of some names dear to Anglicans, and which were included in the original prospectus, it is no small cause of thankfulness that it comes to so happy an end as in Mr. Keble’s *Life of the Apostolic Wilson*. All concerned in the publication of this long array of volumes, especially the secretary, Mr. Crawley, are to be congratulated on its successful completion.

The reasons for publishing the lives of men are almost as various as the lives themselves. Some are put forth because of their historical value; some on account of eminence in science or art; some in order to illustrate the literature of a particular period, or a particular class of literature; some for the purpose of holding up for imitation a moral or religious example to mankind. The claims to publication of Bishop Wilson’s *Life* rest upon all these grounds. If we turn to our great histories, ecclesiastical or civil, perhaps we shall be at a loss to know in what the historical value of his life consists, seeing that they make no

mention of his name. But when the reader has reached the end of this interesting biography, he will know that it contains, not merely an accurate record of one diocese for the space of fifty-eight years (the duration of Wilson's episcopate)—no mean contribution towards a really good and comprehensive history of the Anglican Church—which is still a desideratum ; but that it mirrors forth in small, but perfect, detail what Church government—a vastly different thing, we would remark, from the government of the Church, of which there is now enough and to spare—ought to be, and reflects in so late a date as the eighteenth century the idea of spiritual discipline as it was worked out in the first ages.

Its scientific importance may be still harder to discern. But in these days of 'social science' there is no good reason for ignoring a pastoral science; and, admitting that such a science may exist, there cannot be found throughout the annals, certainly of English episcopacy, perhaps of episcopacy generally, a fuller application of it than in Wilson's acts, as there can be no better exposition of it than in his writings. The literary rank of Bishop Wilson can hardly be disputed, if we take the true and philosophical view of literature, and place a man's works according to their usefulness as means to an end, not according to the success they may have achieved as reckoned by editions and 'thousandths.' We have already hinted at the two grounds of claim, either of which would be alone sufficient to fix his position among the standard writers of Anglican theology. In alluding to him as an example of the union betwixt the active and contemplative life, we mentioned his '*Private Thoughts*,' to which we need only add his inestimable '*Sacra Privata*,' not to speak of his '*Maxims of Piety and Morality*,' to make good his title to being esteemed among the first of our devotional writers. In another department, which we have ventured to entitle '*Pastoral Science*,' chiefly his '*Parochialia*,' but also the various charges and pastorals, which appear in the '*Life*,' establish him as *facile princeps*. He was a casuist, but not of the cloister, and so neither theorised above or beside human nature, nor refined away into misty ideas of perfectability. It is a delight to read his pastoral addresses in these days, when 'charges' are more like essays out of episcopal Quarterlies than monitions spoken with a purpose to working clergy upon practical subjects. Their brevity, too, contrasts with the ponderous two-shilling pamphlets which now issue from right reverend authors. And as for matter, though it be no fault of our good bishops, yet Wilson has the undoubted pre-eminence. It was his happy lot to rule a diocese where Church discipline was a reality, and where the vigilant exercise of that discipline gave point and force to his pastorals. He issues precepts in a tone which

demands obedience. It is the misfortune of our spiritual fathers that, for lack of a living system through which their monitions may take effect, they are driven to write essays upon 'National Education,' or 'The Revised Code,' or 'Revivals'; or, worse still, to elaborate vague cautions against Popish errors, or German theology, according to their bent.

What Bishop Wilson is, as a pattern of goodness, will sufficiently appear as we review his 'Life,' to which pleasing task we must now more closely apply ourselves.

Thomas, the sixth child of Nathaniel and Alice Wilson, was born at Burton, near Neston, Cheshire, on the 20th December, 1663. His mother was sister to Dr. Richard Sherlock, author of 'The Practical Christian,' a short life of whom our Bishop wrote, and what he therein says about the parentage of his uncle may be aptly quoted with respect to his own:—'When I have said that he was born of very honest and religious parents, the pious reader will not be offended that he finds nothing more considerable in the account of his family.' Dr. Sherlock influenced his nephew's career both directly and indirectly. He was chaplain to Charles, Earl of Derby, and was sent by him in a commission with another clergyman, Samuel Hinde, to restore and settle the state of the Church in the Isle of Man. Through him, therefore, we may trace Wilson's subsequent connexion with the same noble family, and ultimate appointment to the see of Sodor and Man.

Little is known of Wilson's youth and education. Part of his childhood was spent at Winwick, under Sherlock. Afterwards he went to school at Chester, whence he proceeded to Dublin, where he was entered in May, 1682, at the age of nineteen—late, as things went in those days. Of his university life but scanty records remain. Swift was his contemporary; but there is nothing to show that the two students, whose characters were so utterly unlike in every respect, ever crossed each other's path at Dublin. Wilson took his B.A. in February, 1685-6, and, although wanting six months of the canonical age for deacon's orders, he was, through the influence of his friend, Michael Hewetson, with the Bishop of Kildare, admitted thereto on S. Peter's Day (June 29), 1686, and without a title. At the close of that year he quitted Ireland, and on February 10th, 1686-7, he was licensed by the Bishop of Chester to the curacy of Newchurch, a chapelry in the parish of Winwick, of which Dr. Sherlock was rector. Here he worked out an active and useful diaconate, helped therein, as many pastors have been, by a knowledge of medicine, for the practice of which he was at first intended, and had received some education. In June, 1689, Sherlock died, and in October of the same year Wilson was ordained priest, still retaining the curacy of Winwick, under the

new rector, Thomas Bennet, Fellow, and afterwards Master, of University College, Oxford.

Thus Wilson glided tranquilly into full ministerial work, at a time when political changes of the most important kind were agitating the kingdom. That he should have been wholly unaffected by them was, of course, impossible. Whether he would adhere to the Revolution or not, was a question which came before him, as before all other clergymen, in a definite form for decision. But throughout his whole life his mind appears singularly disinclined to trouble itself about politics. To acknowledge God's good providence in every event, whether public or private, was its constant tendency; and from this a quiet submission to 'the powers that be' followed, without giving him much personal anxiety.

In May, 1692, Winwick once more changed rectors. Dr. Bennet died, and Henry Finch, brother to Lord Nottingham, and afterwards Dean of York, succeeded him in July. In August, Wilson became domestic chaplain to William, Earl of Derby, and tutor to his son, Lord Strange. Thus, a month's curacy under Finch gave rise to an intimate friendship between him and Wilson, which lasted as long as the life of the former; and thus also, the tide in Wilson's affairs, which was to 'lead on to fortune,' came to its flood.

With his duties as chaplain and tutor at Knowsley was combined the mastership of the School at Latham, about twelve miles from Knowsley. This post was almost nominal as regards work to be done, or Wilson's high conscientiousness would not have suffered him to undertake any charge at a distance too remote for its proper performance. His general character in this and other points of conscience will best appear from the following paragraph:—

'At Easter, 1693, he formed and recorded a solemn engagement, dedicating one-fifth of his annual income, then 50*l.*, to pious uses, from the 16th of the following August, contingently, however, on his having paid his "small debts." Very soon after this, his constancy to a former vow was tried by a tempting offer of preferment, as appears by the following memorandum: "1693. My Lord Derby offered me the Living of Baddesworth, in Yorkshire, now vacant, which I refused, being inconsistent with a resolution I had made against non-residence." . . . Baddesworth is in the West Riding, a few miles to the south of Pontefract; and if we may trust "the usual sources of information" on such subjects, the offer, in a worldly point of view, must have been sufficiently attractive to mark very strongly the sense entertained of his merits, at that early period of their connexion, by his noble patron. But it was intended that he should continue at Knowsley as chaplain and tutor until Lord Strange's education was completed. Lord Strange was in his fourteenth year, having been born in 1680; so that in the ordinary course of things the tutorship might be expected to terminate in about six years at most. Even such a temporary dispensation, however, appeared to Wilson incompatible with his pastoral duty;

the rather (as appears by a subsequent memorandum), that it was offered on condition of his giving a bond of resignation, "which," he adds, "I utterly rejected. Blessed be the grace of God!" The exclamation implies, what succeeding events might assure us of, that offers of this sort were, indeed, a severe trial to him at the time.—*Life*, pp. 65-6.

We may well expect that a man whose sense of duty was so high would in time win the confidence and respect of those who employed him. A signal proof of this was given in a case in which nothing less than the loftiest sense of duty could have induced any man to interfere, and which needed extreme delicacy on the one hand, and deep esteem on the other, to avoid a coldness, if not a rupture, between patron and client. Lord Derby's affairs, on account of political troubles and personal extravagance, were greatly involved. Wilson saw this, and (to use the words of his biographer) 'sat himself down to consider before God whether he ought to interfere or no. He helped himself, as usual, by writing; for he seems to have been always one of the many whose thoughts flow more freely, as well as more orderly, when they take their pen in hand. Here is the result, remarkable in every way.' [We extract the 'Reflection' in full, in spite of its length, for obvious reasons]:—

'Reflection upon my present circumstances.'

'Oct. 21, 1696.

'It has pleas'd God to call me out of a family, (wth tho' its honesty and industry by God's blessing has secur'd it from Poverty, yet it's far from being Rich) to a Post, wth my own merits and Prudence could never have brought me to. The several steps I have made to this place have been very extraordinary, and such as plainly appear to have been by y^e direction and goodness of God. From wth I cannot but conclude—

'That since God has thus rais'd me it must certainly be for some wise and good end; and y^t I might be oblig'd by all y^e force of interest and gratitude to do my duty in this state of life to wth I am call'd.

'Tis true it may at first sight appear very hazardous to use y^t liberty and freedom wth may seem necessary to advise and reclaim y^t g^t man whom I serve: But then I am to consider y^t were I really to lose all my expectation as well as w^t I have gotten, I am but where I was wⁿ God at first shew'd me His fav^r. Nay, my education will still set me above my Father's house.

'But this is not w^t I oh^t to fear; for cannot God who rais'd me without my self, cannot He raise me, or keep me up tho' my ruin should be designed and attempted?

'And perhaps it may never come to this; for who knows but God may give a blessing to my honest endeavours? and then I'm sure it will be y^e greatest Advantage as well as Hon^r of my whole life; and an ease to my Soul all my days. And if he only falles out wth me and discharges me his family, I have y^e Glory and Satisfaction of having done a g^t good work.

'Now if I neglect this wth I take to be my duty, or for fear or danger or any temporal consideration put it off in hopes of a bett^r occasion, I may justly expect y^t God, who rais'd me (it may be for this very purpose) when I am found so backward in His service, will level me wth the meanest of my fath^r's house; my fortune is in His hand entirely, and He y^could find

a way to raise me without myself, can find out a way to ruin me in spite of my best endeavours.

‘And since in my conscience I know y^t I have not y^e least pretence to w^t I enjoy, but all is owing to His Providence and goodness, I am His debtor for it; and I have no other way of making a return, but by doing my duty honestly, and leaving y^e event to God.

‘And may y^e Eternal Goodness inspire me wth a resolution answerable to this good and g^d designe; may no weak and cowardly apprehensions fright me from my duty: may I fear Him only Who has power over my soul as well as body to destroy y^m both, if I am disobedient to y^e Heavenly Command. Inspire me (O God) with a zeal and courage becoming my profession, y^t I may Rebuke vice boldly and discountenance wickedness wherever I find it, and be jealous for Thy Glory in the Presence of y^e greatest men on Earth. And above all, O Lord Almighty, make me to do some good in this station in w^{ch} by Thy Providence is my present Lot; y^t when Thou shalt please to remove me (wheth^r for y^e better or y^e worse Thy will be done) I may not repent of having done nothing w^{ch} Thou requirest of me. Grant this, O my Great and bountiful Lord and Mas^r, for y^e sake of Jesus X^t. Amen.’—Pp. 69, 70.

His uncle, Dr. Sherlock, had been impelled by the same high sense of duty to act in like manner in exactly similar circumstances, when chaplain to Sir R. Bindlosse.¹ This example was a great help to Wilson in supporting his moral courage, and the effort had a similar happy result. He broached the delicate subject in a letter which he handed to the Earl; and the effect was not merely a kindly acknowledgment of the well-meant interference, but a wise compliance with its counsel.

But all the lesser duties in which Wilson had been hitherto engaged were but leading up to the great work which had evidently been designed for him in the Divine counsels. The see of Sodor and Man was vacated by the death of Bishop Levinz, in 1693. Either from the negligence of Lord Derby (who was the patron), or from press of other affairs, or, more likely still, from a difficulty in finding a man fitted to govern this ill-paid and little-honoured diocese, the bishopric remained vacant till 1697. The vacancy would no longer be endured by the Metropolitan (Archbishop Sharp of York), or by the King at his instance. The end of it was, that the Earl offered the bishopric to, pressed it upon, thrust it upon, his chaplain, whose genuine *nolo episcopari* made all these efforts necessary to gain his acceptance of it. On January 16, 1697, Wilson was consecrated at the Savoy Church, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

Before we follow this good Bishop into the great work which he carried on in the Isle of Man for upwards of half a century, it will be well to notice two subjects, namely, the peculiar civil government of, and the state of Church Discipline in, the island, in order that we may understand what had to be done, and what Wilson did, in his diocese.

¹ See Wilson's ‘Short Account of Dr. Sherlock.’ Works, vol. vii. pp. 275-6.

The form of government in the Isle of Man is much the same now as it was in our Bishop's time, with the exception that it is no longer a petty sovereignty appertaining to some noble house, but is permanently vested in the British Crown. This cession was completed in 1825, when the Lords of the Treasury purchased what interest still remained in the Athol family, for 416,000*l*.¹ The government resides in the Sovereign, the Council, and the Keys. The Council consists of the Governor, or his lieutenant, the Bishop, the Archdeacon, two Vicars-General, the Receiver-General, the Comptroller, the Water-Bailiff, the Attorney-General, [the Clerk of the Rolls, and the two Deemsters].² The Keys, twenty-four in number, are the House of Commons. They join with the Council in making laws, and with the Deemsters in interpreting them, from which latter function their title 'Keys,' as unlocking the difficulties of the law, is derived. The two Deemsters are civil judges, who *deem* causes brought before them, of the value of 40*s*. They are the chief-justices of the island, and divide it into two portions, the northern and the southern. The Deemster who has jurisdiction over the north, has his court at Ramsey; he who presides over the south, at Douglas. The Court of Tynwald (or Tynwald),³ of which frequent mention is made in the course of Bishop Wilson's life, is a great open-air assembly of all these powers—the Council, the Keys, and the Deemsters—held on a hill near the middle of the island. At this meeting all persons are supposed to be present, and consequently to be bound by whatever is enacted thereat. Such, in brief, is the Manx constitution and government, so far as a knowledge of them is necessary for understanding the life before us.⁴

And now we come to a subject which, more than any other external to himself, made Bishop Wilson's episcopacy remarkable. Into the general question of Church discipline it is no part of our duty to enter now, further than to contrast its defunct condition in all other parts of the Anglican communion, with its vigorous life in the diocese of Man during the greater part, at least, of Wilson's episcopate. This contrast he himself has drawn very pointedly in his sermon on 'The Suppression of Vice and Impiety, the Duty of Persons in Authority,' preached before the Court of Tynwald, in 1728, when his troubles with Governor Horton were in full career:—

¹ Lewis' Topographical Dictionary, *sub voc.*

² Bishop Wilson in his 'History of the Isle of Man' does not mention these officers, as of the Council, whom we have bracketted.

³ From a Danish word *ting*, a 'court of justice,' and *wald*, 'fenced.' (Wilson).

⁴ In this sketch, although we speak in the present tense, we are describing things as they were in Bishop Wilson's time.

'The Church of England (in her Office of Communion) passionately wishes, *That this godly discipline may be restored; that notorious sinners may be put to open penance, and punished in this world, that their souls may be saved in the day of the Lord; and that others, admonished by their example, may be more afraid to offend.*

'This Church [in the Isle of Man], and God be praised for it! is in possession of this discipline in some good measure; and if, through the malice of the Devil, and the perverseness of men, it has not always those saving effects which we could wish, and do pray for, this is no more an objection against the discipline of the Church, than it is against Christianity itself, or any of its ordinances, which are too often abused by wicked men.'—*Serm. l. Works, ii. p. 547.*

It is very singular, and makes the contrast all the more striking, that when Bishop Wilson was energetically carrying on a system of Church discipline, very complete in its theory, and very thorough in its practice, Dr. Nathaniel Marshall published (1714) his *Penitential Discipline of the Primitive Church*, the best book we have in English upon the subject. And when we read in Marshall such remarks as these—'Discipline is a thing so little known to us;' 'I had long considered and lamented the difference between the ancient and present state of the Penitential Discipline;' 'The external discipline of repentance . . . hath lain a great while under gross neglects;'—and many like passages that might be quoted; and when we also observe that the general tenor of his fourth chapter (wherein he propounds 'Seven Things' towards the revival of the Primitive Discipline) is for establishing an order and system similar to what was at that very time in full work in the diocese of Man, we are astonished to recollect how near at hand was such a model as Marshall desired, and how entirely ignorant, so far as anything in his book may show, he was of its existence.

The reasons why discipline should have retained its force and vigour in Man, while in England it had died down to a solitary regret for its loss, and despair, rather than hope, of its restoration, expressed in the Communion Office, are obvious and sufficient. They are to be found in the circumstances of the diocese, in the dispositions of the people, and in the political constitution of the island.

The diocese was the only one, of all the dioceses in the Anglican Church, which, on account of its smallness in area

* Bishop Wilson's distinction of the Manx Church from the English Church is curious. It had a show of reason in it. For the bishop was appointed by the Lord of Man, not by the English sovereign, and he voted (as he now does) in the Council of the Isle, not in the English Parliament, where, however, he has an honorary seat. Moreover we may conclude from the text that the Communion Service was not among the offices used in the Diocese of Man in Wilson's time. But these facts (except the last) only go to show that the Church in Man was attached to a different State from the Church in England. Ecclesiastically, Man was only a diocese of the Anglican Church in the Province of York.

and population, could be administered pastorally. Other bishops find hard work enough, and scarce time enough, to discharge the functions peculiar to their office. Ordinations, confirmations, consecrations, leave small margin for a more personal and intimate acquaintance with their laity. The word 'visitation' has, we might almost say, changed sides as to the application of its meaning; and, instead of signifying that the bishop visits his clergy, it practically means, that the clergy visit their bishop. But the bishop of Man is a happy exception even now, with a population of 52,469 souls (nearly four times as large as in Wilson's day, and clergy numbering forty-six in all); and his see may serve as a pattern, as to extent of jurisdiction, of what the most ardent advocate for the increase of the episcopate would desire as a model diocese. Of the extent and labour of the see of Man, we can give the best idea in Mr. Keble's words:—

'The whole population of the island could not have exceeded 14,000: at least we are told that when Bishop Wilson was publishing his "short and exact" account of the island, twenty-eight years after this, the clergy by his order returned the population, and it came to 13,971 souls. These were dispersed over a space (speaking roughly) of thirty miles by ten or twelve: the extreme length of the island, from the Point of Ayre on the north-east to the Sound of the Calf on the south-west, being thirty-three miles, and the greatest breadth, from Douglas to Peel, about twelve miles. And a glance at the map will show that Bishop's Court, although by no means in the centre of the Diocese, is so situated as to make it easy for a good horseman in the prime of life, such as Wilson then was, to visit any one of his seventeen parishes (for there were and are no more),¹ transact business, and return, within the day, even in the then condition of the Manks roads and appliances for travelling: as he himself notices in his brief History of the Island. Accordingly he set himself a rule from the beginning to let no Sunday pass without doing some public ministerial work somewhere or other on the Island, which to him, as to many who have come after him, was as one large parish. Of this unusual intimacy between the Bishops of Man and their flock, unhappily impossible in the enormous dioceses of England, there is a token which meets every traveller's eye,—the circumstance, namely, that each parish church has a throne or seat for the Bishop. It is a regular part of the church furniture as much as the font or the pulpit.'—Pp. 125-6.

Even supposing people were agreed that discipline ought to be restored, it is certain that its restoration would be impracticable in the present overgrown state of the dioceses. Its necessarily personal nature makes it as impossible in the existing state of things as the minute mode of taxation, which obtains in thinly-populated countries, like Sweden and Norway, would be among our tens of millions.

Of the thoroughly pastoral character of Bishop Wilson's

¹ The benefices are now returned at thirty-one, the increase arising from the sub-division of parishes.

ministry in his diocese, Mr. Keble gives several interesting examples. (See pp. 134-6.) One may be quoted by the way. The abundance of his alms in proportion to his means, and the regularity with which he kept up the proportion as his means increased, are bright facts often meeting us in the reading of his life. In distributing his alms to the poor who craved at his door, his habitual exactness was shown by keeping a book, which he called *Matricula Pauperum*, in which he entered the names and circumstances of the applicants, from the notes which they were required to bring from their respective ministers. By this means he came to know the condition of the poor all through the island.

Another advantage on the side of Church discipline lay in the character and disposition of the Manx people. Mr. Keble ascribes this disposition to the race of which they are sprung. They are Celts, and the 'Celtic races have been more disposed 'to receive and retain religious impressions with a sort of child-like faith—to believe in the mysterious and supernatural; to 'submit themselves to such as come among them with anything 'like credentials from above—than the more "practical" Saxon 'or Teutonic family.' This ethnological reason is good so far as it goes, but it does not entirely account for the fact. It should be added, that this small Celtic settlement was fenced in by nature from all interference from without. It occupied an island so small in area, that the few pursuits in which the inhabitants were engaged bound them together in a close bond of common interests, unenfeebled by the influence which remoteness always exercises. This island, too, could only be reached by a voyage which is frequently tempestuous; which, in those days, took some time to perform, and which often could not be performed at all.¹ Moreover, the diocese was exactly co-extensive with the island. But for these circumstances, the natural disposition of the people would hardly have been sufficient to support discipline. It is probable that it would have given way, either if there had been more than one bishop in Man, or if the Bishop of Man's jurisdiction had extended beyond the island.

A third reason is to be found in the fact, that the peculiar form of civil government was exactly co-extensive with the diocese. This gave the Discipline a political advantage, although, as we

¹ 'The navigation between England and the Isle of Man is even now considered, I believe, from some peculiarity in the currents, more trying than the same number of miles by sea almost anywhere else, and was then a very much longer and more serious affair.'—(*Life*, p. 91.) The voyage was generally performed in twenty-four hours in Wilson's time. His first passage to the island took four days. Once he sailed from Man to 'Kilcudbright' in nine hours. Now the distance is steamed over from Liverpool in six hours.

shall presently see, it eventually led to the weakening and practical suspension of its powers. Dissenters were almost, if not quite, unknown in the island in Bishop Wilson's time. Dissent is, and always has been, a political movement which borrows a conscience from theology, and works out its designs upon the credit of the scruples which such a conscience may be supposed to entertain. We say this of dissent as a system; but it does not follow that all dissenters are so for political reasons. In the Isle of Man there was no scope for such a system. The government of Man left no room for a movement essentially political in its origin, as we have described dissent to be. In fact, the Government was too small to admit of politics at all, in the usual acceptation of the word. Consequently dissent must have been imported, and we have seen that there were physical obstacles to such an importation. There was the obstacle of race, and the obstacle of isolation.

Thus far, enough has been said concerning the contrast between Manx discipline and English non-discipline, and the circumstances which may be thought to account for that difference. But before we return to accompany our good Bishop in his life, which was so much occupied in enforcing discipline, we will, in Mr. Keble's words, describe the judicial machinery provided for the purpose:—

'Discipline, as practised in the Isle of Man a century and a half ago, dealt with cases first by the Minister, Churchwardens (four in number), and Chapter-Quests of the several parishes, holding a sort of inquest every third week (an ordinance enforced by Bishop Barrow), to take cognizance of all immoralities and other violations of discipline within their parish, for presentment at the several Chapter Courts. These were Courts held in circuit by the Vicars-General and Archdeacon's Official (for they commonly sat together) twice a year, in various districts, but generally in each "sheading" or sub-division of the island. The business of these Courts was the trying of the disciplinary causes (which in most cases were disposed of summarily), the admission of Churchwardens and Chapter-Questmen, the granting of probate of wills, and administration of the estates of intestates. . . . If disciplinary causes and matters relating to wills and administrations in the Bishop's jurisdiction were not disposed of summarily, the case was remitted to the Consistory Courts.

'The Consistory is the highest of the Episcopal Courts, dealing, when called on, with all the cases before mentioned, and besides them with certain that were reserved as episcopal causes. The proceedings in it are entirely documentary.

* * * * *

'For the purposes, then, of Church discipline properly so called, Bp. Wilson's main instruments (besides a Court of Correction, holden yearly just before Lent, according to the Prayer-book) were the Chapter and Consistory Courts.'

To this we may add Bishop Wilson's own description of the penance enjoined by the Courts of Discipline.

'The manner of doing penance is primitive and edifying. The penitent, clothed in a sheet, &c.,¹ is brought into the church immediately before the Litany, and there continues till the Sermon be ended; after which, and a proper exhortation, the congregation is desired to pray for him, in a form provided for that purpose:² and thus he is dealt with, till by his behaviour he has given some satisfaction that all this is not feigned; which being certified to the Bishop, he orders him to be received, by a very solemn form for receiving penitents, into the peace of the Church.

'But if offenders, after having once done public penance, do relapse into the same or other scandalous vices, they are not presently permitted to do penance again, though they should desire it ever so earnestly, till they shall have given better proofs of their resolution to amend their lives; during which time they are not permitted to go into any church in time of divine service, but to stand at the church-door, until their pastor and other grave persons are convinced by their conversation that there are hopes of a lasting reformation, and certify the same to the Bishop.'—*'History of the Isle of Man,' Works*, vol. vii. p. 263.

And now, after this long but not unnecessary *excursus*, we may re-join our Bishop where we left him, at his consecration.

His earnestness and sense of duty displayed themselves in the promptitude with which he made the wants of his new charge his own. He exerted himself to recover a royal grant to the Manx clergy and schools, with arrears, and was successful. Thus, with a boon in his hand, he landed, April 6th, 1698, at Derbyhaven, 'being y^e first time I came to y^e Island.' His interview with the governor, and his installation at S. Germain's Cathedral, over, he took possession of Bishop's Court, which, to say the least of it, was considerably out of repair. Five years vacancy of the see, and previous non-residence, had done their work. 'I find my House in Ruins,' he says; and doubtless the case deserved the capital letters. But ruins, either in church order or church property, were not to be tolerated by Bishop Wilson. He set about repairing, rebuilding, and planting—by the last 'turning the bare slopes into "a richly-wooded glen," such as you will hardly find elsewhere in 'the island.' We may note, by the way, that the money-income of the see was then only 300*l.* a year. Confirmations, essays in church building, business in the courts, occupied the five months which passed between his first landing and his return to England to marry Mary Patten of Warrington. His marriage took place at Winwick, his old cure, October 17th, 1698. He returned to his diocese in April of the following year. 'And now,' says his last and best biographer, 'we may imagine the 'brave and good Bishop fairly afloat, and in a condition to form 'some estimate of his position and probable course.'—(P. 125.)

¹ Holding a wand.

² See 'A Form of receiving Penitents,' in 'Liturgical Offices,' *Works*, vol. vii. p. 128.

What that position was we have already, by anticipation, enlarged upon; and the course which Wilson took to fulfil it will appear in due course. The 'Act of Settlement,' by which the tenure of property in the island was put upon a more stable footing, is an important fact in our Bishop's life, because it is an important fact in Manx history. But it does not immediately interest us, and we pass over Chapter V., which is devoted to it, and pause at Chapter VI., which touches upon a subject claiming more particular attention. It is entitled, 'Bishop Wilson's Canons.'

The Isle of Man enjoyed all the advantages, while it escaped many of the disadvantages, which attached to its connexion with the Anglican Church. Ecclesiastically it was a diocese in the Province of York, but civilly it was an independent see, sheltered from parliamentary interference by the peculiar temporal government of the island. The consequence of this state was, that while the Manx Church had the benefit of the sound ecclesiastical constitution of the Anglican Church, it was left free to profit by the proper working of that constitution, and was not reduced by vexatious legislation to the pitiable plight of a Church which has, theoretically, a complete system of self-government, but which is, practically, debarred from the use of it. We accordingly find that when Bishop Wilson came to the see he had ready to his hand a code of ecclesiastical laws, which had been passed by the Church in Synod assembled, unfettered by any external power. These laws are in three portions:—viz., thirteen passed in 1239; thirty-five passed in 1291; and six passed in 1350, making in all fifty-four canons. Besides these positive acts of legislation, or *leges scriptæ*, there were the 'Breast Laws,' or traditional rules of the Church Courts, which we may call *leges non scriptæ*; for, although they came to be written down from time to time, they had long been acted upon in their unwritten state. These amounted to 145, comprised in two 'Books of Spiritual Laws,' one book, containing fifty-nine rules, published in Mill's 'Ancient Ordinances;' the other book, containing eighty-six rules, which the great Earl ordered to be committed to writing in 1636, but which were not fully compiled till 1667, in the time of Earl Charles and Bishop Barrow. The English canons, of course, were binding on the diocese of Man, and were actually of more force than in England, where Acts of Parliament could, and did, come in to make them a dead letter.

It is well thus particularly to note the course of Manx Ecclesiastical Law, because, as Mr. Keble observes, the enemies to Bishop Wilson's memory would have it to be believed, that he was the author, as well as the administrator of the disciplinary

laws, for his enforcement of which they accuse him of tyranny and harshness. That some additional legislation was necessary to bring up the laws to the wants of the day, and that a man of Bishop Wilson's stamp should lose no time in getting it supplied, is what we should expect. Accordingly, 'At a Convocation of the Clergy, at Bishop's Court, the 3d day of February, 1703,' Ecclesiastical Constitutions, ten in number, were passed, 'in which the existing rules are fully recognised, and provision made for enforcing, by their means, the whole edifying system of the Prayer-Book.'—(P. 206.) These go by the name of Bishop Wilson's Canons; and to these the civil power gave a full and frank approval. Nor was it till Wilson had filled the episcopal throne for twenty years that the civil power showed signs of withdrawing its countenance from Church Discipline, and refusing its aid in cases where force was necessary to compel obedience. That some of the punishments had a rude simplicity about them is true; but they answered their purpose, which was to suppress vice among a people whose faith was still lively enough to believe that he who offends against God inflicts an injury on the commonwealth, and that sin, as well as crime, deserves punishment at the hands of rulers. Upon this subject of faith in the people Mr. Keble makes some wise remarks, which our readers will thank us for transcribing.

'The main characteristic of the Manx Ecclesiastical Code was its perseverance in supposing that the people subject to it had faith, long after that too flattering idea had been practically given up in every other portion of the Reformed Church of England. For since the Toleration Act, enabling all that would to withdraw themselves from the obedience of the Church, yet to retain their full right to outward communion with the same Church; and the previous Act, 13 Car. II. c. 12, abolishing the oath "*ex officio*," and therefore making it impossible to protect holy things, except in the comparatively rare case of very definite crimes fully established by legal proof; the English Church had surrendered itself, both in theory and practice, to the hard necessity of doing without the ancient discipline. No blame need attach to its governors; the discipline presupposes faith generally prevailing: faith, first in the reality and grievous effect of excommunication; and next, in the real danger of taking a false oath. When these convictions are generally gone from men's minds, Church courts and Church laws may do much incidental good; but they can only help you to the shadow of that for which mainly they were ordained. In the Diocese of Man, down to Wilson's time, this faith was still remaining in some tolerable measure. An oath was generally accounted a serious thing: and (as has been mentioned before) there were hardly any Dissenters. To all, therefore, who had any religion at all, excommunication was a reality.'—Pp. 302-3.

That this faith began to grow feeble in Wilson's time is undeniable. But he had every reason to believe in its strength when he first came to the diocese; and it was not till he had almost lived out half his long episcopate, that its decay showed

itself through the unfriendliness of the Civil Power towards Church Discipline. Certain it is, that whatever may have been the weakness or the strength of Manxmen's faith when Bishop Wilson became their bishop, his own was sound and vigorous, and did not lean on custom, as perhaps theirs did, for support.

In the year following the publication of his Canons, he suffered his greatest earthly trial. His wife died, at the age of thirty-one, in the sixth year of her marriage.

From this point, the stream of Bishop Wilson's life flows tranquilly on for a space of some nine years. Disciplinary work forms the chief staple of his biography during this time, relieved by more pleasing occupations, darkened, also, by deaths amongst his friends and kin. His mother died at the age of eighty-four; and his 'pretty daughter Molly' at the age of thirteen. He lost also a valued friend, Mr. Ewan Christian, for whom his esteem and affection sufficiently appear in the sermon which he preached at his funeral. Within this period falls one of the many lasting benefits which he conferred upon his island diocese. He brought out his 'Manx Catechism,' justly called his, because he originated it, and carefully superintended its execution, although his own knowledge of the language was too imperfect to enable him to be the actual translator. Mr. Walker helped him with his knowledge of Manx, in this work, as he did also in beginning the translation of the Scriptures afterwards. This Catechism, by the way, was the first book printed in the Manx language. Visits to England also took place, chiefly for the purpose of settling the question of the Customs, which, in Man, had suffered seriously from the extensive smuggling carried on. The records of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, and of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, bear characteristic evidence of his stay in England. To the former he made a proposition which anticipated one of the most hopeful features in the Church's renewed activity in our own day. He offered a scheme for a Mission College, to be set up in the Isle of Man, which he considered afforded peculiar advantages for such a purpose; as, for example, the simple habits and few wants of the natives, their acquaintance with a seafaring life, and the immediate supervision of the Bishop, who, more than any of his brethren in the Anglican Episcopate, had time and opportunity to control such an establishment. Although favourably entertained by the Society, the scheme fell to the ground, for the all-powerful reason—no funds. Thus, like his contemporary and fellow-member of this and the sister society, Robert Nelson, Bishop Wilson perceived, and would have provided for, the wants of the Church long before the Church saw or attempted to meet them herself. We may note also, that his first publication, a sermon preached before

the Queen, falls within this period. The Bishop's preaching was always in request when he was in England, and the endorsements of his sermons help us to trace the extent of his travels and the length of his sojourns in the kingdom. His plain, practical language and earnest manner made him an able advocate of pious and charitable objects.

In 1713, the first symptoms of trouble with the Lord of the Isle began to appear. Mawdesley was recalled to England, and the place of Governor given to Alexander Horne, who turned out to be a mischievous enemy to the Manx Church. The fact was, the Earl of Derby had no sympathies with his subjects, and consequently could have none with their chief pastor, who made their interests all his own. He had never visited the island, and never communicated with its Bishop. He seems to have been a man of no practical religion, and rather to have favoured the loose and infidel notions that grew rife at that time. Plainly then, Governor Mawdesley, who always worked cordially with the Bishop, and willingly lent the aid of the Civil Power to carry out Church discipline, was a very unsuitable lieutenant for such a chief.

It is needless for us to follow, step by step, the course which Earl James' hostility took to develop itself. Nearly all that occurred was of a nature that screened him from the direct charge of being its author. Much was done without his knowledge. Indeed, in this, as in most cases where the great have a mind to be unjust, the details were left to the discretion of the agents employed. That the feeling was not simply a dislike of Church discipline (though, doubtless, Church discipline was distasteful enough to the Government), but partook largely of general unfriendliness to the Bishop, seems clear from certain incidents that took place after Governor Horne's appointment. Two attempts, one to prejudice the Bishop's character for loyalty; another, to wound him through the sides of his clergy, were made. The former failed utterly; for Wilson, as we have seen, was no political churchman, and his orthodoxy was not of the sort which spent itself in drinking mysterious toasts to the Stuarts. The latter, which took the shape of a charge of popery against two clergymen much trusted by the Bishop, and both holding masterships in Bishop Barrow's educational institution at Castletown, gave him a good deal of trouble. He thoroughly investigated the accusations, and found the accused to be innocent.

These facts were but straws to show the direction of the wind. They showed the disposition to vex, and at the same time the inability to inflict any serious injury on a man so single-minded in his conduct as Wilson. An opportunity, however, of attacking the Bishop on a much more cherished point, and one in which

his enemies found more colour for their hostile designs, offered itself in a case of Church discipline. The facts were these. Mary Hendrick and her partner in sin were presented, tried and condemned for adultery. The man submitted to the Church censures, and performed the appointed penance, with great show of contrition. The woman held out, declaring the injustice of the sentence. In this obstinacy she was encouraged by certain officers of the Civil Government; in short, she was made a tool of by them to oppose and set at naught Church discipline. The Bishop, in due course, proceeded to excommunication, and to make order for the execution of the temporal penalties which accompanied it, namely, 'delivering her over, both body and goods, to the Lord of the Isle.' The Civil Power held its hand from following out the ecclesiastical sentence. The Bishop laid the proceedings before the Governor, and Hendrick likewise petitioned him for redress. Horne decided that an appeal lay directly from the accused to the Lord of the Isle; the Bishop, on the other hand, maintaining that appeal lay to the Archbishop of York as Metropolitan. Hereon issue is joined. Hendrick appeals to the Lord, who summons the Bishop to London. The Bishop disregards the summons, and, by the Earl's order, is fined 10*l* for contempt. He remonstrates, and ultimately passes over into England to get redress of the grievance. The end of it is, that the Earl, after causing the Bishop to produce the Act of Parliament by which the diocese of Man was annexed to the province of York (33*d* Hen. VIII.), remits the fine. Thus far the Bishop had been successful. But inasmuch as the conduct of the Civil Government was instigated by a desire to overthrow Church discipline altogether, and to annoy its active supporter, not to do justice in the particular case, this failure to make good their ground only widened the breach; consequently, the satisfaction at success must have been very moderate on the Bishop's side. Sir William Dawes was at this time Archbishop of York, and with him Wilson conferred upon Hendrick's case. The Metropolitan entered fully into the matter, and probably gave a private hint to the Earl, which determined his conduct.

This case, which takes up much room in the biography, seemed to demand particular notice here, as it serves to show how matters stood between the spiritual and temporal powers, and to prepare the reader for the still more serious ruptures to which they were to come.

Upon this soon followed a series of disputes, trials, and annoyances, which we shall group together, because they were all connected by one common feeling of hostility to the Bishop, and to the system of Church government for which he so strenuously contended. In order to understand the line of

objection taken by the Civil Power, it should be observed, that while the Bishop maintained that the Church Courts were competent to try and censure all orders and degrees of men, without respect to persons or privileges, the Government claimed exemption from their jurisdiction for all persons civil or military, spiritual or temporal, with their families, who held office in the State. The law was on the Bishop's side.

The Archdeacon of Man was appointed by the Lord of the Isle, and was, *ex officio*, chaplain to the governor. Robert Horrobin was nominated to the Archdeaconry in 1719, and opportunity soon offered for him to show whose creature he was. A charge of false doctrine was brought against him, and this led to a protracted and complicated process in the Church Courts. Counter-charges arose out of it. Actions for slander crossed and tangled the thread of the proceedings. Amongst others was one against Mrs. Horne, the wife of the governor. Soon after this, Mr. Henry Halsal, one of the soldiers belonging to the garrison of Castle Rushen, voluntarily submitted himself to such penance as the Church should inflict for fornication. For this he was arrested, thrown into a dungeon, tried by court-martial for disregarding the privileges enjoyed (as alleged) by the soldiers of the Government, and condemned to be drummed through the garrison, and kicked out by way of discharge. He died soon after the discharge of a fever caught in the prison.

These three cases, with their ramifications and interlacings, made up the great quarrel upon which the issue finally stood. The Government called upon the Bishop and his Vicars-General to retract and cancel all the proceedings in their Courts respecting them. They refused, and then the Government, in an irregular and illegal manner, at the close, or rather after the close, of a Tynwald Court, held in 1722, fined the Bishop 50*l.*, and Vicars-General each 20*l.*, 'for their contempt ;' which fine they refusing to pay, the Government proceeded to extreme measures, which are thus described by Bishop Wilson in his '*Episcopalia*':—'S. Peter's Day. See the epistle. I and my 'two Vicars were carried to prison by three soldiers, for not 'paying a fine of 90*l.* most arbitrarily imposed upon us.' Thus the Government did its worst ; the worst for itself, the best for the Bishop. They made him a martyr, and gave him a grand opportunity of glorifying God and honouring His Church. Bishop Wilson's imprisonment is an edifying page in his life. Our readers will dwell upon it with deep interest. In Mr. Keble's way of writing it, impressive from its simplicity, we are carried back to old times, when men were single-minded in their witness for the truth.

We pass over the circumstances of his imprisonment. No

time was lost in appealing to the King in Council, though some time was lost in the hearing and answering of the appeal. Nine weeks after their arrest they were discharged. But the Bishop's enemies had succeeded in involving him in a tedious and most expensive course of proceeding, which he felt bound to take for the protection of the Church. The appeal to the King dragged on wearily till July, 1724, when the Privy Council gave sentence, 'that the order signed by the Governor as made at the Court of Tynwald was not an order of the Court.' This decision, of course, condemned all the Governor's proceedings in this particular case as illegal, but did not affect the general question whether the Church Courts had the jurisdiction which they claimed. It touched no principle, but only settled the technical point of informal procedure.

We may notice that two cheering gleams of sunshine crossed the Bishop's path in these cloudy days, just when their brightness would be most welcome. The contumacious Mary Hendrick, feeling the dreariness of excommunication, humbly petitioned the Bishop to be restored on her due penance. She performed the penance prescribed to her, with every mark of sincerity, and every expression of sorrow for her sin and obstinacy; and on Palm Sunday, 1723—eight days before the Bishop sailed for England to attend upon the great appeal—she was received back 'into the peace and communion of the Church.' This visit to England extended over a year and a half, and at its most trying period refreshment came in the shape of Archdeacon Horrobin's submission. Culpable as these two persons had been in lending themselves to the evil designs of the Government, they were, happily, less pertinacious in their wickedness than their abettors; and great indeed must have been the strength and solace which their repentance brought to the Bishop, as it certainly was valuable to the Church cause. In 1727, Horrobin resigned his preferments, and left Man, where he never seems to have been able to live happily, either with the Bishop or the people.

Although the Privy Council decided in favour of the appellants, and moreover ordered that Horne and his associates should be prosecuted for contempt, and accordingly a warrant was issued for their arrest, yet it took the course by which English law, in its glorious uncertainty, or rather its administrators, in the plenitude of their caprice, can make success have all the unpleasant effects of defeat. It refused costs. If it had granted them, of course the Earl would have had to have paid for the tyranny of himself and his creatures. As it was, the Bishop of his poverty (300*l.* a year and 'the demesne' covered with trees of his own planting) had to pay for being persecuted.

At this juncture it may be well to survey the actual condition

of the Church in Man, and review the changes which it had undergone. Although victory, in this contest with the Civil Power, was on the side of the Bishop, there can be no doubt that the permanent result to the Church was to give the death-blow to its discipline. The real question which lay beneath the heap of disputes, charges and counter-charges, appeals and rejoinders, was, whether Church discipline was to be enforced by civil penalties or not; and this question in reality resolved itself into the simpler form, Is Church discipline to be a fact or a fiction? It may be objected against this view, that it leaves out of sight those spiritual penalties, public penance and excommunication, which are the only penalties the Church can properly inflict, and, in point of fact, ever pretended to inflict; for delivering the contumacious and heretical over to the Civil Power for temporal punishment was, *ipso facto*, an admission that the Church had no coercive power herself. But to this the answer is, that spiritual censures are only penal in their effects so long as men continue to believe in the necessity of the Sacraments to salvation, and consequently feel uneasy under exclusion from them. In short, the whole matter turns upon the question of faith. We have already quoted Mr. Keble's excellent remarks, in which he lays it down that the Manx Code implied faith in the Manx people. Follow this out, and it will explain all the miserable proceedings we have been describing, and prepare us for the course of subsequent events. A superficial view of Manx Church history may lead to the opinion that, but for the irreligion of Earl James, and the obsequious injustice of his officials, the discipline might have maintained its vigour till now; at any rate, till the absorption of the government into the British Crown. But the truth is that Lord Derby and his creatures were only a little early in making manifest that general decay of faith in objective religion, which had so long afflicted the rest of the Anglican Church, but which had been so late in spreading to the Isle of Man. Good Bishop Wilson had to learn that, in matters of discipline, the union between Church and State is dissolved the moment that the latter hesitates to lend its aid to the former. The very fact of having to appeal to the King put an end to discipline. No decision of the Privy Council could rehabilitate the system after it had once suffered the shock of being disputed. As a matter of fact, the system never came before the Council, and its sentence in no way affected it. When the Bishop returned to his diocese, and resumed his duties in the Courts, it was to administer a code which depended for its efficacy on the voluntary submission of the accused. That there should be many instances of such submission; that, in fact, instances to the contrary should be

few and far between for some time after the great appeal, only shows that the robust faith of Manxmen took a long time to die. But the change from a system which could command obedience to a system which was only continued on sufferance had taken place. That change may very briefly, but very sufficiently, be described thus: the time was when the demand for a soldier to enforce the Church sentence was granted; the time came when the demand was refused.

As we turn over the pages of Wilson's life after the decision of the appeal, we read in most of them of the discipline and its decline. We need not enter into the cases which betray its dying struggles. More pleasing subjects claim our attention for the short space which remains to us. Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the seventh Earl of Huntingdon, was distinguished for her faith and good works. Her piety was life-long, and when it is added that in her youth she was remarkable for her beauty, and that she lived in an age when society put religion out of vogue, and made beauty a snare to its possessor, we can well understand how much ground of sympathy and friendship there was between her and our Bishop. Her benevolence has left lasting proofs in various endowments, amongst which are certain exhibitions at Queen's College, Oxford. In all these acts she sought, and was guided by, the advice of Wilson, whose own strict discharge of the duty of alms-giving made him the best counsellor on such matters.

Something needs to be said about the Bishop's son, Dr. Thomas Wilson, whose name comes prominently into notice at this point—the only one of his children that survived him. He was educated at Christ Church, and took Holy Orders with a keen appetite for preferment. In personal character and disposition he was but an unworthy representative of his father. His eagerness in pursuit of Church patronage not only makes himself to appear contemptible, but even places the Bishop in a light in which his best friends must be unwilling to regard him; for although the Bishop was singularly modest and retiring throughout his life, in regard to his own advancement—refusing rich benefices, reluctantly yielding to accept the mitre which was almost forced on him, and afterwards repeatedly declining to be translated to sees in England, which, besides greater wealth and earthly honour, offered an escape from the painful and costly position of upholding the tottering fabric of discipline—yet in regard of his son's preferment, he condescended to become almost importunate of the favours of patrons. In this case, however, as in other cases, much asking gained its end. Dr. Wilson was presented to the Rectory of S. Stephen's, Walbrook, and S. Bennet, Sherehogg, and in seven years afterwards

to a prebendal stall in Westminster. He was at the same time made sub-almoner to the king. He was also Minister of S. Margaret's, Westminster.

But another, and to Churchmen a more serious example of Bishop Wilson's paternal weakness, meets us in the fact that he committed the MSS. of his *Introduction to the Lord's Supper*, and his *Instruction for the Indians*, to his son, to be by him revised and modified as he thought fit. As a Churchman, Dr. Wilson was of a very different mould from his father. He was, in theology, liberal after that very common fashion of liberalism which may best be described by the somewhat paradoxical expression Catholic Protestant; that is to say, his creed was of a vague and negative character, which had a defined boundary only on one side, namely the side towards Romanism. This will account for the steps he took to water down his father's clear, positive, and orthodox statements of Church doctrine, to the thinness requisite for their acceptance by Nonconformists. In his revision of the *Introduction to the Lord's Supper*, he took counsel of Leland, a Presbyterian. In preparing the *Instruction for the Indians* for the press, he advised with Dr. Watts. We certainly have to thank him for overcoming his father's modest reluctance to publish these, or any other works; but our thanks are discounted by the recollection of the liberties he took with the MSS. entrusted to his care.

On 'Feb. 1, 1775-6, died James, Earl of Derby, Lord of this Isle, in the seventy-second year of his age'—to quote the short and significant notice of the event from Wilson's *Episcopalia*. By this death the lordship passed into the Athol family. Revisions and alterations of the civil and ecclesiastical laws took place at a Tynwald held the following midsummer, at which the Duke was duly installed. Some of these affected Church discipline; and while they retrenched its power, appeared to settle it on a firmer footing than it had for a long time stood. But we cannot regard them as in any sense giving back to the system its lost strength. Censures and excommunications, penances and absolutions occur frequently. They were, doubtless, of much spiritual value to the parties concerned. They also give the appearance of things having returned to their old vigorous condition. But looking at the whole history of the subject, we can see no reason for departing from the opinion that Manx Church Discipline was doomed from the time of the great appeal. The Bishop's last act in administering it took place in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

In the latter part of Wilson's episcopate a want arose in the diocese, which he met in a way well worthy of consideration at the present time. There was a scarcity of candidates for holy

orders in the Isle of Man, chiefly occasioned, no doubt, by the uncertainty in the amount and payment of stipends, consequent upon legal disputes concerning impropriations; but also arising in part from a knowledge of the Manx language being required of the candidates. To cope with the necessity, the Bishop resorted to two expedients. One was to license laymen of approved life and conversation, to say and read such parts of the service as do not require the ministration of a priest. This license was granted when the incumbent was too feeble, by reason of age or sickness, to perform the whole duty himself. In one case the incumbent's son, in another the parish clerk, is the person so licensed. Their ministrations were limited to the particular parish where the necessity was felt. But there is an example of a general commission, which reads like an institution to an order of lay-readers. It runs thus:—

'Thomas, by Divine permission, Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.

'To our well-beloved in Christ, Henry Corlet, Academic Student, now at Bishop's Court.

'The present necessities of the Church requiring, We do by these presents tolerate you the said Henry Corlet to read the prayers and service of the Church as by law established, as also to read an Homily or some other practical or instructive book as you shall be directed by the Vicars-General of the Isle for the time being, in such churches or chapels as you shall be desired by the said Vicars-General, to whom we require you to give all due obedience. And for your trouble herein you are to receive such satisfaction as shall be allowed you.

'Given under our hand and seal episcopal this seventh day of August, 1754.'—P. 798.

This measure of Bishop Wilson's may be commended to the notice of our Church in the present day of scripture readers and lay-missionaries. That lay-agency is much wanted amongst us, though not for the same reasons, or to meet the same emergencies as in Wilson's time, there can be no doubt. But it would be well if our bishops met the demands of the age for more labourers in some such way as Bishop Wilson grappled with the necessities of his diocese, and so confer a manifest good upon the Church at large. The clergy also might receive an especial benefit by having these lay-agents licensed to read the lessons—a substantial help to a priest who has to officiate alone. There would not be wanting worthy and intelligent laymen who would be proud to receive a commission from the bishop to assist their pastor in the service of God's house and the cure of souls; and the power of withdrawing this commission would keep them sufficiently under control. By this means the clergy would be relieved of the necessity of calling to their aid an ignorant and meddlesome set of men, who often turn out mischievous in their teaching and insubordinate in their conduct.

The other expedient adopted by Wilson was to apply to the Metropolitan for leave to order men as deacons under the canonical age. He himself, we have seen, had so been ordered; and we believe it is a practice which has prevailed to a great extent up to the present time in the diocese of Man.

Here, following the course of our author, we may quote a passage of twofold interest. He is speaking of the bishop's skill in common things, and he says,

'For instance, in his "*History of the Isle of Man*," 1722, it appears that he had ascertained the height of Snaefell, the chief of the Manx mountains, by the barometer; a process then comparatively recent, having been made known first by Halley, who was the Bishop's contemporary. In the same tract he mentions the black marble of Poolvash, near Castletown, as "fit for tombstones, and for flagging of churches;" adding, that some quantities have of late been sent to London for those uses, but omitting to say that he was himself the sender, and they were an offering to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they now form the steps to the two main doorways.'—P. 799.

As we approach the end of this biography, there meets us many a pleasant passage which we feel tempted to quote for our readers' benefit. But inasmuch as the whole book is full of interest and instruction, as teaching through the past much that needs to be known and practised in the present day of renewed life within the Church, and multiplied forms of error and hostility without, we refer them to its pages, contenting ourselves with noting good Bishop Wilson's death, in Mr. Keble's few and simple words:—

'It pleased God to prolong his life until the 7th of March, 1754-5, when he gently expired, in the ninety-third year of his age and the fifty-eighth of his consecration. It was the day of his wife's departure, fifty years before.'—P. 959.

Thus departed to his reward a Bishop, who, although his jurisdiction was limited to the smallest and poorest diocese in the Anglican Church, yet, by his diligent rule of that diocese, in strict adherence to Church law and primitive standards, has left his mark broad and deep upon the ecclesiastical history of England. Without attempting to make his influence felt beyond his island see, without affecting to be interested beyond the narrow boundaries of 'the Church in Man,' he has had more to do with framing public offices for the whole Church of England than any one since the days of Cranmer and Sander-son. The forms of service for consecrating churches and burial-grounds, now commonly in use, are his composition. And as regards the private devotions of Churchmen, he has had chief hand in moulding them according to that model, at once practical and exalted, which he so steadily set up for himself throughout his life. Even Bishop Andrewes must yield to

Bishop Wilson as the guide of Anglo-Catholics in their closet-worship, and Jeremy Taylor must receive him as an equal.

Notwithstanding the opportunity which the foregoing pages give to the reader of forming his own opinion of Bishop Wilson's character, it may be well to speak to one objection commonly raised against him at the present day. It is usual with certain sectaries to attribute Manx Church Discipline to our Bishop as its author, and charge what appears to them to be its tyranny and harshness upon him as a personal accusation. We have sufficiently refuted this charge, by stating the facts. Furthermore, it need only be remarked that neither in his own day, nor for long afterwards, was this ground of objection taken. It proceeds, as we have hinted, from Nonconformists; but it is noteworthy that it does not come from the one sect of Nonconformity which is best able to judge of the matter. The Wesleyans were the earliest Dissenters to set foot on the island. In 1775, twenty years after the Bishop's death, one John Crook, called 'Apostle of the Isle of Man,' began to preach there. An account of his efforts is to be found in J. Rosser's *History of Wesleyan Methodism in Man*, in which book a short sketch of Bishop Wilson's life is given, in a tone scarcely distinguishable from that which a good Churchman and admirer would use, so reverent is it, and so cordial in its recognition of Wilson's noble character. Therein the only pointed allusion made to the Discipline is when the author, speaking about the running trade, says that Man was 'a nest of smugglers,' notwithstanding 'good Bishop Wilson's discipline.' That the Anabaptists and the Independents should bear him no great affection is just as one would expect. But the Wesleyans, among whom dwell the best notions of order and discipline, have no reason, on that score, to disrespect the memory of the Apostolic Wilson; and, as a matter of fact, they cherish it with reverence.

The book which we have been reviewing, and which we must now lay aside, is not merely a biography; it is a history also. In this twofold character lies its value; in this double purpose, also, is to be found the apology for what some of our contemporaries have, not without reason, called its prolixity. If the object had been simply to give a life of Bishop Wilson, we confess that one-half of the 971 pages which we have turned over, would have been sufficient. Indeed, we doubt whether there was any need for a new life at all. Perhaps there is no divine of the English Church whose character and acts are so well known as are Wilson's. His biography has been written again and again with various merit, and (to use a phrase of the day) by variously inspired pens. Sketches of him stand prefixed to his

books of devotion and religious instruction, the circulation of which is multiplied to tens of thousands through the agency of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. There is no series of religious biographies, within the scope of which it could be brought, that has omitted the Apostolic Wilson from its gallery of portraits. At the same time, while such ample justice has been done to the biographical, no attention has been paid to the historical side of the subject. For the purpose of the biographer, it is enough to make note of the connexion between Bishop Wilson's disputes with the Civil Power, and the existence of Church Discipline in the Isle of Man. But for the purposes of the historian, it is useful to have the details of its working, the instances of its vigour, the slowness of its decay, set forth with all the fulness to which the Bishop's own memoranda and the records of the Church amply contribute. And this is just the object which Mr. Keble has served in writing this lengthy book. He is not the historian, but he has brought together and arranged the materials, so far forth as the diocese of Man during the long episcopate of Wilson is concerned, out of which the future historian of the Anglican Church (and we have already remarked that such an historian is in the future, if anywhere) may construct his narrative, and whereon he may base his conclusions. And even if we enter into the still broader field of general Church history, we must admit that, in one particular, namely Church Discipline, full justice could not be done to the subject without reference to the Manx code and practice; and that henceforward Keble's '*Life of Bishop Wilson*' will be a prime authority.

We have said this much about the length of Mr. Keble's book, because we feel that, while the objections to it on that score are justifiable, looking at it simply as a biography, yet they are cancelled by the importance, which its fulness gives it, of being a magazine of historical facts. But even when we confine our view to the biographical side, and judge of the book upon its merits as a '*Life*,' there is one respect in which it is admirable above all the drawbacks of prolixity and tedium. The tone of the book is the tone of the man whose life it relates. This is just praise; and it is the highest praise. Mr. Keble has caught the secret which gives to the biographers of Johnson and of Arnold all their success. What notes of conversation are to the life of Johnson, what letters are to the life of Arnold, that the '*Sacra Privata*' are to the life of Wilson. Almost all the incidents of his life are to be learnt from the records of his private devotions; and Mr. Keble, wisely following Boswell and Stanley, has, wherever it was practicable, allowed him to speak for himself in his chosen way. Hence the faithfulness of the picture, as well

as the truthfulness of the narrative. We not only know much about Wilson, but we know Wilson himself. As in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* we have the man of ready wit, of varied knowledge, of vigorous logical acumen; as in Stanley's *Life of Arnold* we have the man of noble theories, of ceaseless activity, of original, oftentimes of perilous, thought; so in Keble's *Life of Wilson*, we have the man in whom (to recur to words cited at the outset) Christianity exercised its prerogative of blending the active with the contemplative life. We see in Mr. Keble's book how prayerful habits may surround the commonest events with an atmosphere of devotion. Circumstances which other busy men jot in their day-books, Wilson notes in his private prayer-book. Other good men have kept journals of events, and have supplemented the facts with pious sentiments: Wilson kept a journal of prayers, and made note of facts in its margin. Mr. Keble lets this devout journal tell its own tale; consequently we do not hear from Wilson about himself, but rather overhear him telling about himself to God. The value of this feature in Keble's *Life of Bishop Wilson* cannot be too highly esteemed at the present time, when the lives of men are becoming more and more active, but not, it is to be feared, more and more prayerful.

NOTE.

¹ In a note, p. 475, we speak of the non-use of the Communion Office as a mark of the independence of the Church in Man in Bishop Wilson's time. This, it should be observed, is only an inference, although a necessary inference, from the Bishop's own words in his 50th Sermon. Since going to press we have ascertained that, not only is the Communion Office now used in Man, but that there is no tradition of its ever not having been used since its promulgation in the English Church. At the same time we cannot but think that it was not used in our Bishop's time, who, in omitting it, would have only been exercising his usual freedom in liturgical matters, an example of which remains in the suffrage for the blessings of the sea" introduced into the Litany by him, and still retained.

ART. IX.—*Essays on Liturgiology and Church History.* By the REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D. *With an Appendix on Liturgical Quotations from the Isapostolic Fathers.* By the REV. GERARD MOULTRIE. London : Saunders and Otley.

It is obviously impossible that this profusely learned and most versicolor work should be reviewed, in the ordinary sense of that term, in our pages : simply because nearly the whole of it has appeared there already. To make extracts from it would be to repeat ourselves ; to commend or to criticise would be but to appraise our own productions. But we are sure that our readers will pardon us, if we venture so far to detach ourselves, in conception, from our able contributor, as to point to this collected work as an honourable monument of the diligence and learning of one man, and as a proof that the days of literary giants are not yet over. The volume cannot fail to take an honoured, as well as most useful place among those repositories of ritual lore, which have been added in our day to the tomes of Martene and Bona, Ugolini and Bingham. Not ritual only, however, but a wide field of history besides, is laid under contribution. More especially does Mr. Neale conduct us into quaint corners of the history of literature, which are oftener talked of than explored, and pour the light of his varied erudition on their dim and somewhat cobwebbed recesses. Thus, the Revision of the Offices of the French Church in the end of the Seventeenth Century, which though in many respects as thorough as our own, is by very few known to have taken place at all, and is very conveniently ignored by Roman controversialists ;—the Titanic labours of the Bollandists ; their personal history intervening quaintly, like an arabesque round an old initial letter, with the history of their times for two hundred years, from 1643 to 1847 ;—the chequered annals of the Spanish Rite down to the present hour, when scarce more than a single altar witnesses that there ever was such a rite in existence ;—the conversion of Bulgaria ;—the history of the Slavonic rite, and of the Glagolitic alphabet ;—the struggles between Greek and Roman in the bosom of the Russian Church ;—the almost forgotten influence of the Sibyls and Sibylline oracles on the early theology of the Church ;—the history and metrical laws of that curious variety of Church hymns, the ‘Sequence,’ the music of which is the basis of some popular

modern airs ;—the annals of the Western Continental Church for the last half century, ending in 1861 ;—finally, the effect of Church ways and Church festivals in coining a variety of common words and usages in all ages :—on all these somewhat out-of-the-way topics, the curious will find a world of carefully digested information in Mr. Neale's pages, and will be ready to pronounce him, as Bentley did John Tzetzes, an old Constantinopolitan writer whom he had stumbled upon, ' a man of much rambling learning.'

But there are one or two subjects which Mr. Neale has made more especially and unapproachably his own, and which he has treated of in additional chapters, over and above his contributions to our pages. We may fitly, therefore, give some account of the manner in which he has treated these topics ; taking occasion, as we proceed, to point out their bearing upon questions of our own day.

And first, as to the 'Sequences,' already referred to. In an elegant Latin epistle, which carries us back to the days when the commonwealth of the learned throughout Europe kept up a lively sense of citizenship by communications of this kind, Mr. Neale discusses the subject with his very learned fellow-hymnologist, Herman Adalbert Daniel.

It is always interesting, and generally very instructive besides, to investigate the origin of any ritual practice which has laid an unusually firm hold on the Church in past ages. There is commonly some reason to be assigned for its having done so ; and when, as in the present instance, the practice, though itself disused, has bequeathed us some treasured relics as its memorial, the inquiry becomes doubly interesting. 'Sequences' are, it is true, for the whole Western Church, and not for the English Church alone, a thing of the past. But they have left their mark, as has been said already, both on our hymnology and our secular music. The grand hymns *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and *Dies Iræ*, are among the precious waifs which the retiring tide of the 'Sequence' movement has left on the Church's shore. While, if we may credit the tradition preserved by our author, John Knox availed himself of the practice, then already in vogue, of parodying the Sequences, with a view to bringing contempt upon Church music by associating it with light or ludicrous themes. 'Many melodies 'or airs,' says Mr. Neale, 'still surviving among us, as "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," "Coming through the rye," "John Anderson my jo, John," and others, may be traced to the 'sequence books and hymnals of the mediæval Church.'

But what, our readers will be ready to ask, what is a Sequence ? and what rationale can be given of its having been

so special a favourite, as a medium of Divine song, in the middle ages? We will endeavour to answer these questions in their inverse order. The reason, then, why the Church of the West took so kindly to these 'Sequences,' would seem to be one which influences our own Church, and probably all Churches more or less, to this day. There is in human nature, even in its best aspect, a certain love of an *ad libitum*. The mind, even as toned and trained by grace, while gladly welcoming, in the main, the Church's prescriptions and yoke, fails not to appreciate a certain measure of liberty. And experience shows that it is a matter of prudence, on the part of those on whom the settling of ritual forms devolves at any time, to provide at least some one vent and safety valve for the expression of the religious mind of the day. What we mean, may be best illustrated by what has taken place in the history of our own Church. It is well known that Cranmer designed to have provided metrical psalms and hymns as a constituent part of the Prayer-Book; but was so dissatisfied with existing translations, and the indifferent success of his own attempts in that line, that he abandoned the idea. We are not sure that he need have been so much discouraged. The men who framed our majestic collects had surely an outward ear for rhythm, and an inward ear for the sublime. And one, at least, of the translations in the Primer was of unusual merit; we mean the *Consors paterni luminis*; thus rendered in a grand rhythmical strain:—

'Fellow of Thy Father's Light,
Light of Light, and Day most bright,
Christ, that chaseth away night,
Aid us for to pray aright!
Drive out darkness from our mindes,
Drive away the flock of fyndes;
Drowseness take from our eyes,
That from sleep we may arise.
Let it profit us that pray,
All that we do sing or say. Amen.'

However; the *nolo poematizare* prevailed. But the people, meanwhile, evidently hankered after some medium for the utterance of praise in the form of hymns and spiritual songs, not content with that of psalms only. Hence, in the early days of Elizabeth, the practice of singing hymns, and probably metrical psalms also, while they were waiting for the Church service to commence, and, again, after it was over, had manifestly grown up. And by the Queen's Injunctions of 1559, this practice, though in strictness contrary to the Church's law as settled by Convocation and the Crown, received a sanction in the way of a

bye-law. While there was to be 'a modest and distinct song, so 'used in all parts of the Common Prayers in the Church, that 'the same might be as plainly understood, as if it were read 'without singing;' the faithful were not now to be limited to this statutable measure of song. For it was enacted, that 'nevertheless, for the comfort of such that delight in musick, it may 'be permitted, that in the beginning or at the end of the Common 'Prayers, either at morning or evening, there may be sung an 'hymn or such like song to the praise of Almighty God, in the 'best sort of melody and musick that may be conveniently 'devised; having respect that the sentence of hymn may be 'understood and perceived.' This timely and wise concession threw open a door to metrical psalmody and hymnody, which has never been closed since, and, had it been used as wisely as it was given, might have averted the melancholy Wesleyan secession: the strength of which, as is well known, lay not in its peculiar doctrines, but in its propagation of them by hymns. How little was really made of the Elizabethan opportunity, we know only too well. Subsequent bye-legislation or custom limited the Church, or was held to have done so, to the Old and New Versions, and the few, though for the most part excellent, hymns appended to them. At the beginning of the present century, and, indeed, down to the commencement of the present great movement in the Church, it had long been deemed a matter of religion by the orthodox, to exclude all other hymns from public use. Meanwhile, as Wesleyanism had made capital of this restriction before, so did Evangelicalism now. One thing, happily was not done; no authoritative prohibition was issued against the use of hymns. And now at length, we know not how, but as it were in deference to the reasonable principle, that the songs of the sanctuary should not be absolutely stereotyped, any more than its sermons, or than the human mind itself,—hymns are found to be, next to the restorations of the Church Ordinances to their full use and beauty, the most efficient instrument of promoting growth in Church feeling.

Indeed, the only cause for anxiety is, that we should turn to the best account the freedom thus happily recovered. In the main, nothing but good has come of it hitherto. Appreciation of what is fitting in the matter of hymns, both as to music and words, is improving daily, and will doubtless continue to improve. Our choral associations, now become a feature of the times, are, happily, especially careful to cultivate this branch of Divine song, so important because of its being the one most easily compassed by the musical staff of the humblest parish church; and, at the same time, the one most

liable to be spoiled by bad taste. For while there are limits to an evil choice in the matter of chants, in the matter of hymns or psalm tunes and words there is none. But the point in which some degree of wisdom is needed, and in which there are, perhaps, indications of a lack of it, is not so much the execution, as the use and application made of the hymn element. This is, after all, we humbly conceive, in the present stage of affairs, the great matter. Hymns enjoy toleration, nay, legitimatization and hearty acceptance in the services of our Church. But in what capacity, and under what conditions, should they be admitted? Is it simply as so much song or music added to the Service, and to the disregard of any connexion between the Service itself and, as Hooker calls it, the matter or 'ditty' of them? Surely not; but only and solely as ancillary to the topics of that Service, as settled by the provisions of the Church for the current day or season. Just as an 'anthem' is, *vi terminorum*, no anthem at all, unless it responds, is 'antiphonal,' or correspondent, to some part of the Service; even so is it with hymns. Our present cathedral 'anthem' apparently originated with those antiphons to the Benedictus and Magnificat, of which 'O Sapientia' and the other 'greater antiphons' on the seven days before Christmas are a specimen. The cathedral and collegiate choirs had probably retained, down to our last Revision, in 1662, the usage of singing such an 'anthem,' or piece of music more or less adapted to the season or service, *somewhere* in the neighbourhood of the collects: the First Collect having, in the old Offices, immediately followed the repetition of the Benedictus or Magnificat antiphons; and all 'memorial' collects having, besides, each one an antiphon of its own. It would seem, further, that at that period some irregularity or want of uniformity prevailed, as to the place in the Service at which this 'anthem,' the residuum or shadow of the older antiphons proper, should be sung. Hence the order of 1662, of which we confess we have never yet seen any satisfactory account given: 'In choirs and places where they sing, *here*,' and not elsewhere, as *e.g.* before the collects, 'followeth the anthem.' Such, at least, is the best interpretation we have been able to arrive at. And we commend it to the research of members of our cathedral bodies, to ascertain whether any indications can be found of this having been the origin of our 'anthem.' But the point we are now dwelling upon is, that its very name implies and assumes that it be adapted, on all occasions, to the Service or season. Otherwise it becomes a mere patch; and the chief piece of music in the Office turns to a mere note of discord. And what is true of the anthem is true also

of all manner of hymns. It is not, therefore, without regret that we observe a carelessness on this point creeping into places, where otherwise all due pains are bestowed on the proper rendering of the Office. No intrinsic beauty in a hymn, any more than in an 'anthem,' can justify its being sung in season and out of season. This is the very distinction between a Dissenting hymn and a Church hymn. The Dissenter sings, and the Churchman sings; but the Dissenter sings *quodcumque in buccam venerit*; the Churchman what the Church suggests. The Dissenter sings out of his own head or his minister's: the Churchman sings out of the depth of the Church's breast; not his own words or thoughts, but hers. For him the Church of God in this land is sending up, at any given service, one mighty harmony, a descant on one chosen theme; and he and the whole congregation of the faithful assembled with him are but one—one voice in that 'monster' choir—one note and string of that vast instrument. Apart from the due observance of this law, hymn-singing becomes a mere element of disorder and disintegration, dissipating, instead of binding together, the configuration of service which the Church has allotted to the day or the season.

Another remark suggested by the Elizabethan Injunction is, that it may be doubted, to say the least, whether a certain small revolution, or change of practice, which has taken place within our recollection, was well advised. We refer to the laying aside of the hymn, or metrical psalm, with which, till within the last thirty years, Morning and Evening Prayer was usually prefaced. The late Bishop of London, in his famous charge respecting the Rubrics, fastened upon this as one point for animadversion and alteration; contending, with much plausibility, that to sing a hymn of praise in this place was foreign to the mind of the Church, which has prescribed a purely penitential introduction to the Service. And yet it must be confessed, that if hymns or psalms have a claim to appear at all in our Office, it is in this position; for it was for this position ('in the beginning, or at the end of Common Prayers, either at morning or evening') that they were originally licensed. And it is, moreover, infinitely probable, if not certain, that it was in obedience to that injunction, or as following out that permission, that the hymn was found in general or universal use in that position at the time of the Bishop's charge. Just as the crimson altar-cloth, the ordinary Sunday colour according to the Sarum rite (whereas the Roman Sunday colour is green, as on week days), found in nine out of ten churches throughout this land, is doubtless a tradition;—as the giving out of the psalm by the 'clerk,' the 'clericus' of the older system, who

in country places acted as precentor to the choir, was a 'tradition' no less, not an innovation;—so this, we cannot doubt, came in unbroken tradition from Elizabethan days. It is true that no pains were taken, in the Injunction, to establish the fitness of such a provision; it rather rested on the very Elizabethan grounds of *sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas*, than on anything else. But the question is, Was there not a fitness in the usage thus introduced? And it would certainly seem, that the complaint, which has been sometimes made against the early part of the English Office, of being too purely and *ab initio* penitential, as compared with other Offices, is not altogether unfounded. Mr. Freeman has, it is true, adduced as precedents the introductory portion of the ancient Jewish and Eastern Ordinary Offices, and pointed out a penitential element even in the existing Western usage, viz. in the opening versicles, *Domine, labia mea aperiens*, and in the *Venite* itself. But he has failed to allege any Office which begins, as our own does, according to the letter of the Prayer-Book, with a penitential act, as absolutely the first thing. Both the Jewish and Greek Offices *descend* from words of high benediction to those of penitence. 'Blessed be Thou, O our God, now and for ever;' 'Glory be to Thee, Heavenly King,' &c., with the *Trisagion*, is the Greek form; after which, then, and not till then, follows the penitential part, and the Lord's Prayer, ere the Greek *Venite* breaks forth. So, too, the Western Office begins with 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' besides the Lord's Prayer; said indeed silently now, but aloud, doubtless, in earlier days. It follows that, instead of regarding it with disfavour, ritual analogy would lead us rather to welcome the Elizabethan initial hymn, as making an *amende* much to be desired in this part of our Office.

It is commonly alleged, indeed, that the first impulse and first duty of man, as a fallen creature, on entering into the sanctuary and the Presence therein, is to fall down in penitential sorrow under a sense of unworthiness. But surely some abatement must be made of this *dictum*. Under the Gospel, certainly, and, indeed, under the Law too, the House of God is emphatically and primarily the House of praise rather than of penitence: the first-fruits of the Spirit, as now poured out on man, are 'love, joy, peace.' The first approach, accordingly, of the faithful as one body, should be with words of joy. It is as a reaction from this feeling, that the penitential element comes in. We at the first 'boldly' claim, as S. Paul bids us, and as the Lord's Prayer puts us upon doing, the privilege of sonship, by the utterance of praise. But a sense of unfitness, the lingering remains of the old awe,

enhanced by the certainty of new defilements daily contracted, presently brings us upon our knees. It is to these twofold feelings or frames, supervening in this order, that the structure of the introductory part of *all* Offices (for the Liturgies, too, once commenced, all of them, as ours and a few others do still, with the Lord's Prayer) is doubtless to be traced; and on this ground we would advocate a return to the habit, which Bishop Blomfield's weighty disallowance has all but banished from our churches. We have no lack now of hymns well suited for the purpose: whether fixed ones (as Ken's or Keble's, or the ancient 'Morn of morns, and Day of days,' all three of which imply, indeed, an earlier hour of service than generally prevails now, but not more so than the Third Collect does), or hymns varying with the season. Provided always—for thus the old usage seems distinctly to prescribe—that such prelude of praise be decidedly brief; a single verse, or two at the most, with Gloria Patri, would suffice. On Sundays and other Festivals, at the least, we would plead for the usage; the ferial days might, if it were preferred, be distinguished by the absence of the initial note of praise.

We have been led into these remarks in connexion with the Sequence, and it is now high time that we should explain more distinctly, in answer to the second question propounded above—what is a 'Sequence?' It should be understood, then, that the Church throughout the world has been used, from some very early period subsequent to the date of the Revelation of S. John (see ch. xix.), to use 'Alleluia,' sung as a hymn, in close connexion with the Oblation of the Elements in the Eucharist. The Feast being then in a manner ready, it was fitting that that song should be sung, which the 'much people in heaven, the twenty-four elders, and the four living creatures' are represented in the Revelation as singing at 'the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.' The West generally placed it somewhat earlier in the rite than the East; viz. before the Gospel, and after the Epistle. It was doubtless an after-thought, received into the West probably about the fifth century, to prefix to the 'Alleluia' the 'Gradual.' This was originally a whole psalm, as it still is in the Syriac Liturgy of S. James; and as it continued to be in the English Service Books on the First and Fifth Sundays in Lent. The Alleluia itself being but brief, this was prefixed in order to give time for the deacon to proceed to the 'pulpit' or roodloft, to read the Gospel. With this view accords the probable derivation of the word 'gradual,' from the 'steps,' up which the deacon proceeded while it was singing: 'ne illud tempus, quo Diaconus, ab altari recedens, in suggestum ascendit, in silentio elaberetur.' Here then we have two distinct acts of singing connected with the Gospel and the

Oblation; viz. the Gradual, followed by the more ancient Alleluia. The Gradual, in the old English Office, was sung by two boys of the choir, who seem to have ascended the stairs with the deacon for the purpose, though about this there is some doubt. But while it was singing, two of the superior clergy put on silk copes, and ascended the 'pulpit,' or 'loft,' to sing the 'Alleluia.' Mr. Neale has, by a slight clerical error, puzzled his readers on this point, misquoting the Sarum rubric, thus, 'Dum Alleluia canitur' (it should be 'dum Graduale canitur') 'duo de superiori gradu ad Alleluia decantandum cappis sericis se induant, et ad pulpitem per medium chorum incedant. Dicto vero gradu, sequatur Alleluia.'

But now, as there had been a psalm or verse *prefixed* to the Alleluia in early times, so in later ones the custom came in of prolonging the last note of the Alleluia itself. Mr. Neale supposes that *this* was in order to give time for the deacon to ascend the roodloft. But certainly the old authorities, as has been said, make the *Gradual*, as its derivation implies, to have been introduced for this purpose. It is better, therefore, to look to other reasons for the prolongation of the final syllable of the Alleluia. And it is observable that there is that about the structure and origin of this great and notable word which invites or suggests reiteration of some kind. Four times does it occur in the only passage of Holy Scripture where it occurs at all. The iteration is very remarkable. The sound is first heard as the 'voice of the much people,' who also repeat it, (after the manner of the Church's antiphons, which may have been derived thence) at the end of the hymn which it introduces. 'Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous,' &c. . . . 'And again they said Alleluia!' The sound is next caught up by the four-and-twenty elders, and the four living creatures that are around the throne and nearer to it—'Amen, Alleluia.' Then after a voice from the throne, exhorting all God's servants to praise Him, the great multitude takes it up with louder tone, 'as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders,' saying, 'Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.' It has thus rolled round the heavenly welkin till it is echoed again by those who first uttered it, to be again sent on by them as before. It is this unending reverberation of the celestial Alleluia—('and again they said "Alleluia"')—that may well have prompted that *prolongation of the last note* of it, which constituted the 'Sequence' of the earlier ages. This prolongation was called the *pneuma*, *neuma*, or 'breathing.' It represented, and in a manner caught up, the interminable and ineffable song of heavenly places. Why it was called the

'Sequence' is not certain; whether from its thus 'following' the Alleluia proper, or, as we think more probable, because it was immediately succeeded by the giving out of the Gospel in the form, 'Sequentia Sancti Evangelii, secundum N.'—unless, indeed, a new Gospel was begun, when it was 'Initium, &c.' However that be, the prolongation of the final A, possessing the exquisite association which we have indicated, naturally resulted in

'Many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.'

Such, then, was the most ancient form of the 'Sequence.' It was as yet 'a song without words:' full of meanings, indeed, and heavenly ones, but not interpreted into human phrase. And such it continued until the end of the ninth century. But by the time of Notkerus Ballulus, abbot of the monastery of St. Gall (dec. 912), the idea of composing sequences having words had already been entertained and acted upon. Not that, however, as some seem to have supposed, the words were adapted to the ancient *pneumata*; but the entire Alleluia, with its musical notation, was taken as the basis of the libretto. In what way this was done, or how far they intended at first to follow the vowels of the word Alleluia, is not so clear. One ancient verbal sequence cited by Mr. Neale seems roughly to do so, as far as its first line, though no further; thus—

Natus ante sæcula = Alleluia
Dei Filius invi-
sibilis, interminuus.

As a general rule, the verbal sequence followed but distantly in the footsteps of the Alleluia. For the various metres, so far as they were metres, in which they did this, and for the degree of rhyme, 'consonant' or 'assonant,' in which they indulged, we must refer the reader to Mr. Neale's curious and learned pages. The leading characteristic of the hymn thus formed was, from first to last, its *license*, not altogether unbridled by rhythm, rhyme, or reason, but only partially so. Hence the contempt into which they fell from their *bizarre* and often most irreverent contents: such, at least, they seem to us to have been. But they had their golden age—the age of Adam of S. Victor, and his imitators. Some noble contributions were then made in this form to the Church's treasury of praise. And the Church of Rome doubtless fell into some degree of the same excess with which the English Church stands chargeable, in having, in the tenth century, banished all the sequences but four, viz. the *Victimæ Paschali*, for Easter; the Whitsuntide *Veni Sancte Spiritus*; the *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, at Christmas; and the

Dies iræ, dies illa, in the *Missa Defunctorum*. The Western Church's ancient *ad libitum* was thus once more closed, perhaps for ever. Since then, it has been by all sorts of unauthorized channels, very much as among ourselves, that the natural and divinely-countenanced desire for 'a new song' has been supplied in the Latin Church.

But we must turn to another of those subjects which Mr. Neale has treated of in the additional Essays in this volume; viz. the traces, discoverable in the Epistles, of allusions to forms of Liturgy then already existing.

From the time that the Gospel was first preached, and the Church planted on earth, the existence, from the first, of forms for performing Divine Offices, and those, too, as to their outline and essential features, fixed and settled, may be assumed as certain. The Church was, from the very beginning, an organized structure, not in point of discipline and belief only, but in matters of ritual. Books like Neander's '*Pflanzung*' are simply absurd. The earliest ages enjoyed even, in some sense, the most perfect ritual, in proportion as they stood nearest to the divinely-illuminated dispensers of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. Whatever of fulness or of circumstance may have been added to make up the largeness and beauty of the ritual of later times, it is impossible that in point of completeness anything can have accrued to those primeval formulæ. Whatever they were, they were, first of all, fully adequate, as to their substance (it were impiety to doubt it), to all the wants of Christian men. Nothing necessary to saving administration can possibly have been wanting in them. And next, we may well believe that they were not conceived in so scant a measure, but that they met, not the bare needs merely, but the highest and most exuberant aspirations, of inheritors of the Kingdom of heaven. We may almost say that there *must* have been, from the first, the lofty phrase, the earnest utterance, which to men penetrated with the conceptions of the most glorious truths ever revealed to man, are all but the necessary vehicle of expression. It is so in the natural world. There is nothing poor or beggarly in the productions of Nature, so far as she is known to us, but all is beauty and sublimity, as well as fitness for the end in view; and we conclude the same of those of which we have no knowledge. The stars which we have never seen are, doubtless, as beautiful as those which we have; the still hidden things of the earth or the sea, and the organizations which as yet baffle our cognizance, are, doubtless, as marvellous as those which stand revealed to us; as appears by such as are continually being added to the store by the researches of science. And even so, if the unknown or imperfectly known liturgies and prayers of

the first Christians were less excellent in substance than those of later days, the analogy of God's dealings has for once failed. We are glad to be able to quote in support of these views the words of a learned and dispassionate ritualist, P. Augustin Krazer. After bringing forward even the sceptical Mosheim as admitting that the Apostles, doubtless, introduced many rites and ceremonies wherever they went, he thus proceeds—'On mature reflection, I am satisfied that the Apostles by no means performed the Divine Liturgy with such brevity, at least as a general rule, as some have confidently asserted. The faithful, whether converts among the Jews or Gentiles, were accustomed to ceremonies and prayers in their sacrifices; and can we suppose that the Apostles would neglect to employ the like, tending so greatly as these must do to the dignity of the service, and to promote the reverence and favour of the worshipper? Who can believe that the Apostles were content to use the bare words of consecration and no more? Is it not reasonable to suppose that they would also pour forth some prayers to God, especially the most perfect of all prayers, which they had learned from the mouth of their Divine Master, for grace to perform that mystery aright; others preparatory to communion, and, again, others of thanksgiving for so inestimable a benefit?' (*Krazer de Liturgiis*, i. 1—3.)

Let it first of all be carefully considered to what *date* the greater part of the apostolic writings belong. Not to the very infancy of the Church, comparatively speaking; not to the period of about twelve years or more, during which the Apostles seem to have remained in Palestine or the countries immediately bordering upon it; insomuch that every existing Church, from Joppa to Antioch, enjoyed apostolic supervision; and therefore rituals might be, except as to certain outlines, in a great degree unfixed, relying upon oral and inspired correction;—not to this period, but to the next in the Churches history, when the Apostles themselves were scattered abroad throughout the world, and churches, dependent on self-government, were established in all lands. The Acts of the Apostles from the fifteenth chapter, and the whole of the Epistles, belong to this period. By this time, therefore, if ever, it must have been settled what those forms should be. The Liturgies, whose exact correspondence as to their main features now astonishes us, must have been fixed, in respect of these parts at least, then if ever. On this consideration, we should surely expect to find passages in the apostolic writings which seem to allude to them. And we are not disappointed. To take an instance which Mr. Freeman has treated of at some length. Frequent *benedictions* are found scattered throughout these writings.

These, taken simply as apostolic benedictions, would, of course, be weighty and precious. But may it not be said, that even to them an additional solemnity will be given, if we may view them as eucharistic blessings also; blessings conceived purposely in the words of eucharistic ritual then existing? And on the hypothesis we are proceeding upon, as to the date of the Liturgies, such was actually the case. Take particularly the full, and to us especially familiar benediction which concludes the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, 'The grace of our Lord 'Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the 'Holy Ghost, be with you all.' This is the benediction with which the more solemn part of certain of the old Liturgies began; while S. Mark's ends with it. This, as a well-known Eucharistic formula, would be understood to carry in it a prayer for all the benefits of which the Eucharist was the acknowledged channel.

It is obvious, of course, to say that the Benediction in the Liturgy was derived from the Epistle, and not *vice versâ*. Let us then consider what grounds there are for supposing that the Apostle had actually before him a Liturgy containing this benediction, and from which he drew it. Now it is to be remarked, first, that in the Liturgies which are generally supposed to be the oldest of all, those of S. James and S. Mark, the benedictions; though in substance the same as S. Paul's, differ from his and from each other in some important respects. That in S. James runs thus: 'The love of the Lord 'and Father, the grace of the Lord and Son, the communion 'and gift of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.' So also the Liturgy of S. Mark has as a concluding benediction, 'The love 'of God and the Father, the grace of the Son and our Lord 'Jesus Christ, the communion and gift of the Holy Ghost, be 'with us all, now and ever, and to ages of ages.' Now we confess it appears to us highly improbable that, if S. Paul's benediction was the source from whence those in the Liturgies was drawn, they would have been so materially modified as to assume the form which they there exhibit. Reverence for the Apostle would, in all likelihood, induce the framers of the Liturgy to retain his *ipsissima verba*. The Apostle, on the other hand, would be free, in the plenitude of his inspiration, to vary at his pleasure the exact expressions of the Liturgy or Liturgies to which he was alluding. One noticeable point is, that in the primary Liturgies of S. James and S. Mark, we have 'be with us all,' while later Liturgies, as S. Basil, S. Chrysostom, the Nestorian, &c. have 'be unto *you* all,' following the text of S. Paul. This is a slight indication of an independent origin for the oldest Liturgies, the later being

corrected to accord with Scripture. Again, S. Paul would almost of necessity adapt the form to epistolary use by substituting 'be with *you*;' whereas it is somewhat improbable that the framer of a Liturgy would correct from 'you' to 'us;' more especially as it is expressly assigned to the priest to say this Benediction; so that the Pauline form would have been fittest for the purpose without alteration.

The most noticeable variation, however, between the Benediction in the Litany of S. James and that of S. Paul in 2 Cor. xiii. is that the latter does not observe the order of the Three Persons in the Holy Trinity, while the former does. The order in which he invokes their influences is, 'The Son, the Father, the Holy Ghost.' And just so in 1 Cor. xii. 4, 5, he seems to enumerate them in yet another order, 'The Spirit, . . . the Lord, God' being the exact inverse of their actual theological order. Now it is conceivable, it is true, that the Church may have changed the order, and amplified the expression of the Apostle, with a view to symmetry, and to bring the formulary into accordance with that prescribed for Holy Baptism by our Lord Himself, 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Yet let it be borne in mind that that Divinely-appointed Baptismal form is to the full as symmetrical as this in the Liturgy: and let it be considered whether there is not some likelihood that the Eucharistic Office used by the Apostles, whether framed by them under the guidance of the Spirit, or actually enjoined by their Lord, would, like that for Baptism, preserve in its benediction the order of the Three Divine Persons. The intimate connexion and parity of the two Sacraments of salvation would thus be clearly marked. The unbaptized and the catechumens being dismissed, those who were about to partake in the Eucharist would be reminded that it was as baptized members of their Lord, baptized into the threefold Name, and not otherwise, that they were admitted to this further communion with Him. For this benediction occurs in the Liturgies just after the dismissal of the catechumens.—The later forms of the Jacobean Liturgy, on the other hand (S. Basil's and S. Chrysostom's) remodel, as might be expected, the old Benedictions, to a certain extent, after the Pauline model; adopting, that is, his order, his designation of our Lord, and his form of benediction, 'be with *you*,' and omitting the 'gift' ascribed to the Holy Ghost: yet retaining still one point of difference from him, viz. the designation of God as 'the Father.' 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' It is true some few MSS. add the name of the Father in 2 Cor. xiii., but

they are of no weight. Even in the later forms, then, of the Liturgy of S. James, there are indications of this benediction's independence, so to speak, of the passage of S. Paul, while in the elder form of that Liturgy the variation from the Apostolic expression is so considerable, and withal so significant, as to render the hypothesis we speak of in the highest degree probable.

Again, the probability that S. Paul had the Eucharistic rite in his thoughts, is increased in the case of the Benedictions in 1 and 2 Cor.; since in the former of these Epistles he had spoken at considerable length on the subject of the Eucharist; and the second is strictly a sequel to the first, and refers to it so distinctly in various ways, that they form, in a manner, one writing: so that we may conceive that the closing sentences of the Second Epistle were designed to be a solemn conclusion of the whole communication; and that it is with an especial significance that the Apostle, after handling all the matters which needed correction among them, pronounces now *in full* the Eucharistic blessing: 'Finally, my brethren, farewell: be perfectly joined together, be comforted, be of one mind, be in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Greet one another with an holy kiss. All the Saints salute you. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.'

There is another expression occurring once and again in the Epistles of S. Paul which may not unreasonably be thought to be drawn from an existing Liturgical form, rather than the Liturgical form from it. We mean the particular form of blessing found in the Epistles to the Galatians, 2 Tim., and Philemon, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ *be with your spirit.*' (Gal. vi. 18; Philemon fin.) 'The Lord Jesus Christ *be with thy spirit.*' Now, in all the Ancient Liturgies, the introductory benediction and its response ran thus: 'The grace of,' &c. *Answer.* 'And with thy spirit.' The question is, What are the probabilities in favour of an independent origination for this formula, rather than of its having been framed out of S. Paul's words? We may observe, then, that, on the latter supposition, the framers of these Liturgies have taken S. Paul's sentence to pieces, and resolved, or rather expanded it, into an address and response: 'The Lord be with your (or thy) spirit,' being made to yield, 'The Lord be with you: and with thy spirit.' The former member is also, in the oldest Liturgies, further expanded into the full benediction, 'The love of the Lord and Father,' &c. Now there is a certain degree of improbability in this, if we can give any other account, as on our hypothesis we can, of the antiphonal form of the liturgical phrase. It would be singular, at least, that all the Liturgies should hit upon this particular

mode of resolving or expanding the text of S. Paul. Whereas the other supposition that S. Paul might adopt out of the Liturgy, supposing its existence, so much of it and with such slight variation as his epistolary position required, 'The Lord be with you, and with thy spirit,'—is a very natural one. And further, we can assign a very probable independent origination to this peculiar antiphonal phrase. It finds its exact model in the ancient Temple services. The well-known salutation and response exchanged between Boaz and his reapers (Ruth ii. 4), and those in Psalm cxxxiv. 1, 2, 3, were, no doubt, founded on the antiphonal exchange of blessing between priests and people in the Jewish services. Thus, to the prescribed priestly blessing of Numbers vi., the people answered, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' &c. And just as the 'summary' of the Temple worship (*see* Lightfoot) furnished, as it would seem, the type of the prayer enjoined by the Lord Himself, and passed, by an easy process, into it; so by analogy the benedictions in the Apostolic Liturgies might follow, as to their form, the model which was familiar to the worshippers in the Temple; of course with such alterations as would stamp it with a Christian character. Now, the antiphonal benediction under consideration is exactly of this character; that is, it corresponds to the Aaronic blessing, while the blessings of the Holy Trinity are expressly invoked, as we have seen; and moreover, the universal response, 'And with thy spirit,' carries one deep touch of Christian character with it. For ancient expositions tell us, that the phrase, 'with thy (or your) spirit,' is by no means to be regarded as a mere synonym for 'with thee (or you),' but recognises the gift of ordination. As addressed by the people to the minister of divine things, it is a prayer for the stirring up in him, to the special purposes of the service or act in which he is about to engage—'the gift that is in him by the laying on of hands;' the special gift received by a bishop, priest, or deacon for their work in the Church of God.

It is interesting to observe, too, that the Liturgy of S. Mark seems to supply, in the responses to its final benediction above quoted, an instance of nearer approach to the Jewish model, and therefore a higher link of connexion between the Christian worship and it.

Since, then, a very reasonable account may be given as to whence the salutations and response, taken together, might come into the Christian Liturgies, viz. from the Jewish Temple services, the general form being the same, and the modifications just such as serve to convert it into a Christian formula; and since, also, it is more natural that the phrase should have been compressed by S. Paul, than that it should

have been uniformly expanded by all the Liturgies, a considerable presumption arises that S. Paul, in the places alleged, *is* referring to an existing Liturgy.

Such, then, are some of the passages of the Epistles, *not* appealed to by Mr. Neale, in which a careful examination enables us, with much probability, to detect allusions to liturgical forms then existing.

This subject, viz. the existence of liturgical quotations in S. Paul's Epistles, is handled at great length and in much detail in one of Mr. Neale's Essays; and in an appendix to it, contributed by Mr. Gerald Moultrie, the same inquiry is applied to the Apostolic Fathers. Both papers are very carefully reasoned out; and it seems impossible to doubt, first, that the general principle is fully established, and that we may henceforth recognise in the Liturgies, as having furnished a basis, oftentimes, of the language of the Epistles, a new and most pregnant source of illustration of them. Such new sources of illustration of Scripture have been from time to time laid open, to the great comfort of the Church. Such was, in early days, the study of the old Hebrew Scriptures; first applied with anything like system by Origen, and more fully by S. Jerome. Such was, in later times, the opening up of the Jewish Talmudical writings, first by Lightfoot, and afterwards by Schoettgen: such the appeal to the Synagogue regulations and phraseology by Vitringa, and by ritualists at the present day. And now the idea, familiar to Bishop Bull, and worked out more in detail by Bull's worthy disciple, Blunt, that the Epistles contain allusions, in a general way, to Eucharistic ritual, has been further carried out into the yet bolder conception, that we possess, in parts of the ancient Liturgies, the very text and words which Apostles had before them, *memoriter* or otherwise, when inditing their Epistles.

The Apostolic Fathers, again, in the hands of Mr. Moultrie in this volume, and in a recent contribution (the authorship of which will be easily recognised) to these pages, yield an ample supply of allusions, more or less certainly established, to the Liturgies. Further inquiry will, doubtless, add to the number; and a new and deeply interesting field is thus opened up both to the patristic and the liturgical student.

We commend the varied contents of this volume alike to learned and curious readers. The latter class will find much to their taste in the paper on 'Common Festivals and their Household Words.' Among the titles of our festivals, we are glad to see that Mr. Neale stands up vigorously for the undoubtedly true derivation of Whitsunday, viz. from Pentecost, through the various corruptions of it; as the German

Pfingsten=Penksten=Pentekosten; the Danish Pintse (is it not Pitse also, which is nearer to Whitsun?); and the patois, Pingsten, Whingsten. Lammas, however, Mr. Neale does not, in the opinion of some, derive quite correctly. It is no doubt, as he says, connected with the feast of the day (August 1st), S. Peter Ad-Vincula. But what is the connexion? Some affirm that it is Loaf-mas, the feast of blessing the new bread. But there is no actual proof that new bread was blessed on that day, though grapes are so in the wine countries. And though the Welsh call it Lamb-tithing-day, the usage is not universal enough to account for the name. Others, therefore, think that it is a remnant of *Ad-Vinculamas*; the two last syllables alone surviving. But we commit both the lighter and weightier conclusions of the writer to the decision of the well-informed.

NOTICES.

'AN Address on the Enjoyment to be derived from the Study of the Natural Sciences.' By the Rev. W. Symonds. (Robert Hardwicke.) To attain to a high standing among distinctly scientific men, or a really deep knowledge of scientific truths, can fall to the lot of very few. But to attain to such an amount of knowledge of the conclusions to which scientific men have come, and the discoveries of scientific truths which they are daily making, as will give quite a new interest to the common things of daily life, is within the power of any educated person who has energy enough to encounter the little drudgery which awaits him in the preliminary study of the elements. A very few hours spent weekly in real work at the elements of botany, or geology, or entomology, would not only add a new interest to the daily walk, and open out an entirely new class of literature, but have the same strengthening effect upon the intellect that gymnastics have upon the body. There is no reasonable person but must hail with gratitude any attempt to rescue from utter loss the many hours which are now spent wearily and unprofitably in the study of sensation novels, or in some fashionable shape of laborious idleness: and this is the end and purpose of Mr. Symonds' address. Speaking with that freshness and earnestness which only spring from the conviction of experience, he endeavours to enforce the personal pleasure to be derived from at least so much knowledge of the common phenomena of nature as will enable the student to look upon the flower in the hedge-row, or the soil under his feet, or the stars that glitter in the nightly heavens, with that deep interest which can only arise where something is known of those truths concerning them which science only can reveal; of their relation to the rest of the creation, of the histories to which they afford the key, of the ways in which they herald and proclaim to man the wisdom and the care of his Creator. Mr. Symonds, both by scientific acquirements and his natural gift of eloquence, has already well earned a right to be heard on any subjects connected with his own pursuits. His present little pamphlet we can cordially recommend. It cannot be read by any without pleasure. It has a higher interest for those who would awake others to a sense of the duty of employing the wonderful faculties of the human intellect on objects worthy of its Giver.

[Our Shorter Notices, on account of an unusual press of matter, are postponed.]

Note to the Article, 'Hymns and Hymnals,' p. 110 of the present Volume of the
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

The following letter has been addressed to a contemporary :—

To the Editor of the GUARDIAN.

'SIR,—In an article which appeared in the last *Christian Remembrancer*, on hymnology, I had said with reference to the *Parish Hymn-book* that it did not contain the *Vexilla Regis*, the two *Pange lingua*, and the *Verbum supernum*. A letter from one of the Editors of the *Parish Hymn-book* has been put into my hands by the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, calling my attention to the fact that the *Vexilla* is Hymn 43, one of the *Pange lingua*, Hymn 44; while the *Verbum supernum* is 147. On examining into the matter, I found that in my copy a half-sheet had been bound out—the very half-sheet which unfortunately contained Hymns 43 and 44. For this most unintentional and almost unavoidable mistake I can only express my unfeigned regret; and take the earliest opportunity of doing so, rather than wait till October.

'With respect to the *Verbum supernum*, my criticism is correct. There are two hymns thus beginning; one the

"Verbum supernum prodiens
A Patre olim exiens."

the other, St. Thomas's infinitely more famous

"Verbum supernum prodiens :
Nec Patris linquens dexteram."

'The first of these does occur in the hymnal: the other, to which I referred, does not. The Editors of the *Parish Hymn-book* do not seem to have been aware that, among hymnologists, St. Thomas's Hymn is always understood by the simple *Verbum supernum*, or *Verbum supernum prodiens*: when the other hymn is intended, it is cited as *Verbum supernum prodiens A*.

'Here, therefore, the Editors have nothing to complain of. But I beg again to assure them of my regret for the other statement, though a most unintended mistake.

'THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.'

Our condemnation of the '*Parish Hymn-book*,' grounded on these supposed omissions, is therefore unconditionally withdrawn. We have spoken of the compilation as 'in some respects admirable:' and its Editors assure us that 'they hoped to produce a selection which might be appreciated not merely by educated persons, but by the poor, whose wants had, in their judgment, been overlooked in previous collections.'

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